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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. X.

JULY 1, 1820.

N^o. LV.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

The conclusion of the Tale from Cervantes, called The Generous Lover, next month.

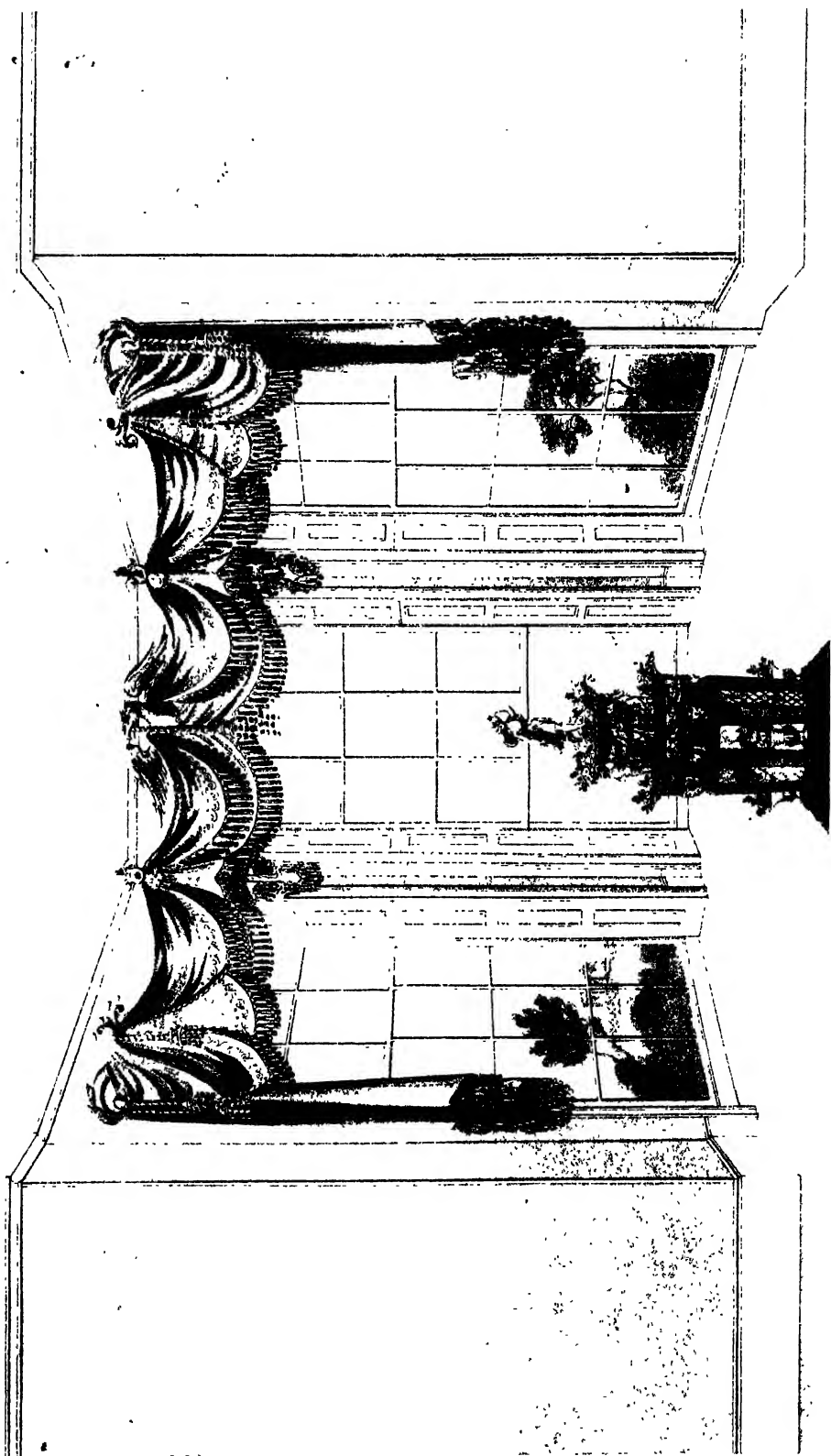
We have been compelled by press of matter to delay the continuation of The Adventures of a Would-be Author.

T. L. if possible, in our next.

Such readers as have inquired after the continuation of the unpublished Correspondence of Lady M. W. Montagu, are informed that another letter will be inserted without delay.

The lines by S. S. of Leigh, are not admissible, for the reason assigned by the author.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.



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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. X.

JULY 1, 1820.

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HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from vol. IX. p. 311.)

PLATE I.—A GARDEN-FOUNTAIN.

THE annexed design for a small fountain, about seven feet high, consists of a circular platform and ornamented stem, surrounded by three dolphins, from which six *jets-d'eau* issue around the central one, which should rise to a considerable height, falling together into the platform, and thence into a shell-like reservoir in front, and also into a lower basin on the ground in the rear, a view of which is concealed by the pedestals and plinths in front.

The prevailing fashion in favour of these interesting means of gar-
Vol. X. No. LV.

den embellishment, has given great encouragement to their manufacture, and artificial stone is so admirably suited to the purpose, that even sumptuous designs are executed at a moderate expense. Mr. Bubb, the sculptor, is now engaged in the execution of several fountains in this way, and also of the annexed design: these, from being readily moulded, are capable of quick fabrication, and become admirably suited to the East and West Indies, where they would be novel, cheerful, and greatly ornamental.

MISCELLANIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

I WAS sitting the other day examining the contents of my writing-desk, in order to select such letters of my correspondents as I deemed most fit for publication, when my friend O'Brallaghan was announced. As soon as he entered the room, I saw that something had ruffled his temper, and before I could inquire what it was, he told me that he came to ask my advice. "You must know," continued he, "I have just been mightily ill-treated by a lady, who, after inviting me to make proposals of marriage, has accepted the hand of another gentleman; and upon my telling the story to a friend, he was rude enough to laugh at my disappointment, and even went so far as to tell me I had no right to blame the lady."

"By your account of the matter," said I, "that was rude indeed; but let me clearly comprehend you: did the lady actually and *bona fide* give you to understand, that your proposals would be acceptable? or was it only from her behaviour that you fancied——"

"Fancied!" repeated he indignantly; "why there was no fancy at all in the case. Some days ago I saw an advertisement in one of the morning papers, a fine sentimental effusion in nonsensical English and scraps of French, from which you could just pick out, that the lady was a widow, rich, and in want of a husband. Well, you know we Irishmen are tender-hearted in these cases; and, besides, to

tell you a secret, my compassion for the lady was a little stimulated by my being confoundedly out at elbows; for as I never was much given to calculation, I put off from time to time the forming a regular scale for my expenses, till I had nothing more to spend: so away I flew to the place appointed by the lady, saw her, found that I was the first person who had made application, and took care, you may be sure, to give myself such a character as I thought must insure my success. The lady listened with complacency, but declined saying any thing positive till the next day, when she promised to inform me of her final determination. However, she had not the politeness to keep her promise; so as I thought her silence proceeded from modesty, I thought, in order to spare her blushes, I would write at once, to ask her when I was to wait upon her with a licence; and would you believe it, she replied very laconically, that she had, since we met, seen a gentleman whose character seemed better suited than mine to her views of domestic happiness. There's an abominable jilt for you! After I had assured her, that except a little inclination for hazard, a habit of sitting late after dinner, and a certain degree of forgetfulness in money matters, I had not a fault in the world."

"Why to be sure," said I, "these were trifles."

"That's what I said when I told the story to Dick Downright, whom

I always looked upon as a very sensible fellow, till he shewed himself a fool by taking part with this ridiculous woman. I can't pass that, you know, my dear Sagephiz. I must call him out; but I can't very well do it till I raise a few hundreds to pay him an old loan which I had almost forgotten, because, in case the poor fellow fell, it would be a comfort to think that he could not say afterwards, I took a mean advantage in fighting him while I was in his debt."

These words gave me a clue to prevent the duel, and I gravely began to descant on the badness of the times, and the utter impossibility of borrowing money, when I was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. R——, one of my oldest friends, who, when I saw him last only a few weeks ago, was in perfect health, and remarkably robust-looking, but is now as pale as a ghost, and emaciated almost to a skeleton. Shocked at his appearance, I involuntarily exclaimed, "Good Heavens! my dear friend, how ill you look!"

"Not at all, not at all," cried he in a tremulous tone; "I am perfectly well."

"But you must have been very ill to be thus dreadfully changed in your appearance."

"It is very odd how every body harps upon my appearance: I tell you I am very well now, and I have not been ill, only heartily frightened at discovering that I had just escaped from being poisoned."

"Poisoned!" cried I, "by what means?"

"Why, by the same means that are used to poison you, and every body else, who is not aware of the

cursed arts daily put in practice against you by the baker, the brewer, the cheesemonger, the grocer, in short, by all those who supply you with food and drink. Heaven be praised, I have found them out at last, and now I have done with them all!"

"And how do you contrive to exist?"

"Why, as every rational man who does not want to die of slow poison ought to do. I have discarded tea and coffee altogether; I eat only captain's biscuits, which it is next to impossible for them to adulterate. Cheese, porter, pastry, sweetmeats, and a thousand things more, I am forced to give up, because of the poisonous substances which are mixed with them. Veal and pork I must not eat, from the manner in which they blow the one and feed the other; but then I have plenty of mutton and beef."

"But you cannot live upon biscuit, mutton, and beef," cried I, "you who are so much of an epicure."

"Speak in the past tense, if you please," said my friend: "I must own, that three months ago I was rather addicted to the pleasures of the table; but as soon as my eyes were opened to the state of my health "

"Why," interrupted I, "to my knowledge, at that time you were perfectly well; you looked——"

"Pshaw!" cried he, interrupting me in his turn, and in a most petulant tone; "no matter how I looked, or how I felt, I tell you I could not be well. I am convinced it is morally impossible for any man, however well he may appear, to be in perfect health, who par-

takes of the villainous compounds which the people of this metropolis term food and drink. Thank Heaven, I have done with all their poisonous stuffs: biscuit, beef, mutton, and water will satisfy me for the rest of my life."

"But why water?" said I: "surely a glass of generous wine would be of service in sustaining you under the new regimen you are pursuing."

"Yes, if I could go to Spain or Portugal to drink it; but you would not have me swallow the sloe-juice which they call port in this country."

"Indeed, and you are right enough there," said O'Brallaghan; "never drink a drop of port as long as you live; stick to claret, my old boy."

"Claret!" repeated he in a doleful tone; "oh! no: a worthy friend of mine proved the other day to a demonstration, that French wine, even if one could get it genuine, which, by the bye, is scarcely possible, is particularly pernicious to the stomach."

"Why then, if you will only listen to me," said O'Brallaghan, "I will demonstrate plainly enough, that he is a fool; for wouldn't any man in his senses rather be killed at once by slow poison, than live all the days of his life, and be murdered every moment by star-

vation? As to French wine being unwholesome, only ask my father about that; sure he will tell you, if it is slow poison, it must be the slowest that ever was invented, for he has swallowed from two to five bottles of it every day for the last fifty years, and now at seventy-five he is as hearty an old buck as any in the four provinces."

My friend's rhetoric could not convince Mr. R. and each applied to me in full confidence, that I would take his side of the question; but, as is very often the case, I offended both, by proposing a middle course. In the fervour of my desire to prevent the one from drinking himself to death, and the other from destroying his constitution, by passing abruptly to the most severe abstinence from what is termed good-living, I detained them so long, that I found, upon their departure, I should not have the time necessary to consider what advice I ought to give to my correspondents, if I inserted any of their letters in the present number. If, like other great personages, I chose to be mysterious, I might assign secret reasons of high importance for keeping their letters back; but as I scorn all disguises, I have told them truly the cause of the omission, which I shall endeavour to repair next month.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

THE GENEROUS FRIENDS.

(From the Spanish).

FROM my infancy I have devoted myself to arms, and the Spanish nation being at war with no foreign power, I took the opportunity of going into Poland.

the Turks having declared war against that country. I presented myself to the king, and obtained a rank in the army. As I was only a younger son of a very poor Spa-

nish family, it was necessary that I should, if possible, signalize myself in some engagement, by which I might merit the attention of the commanding officer. I succeeded so much to his satisfaction, that the king promoted me, and placed me in a situation to continue in his service with honour to myself. After a long war, the successful termination of which is well known, I left the army, and sought the court; and his majesty, in consequence of the good report which my officers gave of me, was pleased to bestow a considerable pension upon me. Gratified by the generosity of the king, I lost no time in expressing my acknowledgments. I was suffered to enter into his presence on a few particular occasions, and, by my conduct, I insensibly insinuated myself into his love, and received new proofs of his generosity.

Shortly subsequent, I signalized myself at a tournament, and surpassed even my former good fortune, and the whole court applauded me for my valour and dexterity. I returned home greeted by acclamations from all sides, and there found a billet from a lady, whose conquest flattered me more than all the honour and applauses of the day. She informed me, that she earnestly desired to speak with me, and that at night-fall she would meet me at a spot which she named in the billet. The praises I had received at the tournament were almost effaced by the delight of the expected interview, not doubting that it was a lady of the highest distinction who had requested my presence. You will easily believe that I did not de-

lay, and that scarcely had the night begun to advance, before I flew to the place appointed. When I arrived at the spot, I found there an old woman, who served me as a guide, and conducted me through a portal into a garden, and from thence into a chamber richly furnished: here she left me, saying, "If you will be kind enough to wait, I will inform my mistress." I cast my eyes round the chamber, and discovered a thousand valuable and inestimable curiosities: the room was lighted with a profusion of wax-candles; and I was thus confirmed in the conception I had formed of the nobility of the lady who had summoned me to her presence. But if this sight confirmed my idea that she was a lady of rank and fortune, how much more was I assured of the fact, when she appeared before me with an air truly noble, grand, and majestic! Notwithstanding this, I was disappointed in my expectations.

"Sir," she said, "after having already expressed myself enamoured of your person, it would be useless, and even impertinent, in me to dissimulate the tender sentiments which you have excited in my heart. Do not suppose, that the great applause which has been manifested at court in your behalf has alone inspired this passion; the manner in which you have this day signalized yourself, has only served to urge me with more precipitation to a declaration of my sentiments. I have been already informed of your good services, and the advantageous light in which you have been represented to me, has the more firmly determined me to follow my inclination.—But do

not flatter yourself," she added, "that in me you have made the conquest of a duchess. I am indeed no more than the widow of an officer of the guards, and the only inducement I can present to you, is the preference I give to you over one of the greatest men in the kingdom. The Prince of Radrivil loves me, and has done all in his power to commence a correspondence with me; but I do not love him, and I only allowed his addresses out of vanity"

Although I well knew by this discourse, that I was dealing with one well acquainted with the intrigues of love, I did not fail to acknowledge the delight I felt in this happy meeting. Madame Hortensia (that being her name) was in the flower of youth, and I was enchanted by her overpowering beauty. It may be attributed to this, that I offered to become the master of that heart which she had refused to a prince. It was indeed a great triumph for a bachelor and a Spaniard. I threw myself at the feet of Hortensia, to return thanks for the high honour she had conferred upon me. I said as much as a man impassioned with love could say, and I believe that I gave her satisfaction by the lively expressions with which I declared my fidelity and submission. We parted the best friends in the world, and we agreed that we should see each other when the Prince of Radrivil was unable to visit her: she promised to undertake the charge of informing me exactly of this circumstance. Thus in a moment I was made and became the Adonis to my new Venus.

But the pleasures of this life are

of short duration. In spite of all the precautions which the lady took to prevent the knowledge of our intimacy coming to the ears of my rival, he at length became acquainted with the fact. A discontented servant gave him the information. Naturally of a generous disposition, but fiery, jealous, and violent in his temper, he became indignant at my audacity. Anger and passion overcame his natural good sense, and governed solely by his rage, he determined to take revenge upon me in a manner the most disgraceful. One night when I was in the house of Hortensia, he laid in wait for me at the garden-gate, accompanied by his servants armed with heavy clubs. As soon as I came out, they were to fall upon me, and to beat me to a mummy with their blows. "Be not too sparing with your clubs," said the prince; "kill him with your blows, and thus I shall obtain some recompence for his insolent temerity." Scarcely had he uttered these words, when I appeared; they all fell upon me, and gave me so many blows, and dealt them with so much effect, that they left me stretched upon the ground senseless, and dead to all appearance. The servants in the mean time retired with their master, to whom this cruel punishment had been a source of pleasure and gratification. In the morning, some persons passed me, who observing that I yet breathed, had the charity to carry me to a surgeon. By good fortune my wounds were found not to be mortal, and I was lucky enough to fall into skilful hands: in the course of less than two months I was perfectly recovered.

At the end of this time, I again made my appearance at court, where I followed the same course as I did previous to this adventure, with this difference, that I took care not to revisit the house of Madame Hortensia. This lady, on her part, was equally desirous never to see me again, as upon this stipulation she was received into the favour of the Prince of Radrivil.

As all were acquainted with this adventure, and no one thought me a coward, every body was astonished that I bore the insult with so much serenity and composure. They did not reflect upon the cause of my apparent insensibility. On the one hand, it was observed, that, notwithstanding my valour, the quality of the aggressor restrained me from revenging the insult. Others, with more reason, suspected my silence, and only wondered at the calm deceit which concealed my anger in such a situation. The king thought so also, and knew that I was a man very unlikely to forget an insult, which wounded deeply my honour and my character, without taking an opportunity of revenging myself. In order

therefore to ascertain the truth of his suspicions, he called me one day into his closet, and thus addressed me: "Don Pompeyo, I have been acquainted with the misfortune which has befallen you, and I confess that I am astonished at your tranquillity. You certainly dissimulate?"—"Sir," I replied, "I am wholly ignorant who is my aggressor; for I was assaulted in the night-time by masked men, who were entirely unknown to me, and I know not what method to pursue to console myself in my disgrace."—"No, no," answered the king; "do not expect to deceive me by this false reply. I am acquainted with the whole affair. The Prince of Radrivil was the man who mortally offended you. You are courageous and a Spaniard, and I well know that these two qualifications will not suffer you to remain unrevenged. Without doubt, you have formed a resolution to revenge yourself, and I command you to inform me of the plan you have marked out to accomplish this purpose. Be assured that you will not repent having confided the secret to me."

(*To be continued.*)

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

No. IX.

AN ANECDOTE OF OUR OWN TIMES.

Les hommes d'affaires sont-ils plus dangereux qu'utiles? Qui croiroit qu'une pareille question a été résolue affirmativement par ceux-mêmes qui ne peuvent s'en passer.

It is now about twenty-six or twenty-seven years since M. de Rosanges was obliged to leave France, and take up his abode in a foreign land. A longer residence in his native country would have endangered the life of that

worthy man, who besides, at the time of his flight, flattered himself that his voluntary exile would be but of short duration. Under these circumstances, the preparations for his departure were made with the greatest secrecy. No one

had the least suspicion of the determination he had taken, and it was only by mere chance, that at the moment he threw himself into his post-chariot, he was accosted by James and Clement Bidaut.

These brothers were tenants of M. de Rosanges, and had for some years past acted as his bailiffs for the greater part of his landed property. A bad harvest had caused some delay in their payments, and they had now come to settle for two years' rents, which they were indebted to him. Two hours sooner, this money would have been most welcome, but the departure of M. de Rosanges could not be delayed another minute; danger threatened him on all sides; and finding it impossible to arrange with the two brothers, he gave them proper acquittances for the rent they had brought him. He took leave of them, saying, "I am now going from home, and trust I shall not long be absent; but if, contrary to my expectations, I should be obliged to protract my stay beyond the period I at present propose, I will write to you. Keep this money as a deposit, which I intrust to your probity, and which may one day be of more use to me than it could be at present. Continue to pay your usual attention to my property; conceal my departure from every one; the least indiscretion might be attended with fatal consequences to me, and I am sure you would not willingly cause the destruction of a master who loves you."—"Ah! dear sir," cried the two brothers at once, "we would sooner die than injure you in the least. We will keep the 17,000 francs which we have brought with

us, till you shall be pleased to order otherwise; they shall always be at your disposal: for, look'ye, we will never suffer the money to go out of our hands under any pretext whatever. We'll take our oaths of that." Saying this, they both raised their hands to heaven as if to witness their promise, and remained motionless in that attitude, gazing after the chaise until it had driven out of sight.

The precipitation with which M. de Rosanges had been obliged to leave his family and his country, had not allowed him time to put his affairs in order. The secrecy he resolved to keep respecting his flight, had rendered it impossible; and his enemies, deceived by his apparent tranquillity, were unapprised of his departure until he was out of the reach of their power. Their active hatred, however, pursued him in that part where he was still tangible: the name of Mons. de Rosanges was entered on one of the lists of proscribed emigrants, his property was seized and sold, and his family inhumanly deprived of all means of support; his debtors were compelled to give in to the government the amount of the sums due from them to M. de Rosanges, and in one day this unfortunate man was deprived of his title of a Frenchman and the inheritance of his ancestors.

Many of his friends, though indignant at such an act of flagrant injustice, hastened to deliver up to the government the money they had borrowed from Mons. de Rosanges; whilst others, still more timorous, dared not declare themselves the creditors of the state, which had confiscated the property

of their friend to its own use, though they reserved in their own minds, the right of proving their demands against him in more auspicious times. What was then corruptly termed the government, discovered, by what means I am ignorant, that the two brothers Bidaut, whom they had turned out of the farms belonging to Mons. de Rosange, were largely indebted to him. Orders were immediately given to arrest Clement, who happened at the time to be at Paris. Flattered, questioned, and threatened by turns, the unfortunate Clement, who obstinately persisted in denying the debt, was thrown into one of the thousand prisons the capital had the happiness of possessing at that fatal period. He was informed, that he should be released the moment he disclosed what they were so much interested in discovering; but disregarding alike their promises and their threats, and satisfied with having done his duty, he firmly prepared to meet the fate which seemed impending over him.

James, in despair at receiving the news of his brother's imprisonment, tried every possible way to soften the hardship of his situation: every assistance his means afforded was bestowed on his brother; but not for the world would he have touched the deposit confided to his charge. Considering the return of M. de Rosanges to be now totally hopeless, he had used every exertion to obtain news of him, but in vain. This unfortunate gentleman, far from foreseeing the fatal consequences of his flight, had cherished the hope of revisiting France at farthest in

the ensuing year: he had provided resources accordingly, and found himself in the greatest embarrassment when he learned the measures his enemies had pursued. Not daring to write, for fear of compromising the safety of those to whom his letters should be addressed, this generous motive compelled him to keep his friends in ignorance of the place of his residence, and of his urgent necessities. In vain did James attempt to discover whither his master had fled, all his inquiries proved fruitless: M. de Rosanges was unfortunate, and forgotten by all.

The obstinacy of Clement triumphed over his persecutors; unable to compel him to betray his trust, they restored him to liberty; but this noble fellow, a victim to the hardships he had undergone, shortly after sealed his attachment to his master by a premature death. Worn out by fatigue and privation, he expired in the arms of his brother, whom he adjured with his last breath to keep his secret faithfully.

This recommendation was not needed. James, the son of a poor farmer in the environs of Lagny, had received no sort of education; but nature had endowed him with strong sense, and a firm and honest mind: to be virtuous was natural to him from his infancy; it had been his object to act uprightly, and it had never entered his thoughts to throw off the obligations of religion and virtue. Although, by experience, he found that the discovery of M. de Rosanges grew daily more and more hopeless, and many persons would fain have persuaded him, that his

master must have sunk under his misfortunes, James was not once even tempted to appropriate to his own use a sum, which at various times would have spared him much sorrow, and raised him at once to ease and affluence.

With the produce of his industry, and the remainder of the property he inherited from his father, James had bought a small farm in the neighbourhood of Roissy, where he resided in a state of mediocrity, to which his economy gave an imposing appearance of affluence. His heart, hitherto a stranger to love, soon felt the influence of that delightful passion. The daughter of one of his rich neighbours, Rose Delannoy, inspired him with an attachment as ardent as it was sincere; nor did she long remain indifferent to the regard she had excited. The two lovers were at the summit of felicity, every thing seemed propitious to their approaching union, when an unfortunate event threatened to destroy their happiness for ever. The barns of Delannoy caught fire, and their total destruction reduced him to the verge of poverty. James hastened to assist him, but his means were too limited. One of the neighbouring farmers, who had long vainly sought to gain the affections of Rose, at this critical moment demanded her hand of her father, offering to rebuild at his own expense the barns which had been consumed, and to lend him the sum of two thousand crowns to enable him to recover his losses. In the disastrous situation of Delannoy such an offer would hardly fail of success; he could not help men-

tioning it to James, and letting him perceive the little repugnance he felt to take advantage of the friendly inclinations of farmer Durand. A deep sigh was the only reply of poor James: with less virtue he might have possessed the object of his attachment. No one was aware of the existence of the deposit in his hands. The silence of the proprietor might almost be said to authorize him to dispose of it. This idea, which would have struck the mind of so many others, never once entered his. He sacrificed to his duty, not without regret, the future happiness of his life.

Delannoy at length concluded to accept the proposals of Durand. The wedding-day was fixed. All the village shared the grief of Rose, whose sorrow knew no bounds. A secret presentiment drew her towards the dwelling of James: she perceived him, thoughtful and melancholy, seated on a stone bench at the entrance of his garden. She approached. He spoke. She listened: his secrets escaped him. She received his full confidence. Penetrated with the warmest admiration for the man who preferred to all the enjoyments of life the obscure hours of irreproachable integrity, she flew to throw herself at the feet of her father. She recounted to him, with tears in her eyes, every thing she had just learned. She exalted the heroic sacrifice of poor James, and declared she never would consent to be separated from him to become the wife of another. The vehemence of her entreaties, the fervour of her simple eloquence, that persuasive power which al-

ways accompanies truth, shook the resolution of Delannoy. He raised his daughter—embraced her—and carried away by his naturally good feelings, and the noble example set before him, he consented to receive James for his son-in-law. Virtue sooner or later brings its own reward.

The probity of James had still to undergo fresh trials. Twice the victim of the misfortunes attendant on a foreign invasion, he saw his dwelling pillaged and burnt, his harvest destroyed, his fields devastated, and twice abandoning his own property to the mercy of the invader, in order to watch over the sacred deposit intrusted to him, he preserved only that in which he himself was uninterested.

His father-in-law, who, whilst praising his conduct, could scarcely refrain from blaming him for carrying his sense of probity to such excess, was desirous of ascertaining how far property unclaimed for five and twenty years was tangible. He consulted a lawyer, who never was in the habit of forgetting his own interest in busying himself for the advantage of others. This man proved to him, certainly more from example than by argument, that a deposit unclaimed for twenty-five years is in all respects similar to any thing which has been lost, and in like manner belongs to the person who has it in his possession. Proud of having obtained such an opinion, for which he paid handsomely, Delannoy hastened to communicate it to his son-in-law, who had just made a discovery of a totally opposite nature.

Looking over some newspapers, James's attention had been arrested by the name of Rosanges. Full of surprise and joy, he put on his best clothes, and flew to the address mentioned in the paper. After some delay, he was introduced to the master of the house, a young man scarcely twenty-six years of age. James thought he had made some mistake, remembering that his old master left no children. "That is true," said the young gentleman; "I am only his nephew."—"And how is your worthy, your excellent uncle?"—"He is no more."—"Dead!" echoed James in a mournful tone.—"I am the only one of the family now remaining; I inherit his name and title, and what little property some fortunate chance has left untouched."—"God be praised," replied James, "I am come to add something to that!"—"You?"—"Yes: your late uncle my master left the sum of 17,000 francs in my care, for which I am now come to account to you."—"What, twenty-six years ago?"—"I assure you it is exactly as he left it; we have never touched one franc of it."—"Worthy man," exclaimed de Rosanges, stretching out one hand, and shaking that of James, while with the other he tried to hide the tears of admiration which involuntarily fell from his eyes, "so noble and disinterested an action surprises and affects me. If I may judge from your dress, you live in the country?"—"Yes, sir, near Roissy."—"You must have met with many losses, and with this money——"—"Do you think then, sir, that in order to repair

my own losses, I would go and rob another person?"—"But yet——"
—"I do not see any difference; a deposit is a thing that does not belong to us. I would have starved before I would have touched it. My dress does not announce opulence, but it covers the heart of an honest man."

Mons. de Rosanges was struck with astonishment and admiration at such virtuous principles. He wrote down James's address, and promised that as early as possible he would pay him a visit. The latter took his leave, and returned home dancing for joy. "What has happened," inquired his father-in-law, "that you seem in such spirits?"—"I have found out M. de Rosanges," replied James; and his excellent wife threw herself into his arms.

James had scarcely quitted the hotel of Mons. de Rosanges, when that gentleman's lawyer made his appearance: he happened to be the very man whom Delannoy had consulted. M. de Rosanges informed him of the good fortune which had just befallen him. "The devil," exclaimed the lawyer, "17,000 francs at the expiration of twenty-six years! It is almost incredible, but we live in an age of wonders." Suddenly he stopped, knit his brows, while a malicious smile distorted his features, and added: "The man supposed that of course you had vouchers."—"I have not one."—"That you knew that your uncle had intrusted that sum to him."—"I was perfectly ignorant of it an hour ago."—"Well, however, he thought so, I have no doubt; but in making this restitution he has forgotten

one thing."—"What do you mean?"—"He has said nothing about the interest, and twenty-six years' interest doubles the capital."—"Really!"—"The worthy man has turned the money to good account."—"He has assured me to the contrary."—"And you believe him?"—"His action is a proof——"—"Yes, of cunning. Attend to me: you are a young man, and understand very little of business. All money lent ought to bear interest; now this money——"—"Was a deposit."—"We shall see how that is by and by, with your leave. Commence an action against him; then he will have a conference; let him have plenty of time: you do not surely imagine I wish to ruin him; but your affairs interest me as my own, and one day or other you will thank me for the care I take of them." Saying this, the attorney took his leave.

Two days afterwards M. de Rosanges paid his promised visit to James. On entering his cottage, he beheld the whole family in the deepest distress. What was his surprise and anger at perusing a letter from his lawyer, stating that M. de Rosanges had authorized him to demand the interest due on the sum of 17,000 francs for twenty-six years, and threatening them with the utmost rigour of the law in case of a refusal. His indignation redoubled when he learned from old Delannoy, that this was the very man who had advised him to withhold the property. He hastened to reassure the worthy James; he would not humiliate him by offering him money as a reward, but promising to him his friend-

ship, and to his children his protection, he requested him to become his steward. That same day, the lawyer received orders not to concern himself in future about the affairs of M. de Rosanges.

Excepting this last circumstance, I can vouch for the truth of the foregoing anecdote.

MEMOIRS OF MYSELF.

IT is half-past three in the morning; I have paced my bed-chamber till I am tired, looked with envy at my wife, who has been fast asleep these three hours, and whose countenance wears, even in repose, the sweet expression of happiness which it bore as she invoked Heaven to bless our children as she put up her nightly petition. I have tried to persuade myself, from her example, that the fulness of content ought to lead to repose, but all in vain: I find it impossible to sleep, and I cannot remain inactive. "How then shall I beguile the time?" said I, five minutes ago, to myself: "suppose I write my Memoirs, and send them to the *Repository*?" Just as I was taking up the pen, Mr. Editor, I thought of all you could say if you were at my elbow. You would gravely declare that it was impossible to write in such a frame of mind; that one ought to have calm spirits, a clear head, a facility of expressing oneself, &c. &c. &c. before we begin to write; at least, if we mean that our works should be read by any body but ourselves. *N'importe*, my good sir, I shall take my chance for that: it is the age of memoirs; every body writes them, every body reads them, and why the deuce should not mine be read among the rest? Besides, I am not without a hope that you

will good-naturedly take the trouble to polish them up a little: so without farther ceremony I begin.

I was the only son of one of the richest commoners in England, who died while I was an infant, leaving me under the guardianship of my mother. She declared to him in his last moments, that my happiness should be the study of her life; and as an effectual means to secure it, she strictly prohibited every thing in the form of correction, or even admonition. She was a woman of an excellent heart, but she had bewildered herself with the theories of our modern philosophers; and she gravely argued from them, that no created being has a right to arrogate to himself or herself any authority over another; that human nature is in itself perfect; and that it is the most cruel tyranny to force upon the infant mind, principles, habits, or opinions, which may not accord with its peculiar bias. In conformity, sir, with these *liberal* ideas, I was suffered to be as free as air: but my mother had no great reason to congratulate herself upon the success of her plan; for, instead of being perfectly happy and reasonable, I became the most troublesome, disagreeable brat in the world: no pecuniary advantages could induce my nursery maids to stay with

me, and as to nursery-governesses, I believe I had half a dozen in a twelvemonth.

When I was five years old I was placed under the care of a tutor: he was a good and conscientious man, who would have done his duty had he been suffered to do it; as it was, he told my mother that he could be of no use to me, and that he must go. I had, however, taken a fancy to him, and I insisted that he should stay; but he peremptorily refused, unless I would attend to my book. I remember, even to this moment, the astonishment with which I heard this declaration; it was the first time any body had ever presumed to put their will in competition with mine, and it seemed such a surprising thing, that I could hardly believe he was in earnest. However, the more intent he seemed on going, the more desirous I was that he should stay; so at last we patched up a treaty, which was very ill kept on my part, and he agreed to remain.

I believe I was rather more than seven years old, when one day, in the temporary absence of my tutor, I accompanied Jenny, my nurse-maid, to a cottage at a little distance from our mansion. The owner of the cottage had formerly been a fellow-servant of Jenny's, and was recently come to settle in our neighbourhood. It was the first time that the girl had been to see her friend, and she was desirous of looking at the garden. I refused to accompany her, because I preferred playing with the cottage's son, a little boy about my own age. The boy's mother, after

and take pains to entertain me, marched off with Jenny, leaving us together.

Henry rummaged out his scanty stock of toys for my amusement, but without effect; at last my eye was caught by a little book with coloured prints, which I began to turn over very roughly. "You must not do so," said Henry; "cousin Betty gave me that book, and I promised her I would take care it should not be torn."—"Don't talk to me," cried I, "about your cousin Betty; I shall tear it, or do what I like with it: I am rich enough to pay for a hundred such books as this;" and I kept turning the leaves over more roughly than before. Henry snatched it up, and put it in his pocket. Bribery and threats were vain, cousin Betty's book was not to be sold, and my threat of giving him a good beating, was answered by an assurance, that I had better take care of myself, for he was more than my match.

My reply to this speech was a violent blow on the face, which my antagonist returned with interest. I soon found he was no boaster, for in a few minutes I was completely and soundly beaten. I disdained, however, to acknowledge myself conquered, though I was more than once knocked down: but my adversary was too generous to require my submission; he desisted, and ran to get some water to wash the blood from my face. At that moment Jenny and his mother entered. You may conceive the scene that followed; both fell upon Henry, and but for my interference, his mother would have given him a sounder beating.

than I had been able to do. Jenny washed me, and took me home, declaring all the way, that she knew she should lose her place by this unlucky job.

This was the first lesson I ever received of respect for the right of property, and without a pun, it made a strong impression upon me. Jenny escaped with a reprimand, through my vehement declarations that she should not be turned away, for she was not to blame. But to her great surprise, I insisted upon going in two days after to see Henry: my mother would have mustered up courage to contradict me for once, but at the request of my tutor, who knew what had happened, she permitted me to go. Henry received me with great kindness; he had just finished making a boat, and though I had several of my own, I fancied none of them equalled his. I praised it very much. "You may have it, if you like it," cried he bluntly, "and I will shew you how to make a better one than this." This generosity quite won my heart: I invited him to the hall, secretly determining that he should not return empty handed. To my surprise, however, he was not at all struck with my fine toys; but he was very much delighted with some of my little books, which I prevailed upon him to keep, and he assured me he would be as careful of them as of cousin Betty's.

In a little time, I became so much attached to this boy, although he never flattered me, but, on the contrary, told me of my faults in his blunt rustic manner, that I insisted upon his coming to live with us. My tutor seconded this re-

solution warmly, because he foresaw many advantages to me in such a companion, and my mother cheerfully gave her consent.

I certainly profited by the society of Henry, but not as much as I ought to have done. I am ashamed to say, that though I loved him, I often capriciously ill-treated him: I made, however, a sort of compromise with my conscience, by never suffering the smallest slight to be offered to him by any body but myself. In acquiring polished manners, he lost nothing of his native sincerity; he blamed me freely when I was wrong, which Heaven knows was often enough, but he had always something to say to others in extenuation of my faults.

Thus time stole on till we had each nearly attained our eighteenth year, when I began to think of making the grand tour. I had no doubt that Henry would accompany me, but, to my great surprise, he refused. "My dear Augustus," cried he, "it is time for me to think of doing something for myself: it would be a shame if, with the education which I owe to your generosity, I could not earn independent bread. Besides, I have another motive for refusing you: if I accompany you abroad, I should watch your conduct with perhaps too scrupulous an eye; the equality that has hitherto subsisted between us, would render me troublesome and importunate; I could be of no service to you, but I might, and probably would, soon lose your friendship." I exclaimed against this mode of arguing; but Mr. Alwyn, who considered it perfectly just, supported Henry's resolution, and so my

great mortification, he entered a commercial house of the greatest respectability. My mother was almost as sorry as myself that he did not accompany me abroad. I should have mentioned, that he lost his parents about two years after he took up his residence with us; and that circumstance, by throwing him entirely upon her protection, contributed to endear him to her.

The arrangements for my Continental tour were soon completed, and Henry and I quitted what might be called the paternal roof to both of us: at the same time Mr. Alwyn declined accompanying me abroad, but his place was filled by a gentleman so highly recommended, that my mother was quite satisfied; and I was equally so, when I found it was a part of his plan, that we were neither of us to be a restraint on the other. I shall give no particulars of my tour; suffice it to say, that nearly three years spent in the unlimited indulgence of every vicious and foolish inclination, completely undid all that the respectable Mr. Alwyn had done towards rendering me a rational being.

The sudden and violent illness of my mother recalled me to England a few months before I should otherwise have returned. I arrived only to receive her last sigh; and when the grief, which I really felt, for her death had subsided, I plunged into dissipation with as much avidity as ever. Henry and I had corresponded regularly for some time after I went abroad, but in about a year an advantageous opportunity occurred for him to go out to India, and from that time I heard no more of him.

In a few years the career I pursued sensibly impaired my fortune large as it was; but this circumstance gave me no concern, for I had added gaming to my other follies; and as in the beginning I was tolerably successful, I had no doubt, that a few lucky throws would reinstate me in my former situation.

At that time chance threw in my way a very beautiful girl, the orphan of an officer, who had left her under the guardianship of his sister, a gay dissipated woman of fashion, who was certainly very unfit for the trust. I was struck at the first sight with the charms of this lovely girl, but her dignified, though simple and unassuming manners, for some time prevented my declaring my flame. At times, however, I thought I could read in her soft eyes that I was not an object of indifference to her, and I solicited her hand; but I had the mortification to meet with a polite but decided refusal. I learned through her aunt, that her objections arose from my free course of life; and I vowed, at the moment with sincerity, that I would reform. Sophia heard me with blushes of pleasure, and agreed to become mine, conditionally, that she had reason to think at the end of twelve months I had kept my promise.

For a short time all went well, but the cursed habit which I had acquired of gaming was too strong for all my good resolutions; I relapsed into it: this circumstance came to the knowledge of Sophia, and she wrote me a farewell. No arguments of her aunt, no entreaties of mine, could prevail upon her to rescind her resolution never

to be mine. Driven to despair by this resolution, I madly sought to drown her remembrance in riot and excess. I plunged openly and without restraint into gaming; loss succeeded to loss; my property was not entailed, and in a few months I was a beggar. The callous indifference with which I had contemplated the spectre Poverty vanished when I found myself within her grasp, and I awoke, when too late, to a full sense of the horrors of my situation. I was obliged to fly from London, in order to escape from my creditors. My watch, and a few trinkets of but little value, were all that remained of my once splendid property; and the small sum which they might bring, and which, with my habits, would scarcely be sufficient for a few weeks' subsistence, was all I had to trust to for support.

As I was coming out of a shop where I had disposed of these valuables, I saw a stage-coach going to set out for the seaport of —: at that moment the only thing that struck me, was the necessity of quitting London, and I threw myself into it, thinking that before I reached the end of my journey, I could arrange my future plans.

Fatigue and want of sleep combined, had rendered me so ill, that I was incapable of thinking: it was late in the evening when we reached our journey's end, and after bespeaking a bed, I strolled out to try if the air would relieve the burning pain in my head. Till that unhappy moment, I had preserved, in the midst of my follies and my crimes, some sense of religion; but as I hurried on, vainly endeavouring to trace a plan for

the future, despair took entire possession of me. "There is not," thought I, "any means of existence open for me; and why should I endeavour to protract for a little while a miserable being, which must at last be terminated by actual want? No; let me perish, rather than continue to endure the abject miserable existence, which, if I live, must be my lot." While my mind was occupied with these thoughts, I had reached the quay; the sight of the water decided my purpose, and without a moment's hesitation, I plunged into the waves. Heaven, more gracious to me than I deserved, deigned to avert the fate I had so impiously courted: a gentleman who chanced to be passing at the instant, plunged in after me, and succeeded, though at the imminent hazard of his own life, in saving mine. Conceive—but no, it is impossible for any one to conceive—what were my feelings when, on recovering my senses, and raising my eyes to the face of a gentleman who stood over me, I beheld the dear and well-remembered features of Henry. Yes, it was to him I owed my life; he had been but a few hours landed from India, when Providence sent him to my rescue.

I shall not detail the scene that followed; those who have hearts can feel better than I can describe, the delight of Henry when he found who it was that he had rescued from a watery grave. He was returned, rich and happy, to his native land: a gentleman who became acquainted with him in India, had bequeathed him a handsome fortune; and he resolved to return to England, and devote the

rest of his life to literary and agricultural pursuits.

When I was able to converse, I told him all. I knew he would feel for me, but I expected also he would blame me severely. I was, however, mistaken; he uttered not a word of reproach. "Every thing," cried he, embracing me, "may yet be retrieved: you are young enough to make choice of a profession; you have abilities to render you an ornament to any that you may choose. Come back with me to London; we will arrange every thing."

I complied, without thanks or professions, for I knew the heart of Henry too well to believe that either were necessary. My generous friend settled with my creditors: the next thing to be done was, to choose a profession; I wished to become a merchant. Henry heard me with pleasure, but he insisted upon my reflecting before I fixed my choice. While I was deliberating about it, he came in one day with a countenance so full of animation and pleasure, that I saw directly some unexpected piece of good fortune had befallen him, and I inquired what it was.

"I have discovered a treasure, my dear friend," cried he, "if I can but make it mine. My late benefactor divided his fortune between myself and a young lady, a distant relation of his, whom he described to me as having afforded, when a child, the fairest promise of excellence. He more than once hinted a wish that we might be united, and now that I have seen the lady, this wish is mine also."—"And pray," said I laughing, "who is this peerless Dulcinea, whose charms have subdued

your hitherto insensible heart?"

"It is Miss Glanville; and when you see her, you will allow that she is peerless indeed."

Alas! I was but too well convinced of it; for Miss Glanville was Sophia, my Sophia. I recollected at that moment, that, in speaking of her, I had never mentioned her name: I was about to reveal it, but I checked myself. Why, thought I, should I blight his probable happiness? She is lost to me for ever. The next day I told my friend, that I was determined to make commerce my profession; and I set out in a few days for Germany, with letters, which he gave me to a mercantile house there.

When I bade Henry farewell, I felt as if it were a last one, for I knew that I could never bear to meet him as the husband of Sophia. More than once I was tempted to reveal the truth to him, but pride, honour, and friendship equally combined to prevent it. We corresponded constantly during some months; his letters were filled with praises of Sophia, but though he saw her frequently, he feared to reveal his passion till he had made some interest in her heart. How shall I paint my feelings when I read his letters, the mingled terror and anxiety with which I waited for the fatal one that was to announce that he had at length succeeded, and was become her accepted lover! A few days more than usual elapsed without my hearing from him; and I was tormenting myself by placing his silence to the account of his success with Sophia, when one evening he himself appeared.

"I am come," cried he, after

we had shaken hands, "to convince you that I have not lost my old habit of finding fault with you. You have, from a piece of nonsensical refinement and false pride, been very near making three people miserable."—"How so?"—"By concealing from me that my paragon was your mistress."

"But to what purpose should I reveal it?"

"To a very good purpose, that of gaining her hand yourself."

"Myself! What, in my destitute situation?"—"A man is never destitute when he has industry and abilities: this is Sophia's opinion as well as mine; and the proof of it is, that I am come to offer you her hand."

At these words I could hardly believe my senses, but Henry soon convinced me that he was in earnest. He concealed from me the part he had taken in the promotion of my happiness, but my first interview with Sophia revealed to me all that I owed to his generous friendship. She had seen for some time that he loved her, and fully sensible of his worth, she strove to banish from her heart those sentiments, which, spite of my follies, she still entertained in my favour. When he at last declared his passion, she frankly told him the state of her affections: she owned that her heart was not entirely weaned from one whose unworthiness left her no excuse for loving him; but she had done much towards conquering her partiality, and she hoped, in a little time, to subdue it entirely. Some allusions which she made to my fondness for gaming, roused Henry's suspicions; he uttered my name; her countenance

told him I was the unworthy rejected lover; and forgetful of himself and his own happiness, he sought only to justify me. He painted with all the glowing warmth of friendship, the injury which excessive indulgence had done to my natural disposition; he pourtrayed in the liveliest colours the good qualities for which his partiality gave me credit; he dwelt on the steadiness and attention with which, since my ruin, I had applied to business. In short, he pleaded so energetically, that he wrung from the blushing Sophia a tacit consent to my happiness. Ah! this happiness would have been indeed too exquisite, but for the thought that it was purchased at the expense of his repose.

I wished to delay my marriage, in order to give him time to conquer his passion, but he would not hear of it. "It is only when Sophia becomes your wife," said he, "that I can resolve to think of her no more." Our nuptials were celebrated. I embarked a part of my property in trade; I was successful beyond my hopes. Three years after my marriage, I had the happiness to see my friend united to a woman worthy of him, a counterpart of my own Sophia. Heaven had blessed me in the first year of my marriage with a son, and when my boy was nearly five years old, Henry became the father of a girl. They were the only children we either of us ever had, and from the moment of his daughter's birth, Henry and myself cherished the hope of one day cementing our friendship by their union. That hope is accomplished, for they were this morning married. And now,

Mr. Editor, do you wonder that I find it impossible to close my eyes? Methinks I hear you reply, "Really, sir, though you cannot sleep yourself, you possess the power of rendering the drowsy god propitious to others; for I have more than once shut my eyes over your long

story." I plead guilty, my good sir: but consider, that every thing has its use, and give the readers of the *Repository* the chance of a nap by inserting my Memoirs; you will thus serve them, and oblige your very humble servant,

* * * * *

THE ART OF BOOK-MAKING.

I HAVE often wondered at the extreme fecundity of the press, and how it comes to pass that so many heads, on which nature seems to have inflicted the curse of barrenness, yet teem with voluminous productions. As a man travels on, however, in the journey of life, his objects of wonder daily diminish, and he is continually finding out some very simple cause for some great matter of marvel. Thus have I chanced, in my peregrinations about this great metropolis, to blunder upon a scene which unfolded to me some of the mysteries of the book-making craft, and at once put an end to my astonishment.

I was one summer's day loitering through the great saloons of the British Museum, with that listlessness with which one is apt to saunter about a museum in warm weather; sometimes lolling over the glass cases of minerals, sometimes studying the hieroglyphics on an Egyptian mummy, and sometimes trying, with nearly equal success, to comprehend the allegorical paintings on the lofty ceilings. Whilst I was gazing about in this idle way, my attention was attracted to a distant door at the end of a suite of apartments. It was closed,

but every now and then it would open, and some strange favoured being, generally clothed in black, would steal forth, and glide through the rooms, without noticing any of the surrounding objects. There was an air of mystery about this that piqued my languid curiosity, and I determined to attempt the passage of that strait, and to explore the unknown regions that lay beyond. The door yielded to my hand, with all that facility with which the portals of enchanted castles yield to the adventurous knight errant. I found myself in a spacious chamber, surrounded with great cases of venerable books. Above the cases, and just under the cornice, were arranged a great number of quaint black-looking portraits of ancient authors. About the room were placed long tables, with stands for reading and writing, at which sat many pale, cadaverous personages, poring intently over dusty volumes, rummaging among mouldy manuscripts, and taking copious notes of their contents. The most hushed stillness reigned through this mysterious apartment, excepting that you might hear the racing of pens over sheets of paper, or, occasion-

ity, the deep sigh of one of these pages, as he shifted his position to turn over the pages of an old folio; doubtless arising from that hollow-ness and flatulency incident to learned research.

Now and then one of these personages would write something on a small slip of paper, and ring a bell; whereupon a familiar would appear, take the paper in profound silence, glide out of the room, and return shortly loaded with ponderous tomes, upon which the other would fall tooth and nail with famished voracity. I had no longer a doubt that I had happened upon a body of magi, deeply engaged in the study of occult sciences. The scene reminded me of an old Arabian tale of a philosopher, shut up in an enchanted library, in the bosom of a mountain, that opened only once a year; where he made the spirits of the place obey his commands, and bring him books of all kinds of dark knowledge; so that at the end of the year, when the magic portal once more swung open on its hinges, he issued forth so versed in forbidden lore, as to be able to soar above the heads of the multitude, and to controul the powers of nature.

My curiosity being now fully aroused, I whispered to one of the familiars, as he was about to leave the room, and begged an interpretation of the strange scene before me. A few words were sufficient for the purpose. I found that these mysterious personages, whom I had mistaken for magi, were principally authors, and were in the very act of manufacturing books. I was, in fact, in the reading-room of the great British Li-

brary—an immense collection of volumes of all ages and languages, many of which are now forgotten, and most of which are seldom read. To these sequestered pools of obsolete literature, therefore, do many modern authors repair, and draw buckets full of classic lore, or "pure English, undefiled," wherewith to swell their own scanty rills of thought.

Being now in possession of the secret, I sat down in a corner, and watched the process of this book-manufactory. I noticed one lean, bilious-looking wight, who sought none but the most worm-eaten volumes, printed in black letter. He was evidently constructing some work of profound erudition, that would be purchased by every man who wished to be thought learned, placed upon a conspicuous shelf of his library, or laid upon his table—but never read. I observed him, now and then, draw a large fragment of biscuit out of his pocket, and gnaw; whether it was his dinner, or whether he was endeavouring to keep off that exhaustion of the stomach produced by much pondering over dry works, I leave to harder students than myself to determine.

There was one dapper little gentleman in bright-coloured clothes, with a chirping, gossiping expression of countenance, who had all the appearance of an author on good terms with his bookseller. After considering him attentively, I recognised in him a diligent getter up of miscellaneous works, which bustled off well with the trade. I was curious to see how he manufactured his wares. He made more stir and show of,

business than any of the others; dipping into various books, fluttering over the leaves of manuscripts, taking a morsel out of one, a morsel out of another, "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." The contents of his book seemed to be as heterogeneous as those of the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*. It was here a finger and there a thumb, toe of frog and blind worm's sting, with his own gossip poured in like "baboon's blood," to make the medley "slab and good."

After all, thought I, may not this pilfering disposition be implanted in authors for wise purposes? May it not be the way in which Providence has taken care that the seeds of knowledge and wisdom shall be preserved from age to age, in spite of the inevitable decay of the works in which they were first produced? We see that nature has wisely, though whimsically, provided for the conveyance of seeds from clime to clime, in the maws of certain birds; so that animals, which, in themselves, are little better than carrion, and apparently the lawless plunderers of the orchard and the corn-field, are, in fact, nature's carriers to disperse and perpetuate her blessings. In like manner, the beauty and fine thoughts of ancient and obsolete writers, are caught up by these flights of predatory authors, and cast forth, again to flourish and bear fruit in a remote and distant tract of time. Many of their works also undergo a kind of metempsychosis, and spring up under new forms. What was formerly a ponderous history, revives in the shape of a romance—an old legend chan-

ges into a modern play—and a stuber philosophical treatise furnishes the body for a whole series of bouncing and sparkling essays. Thus it is in the clearing of our American woodlands: where we burn down a forest of stately pines, a progeny of dwarf oaks start up in their place; and we never see the prostrate trunk of a tree mouldering into soil, but it gives birth to a whole tribe of fungi.

Let us not, then, lament over the decay and oblivion into which ancient writers descend; they do but submit to the great law of nature, which declares that all sublunary shapes of matter shall be limited in their duration, but which decrees also, that their elements shall never perish. Generation after generation, both in animal and vegetable life, pass away, but the vital principle is transmitted to posterity, and the species continues to flourish. Thus, also, do authors beget authors, and having produced a numerous progeny, in a good old age they sleep with their fathers; that is to say, with the authors who preceded them—and from whom they had stolen.

Whilst I was indulging in these rambling fancies, I had leaned my head against a pile of reverend folios. Whether it was owing to the soporific emanations from these works; or to the profound quiet of the room; or to the lassitude arising from much wandering; or to an unlucky habit of napping at improper times and places, with which I am grievously afflicted; so it was, that I fell into a doze. Still, however, my imagination continued busy, and indeed the same scene remained before my mind's

eye, only a little changed in some of the details. I dreamt that the chamber was still decorated with the portraits of ancient authors, but that the number was increased. The long tables had disappeared, and in place of the sage magi, I beheld a ragged, threadbare throng, such as may be seen plying about that great repository of cast-off clothes, Monmouth-street. Whenever they seized upon a book, by one of those incongruities common to dreams, methought it turned into a garment of foreign or antique fashion, with which they proceeded to equip themselves. I noticed, however, that no one pretended to clothe himself from any particular suit, but took a sleeve from one, a cape from another, a skirt from a third, thus decking himself out piecemeal, while some of his original rags would peep out from among his borrowed finery.

There was a portly, rosy, well-fed parson, whom I observed ogling several mouldy polemical writers through an eye-glass. He soon contrived to slip on the voluminous mantle of one of the old fathers, and having purloined the grey beard of another, endeavoured to look exceedingly wise; but the smirking commonplace of his countenance set at nought all the trappings of wisdom. One sickly-looking gentleman was busied embroidering a very flimsy garment with gold thread drawn out of several old court dresses of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Another had trimmed himself magnificently from an illuminated manuscript, had stuck a nosegay in his bosom, culled from "The Paradise of dainty Devices," and having put

Sir Philip Sidney's hat on one side of his head, strutted off with an exquisite air of vulgar elegance. A third, who was but of puny dimensions, had bolstered himself out bravely with the spoils from several obscure tracts of philosophy, so that he had a very imposing front; but he was lamentably tattered in rear, and I perceived that he had patched his small-clothes with scraps of parchment from a Latin author.

There were some well-dressed gentlemen, it is true, who only helped themselves to a gem or so, which sparkled among their own ornaments without eclipsing them. Some, too, seemed to contemplate the costumes of the old writers, merely to imbibe their principles of taste, and catch their air and spirit; but I grieve to say, that too many were apt to array themselves, from top to toe, in the patchwork manner I have mentioned. I should not omit to speak of one genius, in drab breeches and gaiters, and an Arcadian hat, who had a violent propensity to the pastoral, but whose rural wanderings had been confined to the classic haunts of Primrose Hill, and the solitudes of the Regent's Park. He had decked himself in wreaths and ribbons from all the old pastoral poets, and hanging his head on one side, went about with a fantastical, lack-a-daisical air, "babbling about green fields." But the personage that most struck my attention, was a pragmatical old gentleman, in clerical robes, with a remarkably large and square but bald head. He entered the room wheezing and puffing, showed his way through the throng, with a look of sturdy self-confi-

dence, and having laid hands upon a thick Greek quarto, clapped it upon his head, and swept majestically away in a formidable frizzled wig.

In the height of this literary masquerade, a cry suddenly resounded from every side, of "Thieves! thieves!" I looked, and, lo! the portraits about the walls became animated! The old authors thrust out, first a head, then a shoulder, from the canvas; looked down curiously for an instant upon the motley throng; and then descended, with fury in their eyes, to claim their rifled property. The scene of scampering and hubbub that ensued, baffles all description. The unhappy culprits endeavoured in vain to escape with their plunder. On one side might be seen half a dozen old monks stripping a modern professor; on another, there was sad devastation carried into the ranks of modern dramatic writers. Beaumont and Fletcher, side by side, raged round the field like Castor and Pollux; and sturdy Ben Jonson enacted more wonders than when a volunteer with the army in Flanders. As to the dapper little compiler of far-ragos, mentioned some time since, he had arrayed himself in as many patches and colours as harlequin, and there was as fierce a contention of claimants about him, as about the dead body of Patroclus. I was grieved to see many men, to whom I had been accustomed to look up with awe and reverence, fain to steal off with scarce a rag to cover their nakedness. Just then my eye was caught by the pragmatist old gentleman in the Greek grizzled wig, who was scrambling away in

sore affright with half a store of authors in full cry after him. They were close upon his haunches; in a twinkling off went his wig; at every turn some strip of raiment was peeled away; until in a few moments, from his domineering pomp, he shrunk into a little, pursey, "chopp'd bald shot," and made his exit with only a few tags and rags fluttering at his back.

There was something so ludicrous in the catastrophe of this learned Theban, that I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which broke the whole illusion. The tumult and the scuffle were at an end. The chamber resumed its usual appearance. The old authors shrunk back into their picture-frames, and hung in shadowy solemnity along the walls. In short, I found myself awake in my corner, with the whole assemblage of bookworms gazing at me with astonishment. Nothing of the dream had been real but my burst of laughter, a sound never before heard in that grave sanctuary, and so abhorrent to the ears of wisdom, as to electrify the fraternity.

The librarian now stepped up to me, and demanded whether I had a card of admission. At first I did not comprehend him, but I soon found that the library was a kind of literary "preserve," subject to game laws, and that no one must presume to hunt there without special licence and permission. In a word, I stood convicted of being an arrant poacher, and was glad to make a precipitate retreat, lest I should have a whole pack of authors let loose upon me.

(GEOFFREY CRAYON'S *Sketch-Book*.)

PAUL JONES.

WE continue this month our particulars relating to the character and conduct of Paul Jones. The correspondence is curious, and has the additional merit of originality.

It appears that Paul Jones actually purchased the plate mentioned before, and embraced the first opportunity, after peace, to transmit it to Lord Selkirk, accompanied by the following letter:

PARIS, Feb. 12, 1784.

My Lord,—I have just received a letter from Mr. Nesbitt, dated at L'Orient, the 4th instant, mentioning a letter to him from your son, Lord Dair, on the subject of the plate that was taken from your house by some of my people, when I commanded the *Ranger*, and has been a long time past in Mr. Nesbitt's care. A short time before I left France to return to America, Mr. W. Alexander wrote to me from Paris to L'Orient, that he had, at my request, seen and conversed with your lordship in England respecting the plate. He said you had agreed that I should restore it, and that it might be forwarded to the care of your sister-in-law, the Countess of Morton, in London. In consequence, I now send orders to Mr. Nesbitt to forward the plate immediately to her care. When I received Mr. Alexander's letter, there was no cartel or other vessel at L'Orient that I could trust with a charge of so delicate a nature as your plate, and I had great reason to expect I should have returned to France within six months after I embarked for America; but circumstances

in America prevented my returning to Europe during the war, though I had constant expectation of it.

The long delay that has happened to the restoration of your plate, has given me much concern, and I now feel a proportionate pleasure in fulfilling what was my first intention. My motive for landing at your estate in Scotland, was to take *you* as an hostage for the lives and liberty of a number of the citizens of America who had been taken in war on the ocean, and committed to British prisons, under the act of Parliament, as "traitors, pirates, and felons." You observed to Mr. Alexander, that my idea was a mistaken one, because you were not (as I had supposed) in favour with the British ministry, who knew that you favoured the cause of liberty. On that account, I am glad that you were absent from your estate when I landed there, as I bore no personal enmity, but the contrary, towards you. I afterwards had the happiness to redeem my fellow-citizens from Britain, by means far more glorious than through the medium of any single hostage.

As I have endeavoured to serve the cause of liberty through every stage of the American revolution, and sacrificed to it my private ease, a part of my fortune, and some of my blood, I could have no selfish motive in permitting my people to demand and carry off your plate. My sole inducement was to turn their attention, and stop their rage from breaking out, and retaliating on your house and

effects, the too wanton burnings and desolation that had been committed against their relations and fellow-citizens in America by the British, of which, I assure you, you would have felt the severe consequence, had I not fallen on an expedient to prevent it, and hurried my people away before they had time for further reflection. As you were so obliging to say to Mr. Alexander, that my people behaved with great decency at your house, I ask the favour of you to announce that circumstance to the public. I am, my lord, wishing you always perfect freedom and happiness, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

(Signed,) PAUL JONES.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of
SEAKIRK, in Scotland.

After his combat with the *Drake*, Paul Jones sailed round the north of Scotland, and, on the 5th Sept. was seen off Lerwick. He did no damage, however, except carrying off a boat and four men from the island of Mousa. He then proceeded along the east coast of Scotland. In the middle of September, he sailed up the frith of Forth, and on the 17th was seen nearly opposite to Leith, below the island of Inchkeith. A violent south-west wind, however, having arisen, drove his squadron so rapidly down the Firth, as to be soon out of sight. He had taken and plundered a few prizes. He sailed next to the *Texel*, into which he carried, as prizes, two British vessels of war, the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough*, which, after an obstinate engagement, he had captured near Flamborough Head. On this occasion, the Bri-

tish minister made urgent demands, that the prizes, as well as Paul Jones himself, and his squadron, should be delivered up to his government. The Dutch, however, on the 25th Oct. came to this resolution: "That they could not pretend to judge of the legality or illegality of the actions of those who had taken, on the open sea, vessels not belonging to themselves: that they had merely given them shelter from storms, and would oblige them to put to sea, so that the British might themselves have an opportunity of taking them." To this resolution they adhered, notwithstanding the warmest remonstrances of the British minister.

During the course of Jones's stay at the *Texel*, he addressed the following letters to the Dutch admiral, Baron Vander Capellen:

On board the *Serapis*, at the *Texel*,
Oct. 19, 1779.

My Lord,—Human nature and America are under very singular obligations to you for your patriotism and friendship, and I feel every grateful sentiment for your generous and polite letter.

Agreeably to your request, I have the honour to inclose a copy of my letter to his Excellency Dr. Franklin, containing a particular account of my late expedition on the coasts of Britain and Ireland; by which you will see that I have already been praised more than I have deserved. But, I must at the same time beg leave to observe, that, by the other papers which I take the liberty to inclose (particularly the copy of my letter to the Countess of Seakirk, dated the day of my arrival at Brest from

the Irish Sea), I hope you will be convinced, that in the British prints I have been censured unjustly. I was indeed born in Britain, but I do not inherit the degenerate spirit of that fallen nation, which I at once lament and despise. It is far beneath me to reply to their hireling invectives; they are strangers to the inward approbation that greatly animates and rewards the man, who draws his sword only in support of the dignity of freedom.

America has been the country of my fond election from the age of thirteen, when I first saw it. I had the honour to hoist, with my own hands, the flag of freedom, the first time it was displayed on the Delaware, and I have attended it with veneration ever since on the ocean. I see it respected even here, in spite of the pitiful Sir Joseph (Yorke), and I ardently wish and hope very soon to exchange a salute with the flag of this republic. Let but the two republics join hands, and they will give peace to the world.

Highly ambitious to render myself worthy of your friendship, I have the honour to be, my lord, your very obliged and humble servant, &c. &c.

On board the Alliance, at the Texel,
Nov. 29, 1779.

My Lord,—Since I had the honour to receive your second esteemed letter, I have unexpectedly had occasion to revisit Amsterdam; and having changed ships since my return to the Texel, I have, by some accident or neglect, lost or mislaid your letter. I remember, however, the questions it contained; viz. First, Whether I ever had any obligation to Lord Selkirk?

Second, Whether he accepted my offer? and third, Whether I have a French commission? I answer, I never had any obligation to Lord Selkirk, except for his good opinion; nor does he know me or mine, except by character. Lord Selkirk wrote me an answer to my letter to the countess; but the ministry detained it in the General Post-Office in London for a long time, and then returned it to the author, who afterwards wrote to a friend of his (Mr. Alexander), an acquaintance of Dr. Franklin's, then at Paris, giving him an account of the fate of his letter to me, and desiring him to acquaint his excellency and myself, that, "if the plate was restored by Congress, or by any public body, he would accept it, but that he could not think of accepting it from my private generosity." The plate has, however, been bought, agreeably to my letter to the countess, and now lies in France, at her disposal. As to the third article, I never bore, nor acted under, any other commission than what I have received from the Congress of the United States of America.

I am much obliged to you, my lord, for the honour you do me, by proposing to publish the papers I sent you in my last; but it is an honour which I must decline, because I cannot publish my letter to that lady, without asking and obtaining the lady's consent, and because I have a very modest opinion of my writings, being conscious that they are not of sufficient value to claim the notice of the public. I assure you, my lord, it has given me much concern to see an extract of my rough journal

in print, and that too under the disadvantage of a translation. That mistaken kindness of a friend will make me cautious how I communicate my papers. I have the honour to be, my lord, with great esteem and respect, &c. &c.

Paul Jones continued in the American service during the remainder of the war; and on the 14th April, 1781, the Congress voted to him an address of thanks, and presented him with a gold medal. At the peace of 1783 it was agreed that Jones should return some of the prizes taken during the war, but should receive a pecuniary indemnification. To arrange this transaction, he sailed for France, and arrived at Paris, where he was received with great cordiality. In the course of his residence there, he received the following letter from Dr. Franklin:

HAVRE, July 21, 1785.

Dear Sir,—The offer, of which you desire I would give you the particulars, was made to me by M. Le Baron de Walterstorff, in behalf of his Majesty the King of Denmark, by whose ministers he said he was authorized to make it. It was to give us the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling, as a compensation for having delivered up the prizes to the English. I did not accept it, conceiving it much too small a sum, they having

been valued to me at fifty thousand pounds. I wrote to Mr. Hodgson, an insurer in London, requesting he would procure information of the sums insured on those Canada ships. His answer was, that he could find no traces of such insurance; and he believed none was made, for that the government, on whose account they were said to be loaded with military stores, never insured; but by the best judgment he could make, he thought they might be worth sixteen or eighteen thousand pounds each. With great esteem, I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

HON. PAUL JONES, Esq.

We have also in our possession, an original card of invitation to dinner from La Fayette, which shews the esteem in which he was held by that eminent character. He was satisfied as to his claims, and returned to America. But in 1788, we find him offering his services to the Empress Catherine, by whom they were readily accepted.

What were the circumstances which disgusted Jones with the service of her imperial majesty, we have not been able to learn; but it appears that, in 1790, he was engaged in a negotiation for entering into the service of her enemies.

THE BETROTHMENT.

(Continued from vol. IX. p. 284.)

THE boy Edward had acquiesced in this arrangement with no other feeling, than that of regret at being deprived of the society of his beautiful little playfellow. The

man, however, felt otherwise. The reflection that, without any act of his own, he was deprived of the privilege of freely offering himself, wherever his choice might direct,

was oppressive to the independent spirit of the youth, and with increasing years, it became still more painful. Although every account which arrived, agreed in praising the charms of the lovely Emily, although every one envied him the possession of so rich a treasure, the reflection, "I must be her husband," was hateful to him, and made him envious of the free lot of all around him.

He anxiously awaited the time when, after having completed his studies, he was to begin his travels. It arrived at length, and Edward set out with the reflection, "This is the last season of my freedom; it will swiftly vanish, and I must return, and bend beneath the galling yoke." Who can blame the ardent youth, if he prolonged the duration of this interval to the latest possible period? The term at length expired, and he received his father's commands to return home. Under various pretences, he still delayed. A letter at last arrived, with the intelligence that his betrothed Emily, on the death of her father, had returned to Germany, and urging his immediate return, in order that, at the expiration of her year of mourning, their union might be completed. This year of mourning furnished Edward with a new pretence for staying away; but when it expired, an urgent and anxious letter from his father entreated him to delay no longer. With the feelings of a bird, which, after a short hour of liberty, is compelled to return to its cage, the unfortunate Edward resolved at length to yield to necessity, and in Venice to take a final leave, as it were, of the happy

days of liberty. But here his destiny awaited him. If he had before felt oppressed by the weight of the chains to which he was condemned, they now became absolutely insupportable, and he resolved, cost what it would, finally to burst asunder the hated bonds. More eagerly than ever he sought to make some impression on the heart of the baroness, and success appeared to crown his efforts: he could no longer doubt that she returned his passion, and he immediately resolved on a decisive step. He took advantage of the next opportunity of being alone with her, to throw himself at her feet, and in the most ardent terms to declare his love: he did not attempt to conceal the situation in which he stood with his own family, but added an assurance, that he could deem no sacrifice too dear, which could enable him to obtain the hand of his beloved. The baroness appeared to hear his declaration without surprise; she acknowledged, with blushes, that he also had aroused emotions in her heart of which she had been hitherto unconscious, and that she would willingly consent to be his, if she were not equally unfortunate with himself. From her childhood, he had also been affianced to a person unknown to her, and she could never hope to obtain the consent of her relations to her union with another. Solldingen felt as if struck by lightning. He stood riveted to the spot, like the husbandman, who, after a destructive storm, regards the wasted field, which a few hours before gave promise of a rich and abundant harvest.

With a heart torn with anguish he returned home, cursing the malignant destiny which stood between him and his wishes. What was his consternation when he learned, that his father had arrived from Germany, and expected him impatiently in his own apartment! He scarcely dared to raise his eyes to the venerable countenance of his father, who cried, affectionately embracing him, "Welcome, my son! Is not this a surprise? But prepare yourself for one still more agreeable. I do not come alone. Can you conjecture who it is that accompanies me? Your affianced bride! Urged by tender impatience, she determined to meet you on your return, and obliged me, old as I am, to be her companion. As soon as she has a little recovered the fatigue of her journey, I will not delay to present you to her."

The old count said truly: if his sudden arrival was surprising to his son, these tidings were still more so. He stammered out a few incoherent words, and endeavoured to conceal the anxiety they occasioned him.

As soon as he could with any propriety escape from his father, he hastened to his own apartment, which he paced with rapid strides, brooding over a scheme which he had hastily formed. "Either this — or —!" cried he at length aloud; and seizing his hat, he hurried to the baroness. In a few words he explained his situation, and added: "We must brave every thing, or lose all; the time is arrived for you to prove whether you truly love me. Love disdains all sacrifices, knows no self-interest,

defies all dangers. One resource only remains to us—flight. If you love me, you must this night accompany me. In some other country the church shall bless our union; we will then seek a reconciliation with our parents, and if they refuse, I am capable, by following some profession, of supporting you and myself."

The baroness at first appeared struck with terror at the idea of such a step, but the entreaties of Edward, his assurances and his oaths at length overcame her scruples and her dread, and she consented: midnight was fixed for their flight.

Night had scarcely spread her dark mantle over the city, when Edward, with the assistance of his faithful valet, had removed the greatest part of his baggage to the gondola which he had prepared to convey them. He impatiently waited for midnight; the wished-for hour at length sounded from St. Mark's church, and he instantly hastened beneath the window of his beloved, by a concerted signal to give her notice of his being near, when he found himself suddenly seized upon by a band of men, who, after securely binding him, forced him from the spot. In vain he struggled against numbers; he found himself overpowered: his head was enveloped in, a thick covering, which deprived him of sight, and of the power of making himself heard; and thus, in perfect darkness, he was dragged on board a gondola, where he had leisure to curse the fate which had befallen him.

In about four hours time, which seemed an eternity to the unfortu-

nate Edward, the gondola touched the shore; he was lifted out of it, and led into a house, and up a staircase, and then thrust into a room. Whilst they were loosing the bandage from his eyes, he had no doubt of finding himself in a dungeon. What then was his surprise when the covering was removed, and he found himself in an apartment brilliantly lighted up, and standing before his father!

The old count made a sign to the attendants to retire, and then began: "A pretty frolic this, young man! Is it thus you honour your family and your rank? Thanks to the watchfulness of the police, at the head of which is an old friend of mine, you have been prevented from committing such a piece of folly. To put a stop for ever to the possibility of such tricks in future, the priest shall this very hour pronounce his blessing over you, and your true and legally affianced bride."

"Never!" cried Edward.

"Do not provoke my anger," continued the old count; "rejoice rather that I overlook your fault, instead of punishing it as it deserves. The Countess Hochfels is informed of all. She has determined to bury in oblivion the affair of to-night, and is ready for the ceremony; the priest waits——"

"My father," interrupted Edward, "I swear to you by all that is sacred——!"

"And I," said his father, "command you, in the name of common sense, to give up this foolery, and to bestow your hand immediately on the countess."

"My heart bleeds to disobey you, but it is impossible for me to

comply! Never will I give my hand to the Countess Hochfels."

"We will see that," cried his father, taking his son by the hand and leading him into another room. A large company was here assembled; by the side of a small altar stood the priest, and near him the Countess Hochfels, veiled. "Here, my worthy friends, is the bridegroom; if you please, we will now proceed with the ceremony," said the old Count Solldingen, leading his son towards the priest.

"Stop!" cried the young count; "I solemnly protest against a union which I can never ratify."

"Is this your final resolution?" demanded his father, with a stern and angry look.

"My firm and irrevocable resolution," replied Edward.

"We will see if it will stand the proof, however," said the old count, approaching the countess, and drawing aside her veil. Edward's eyes involuntarily followed him; he looked towards the countess, and beheld—the Baroness Espern.

"Who—who is this?" stammered he.

"Countess Emily von Hochfels, your despised and rejected bride," answered his father.

"Can it be possible?" cried the overjoyed Edward, falling at the feet of his beloved.

Now came the explanation. The charms of the young Countess Hochfels, and still more her talents, her understanding, and her amiable disposition, had assembled a crowd of adorers around her. She was besieged on all sides, and overwhelmed with addresses in prose and verse; but, aware of her

situation, and honouring the will of her father, she considered herself as the property of her betrothed husband, and her heart remained untouched amidst universal homage.

It did not indeed escape her observation, that this betrothed husband, to whom she sacrificed every thing, wrote to her seldom, and that his letters were short, formal, and unmeaning; and on her return to Germany, after the death of her father, she could not long entertain any doubts as to the sentiments of Edward. Her vanity—where lives the woman wholly exempt from this inheritance of Eve?—her vanity was piqued, her pride was roused. She resolved, under an assumed name, to endeavour to gain the heart of the obstinate count; or if success were denied her, to dissolve at once a contract which promised no chance of happiness.

Her plan was soon arranged, and she set out, accompanied by

Edward's father, and a distant relation, the Baron Espern, for whose niece she was to pass, for Venice. Here she met Edward, and soon achieved a triumphant victory over his rebellious heart.

As he listened to the explanation, his heart was divided between remorse and gratitude. "Enchantress!" whispered he, and snatched an ardent kiss from the white hand of the lovely relater.

"Now, my children," said Count Solldingen, "do not let the priest wait any longer; or has this young man any more firm, irrevocable resolutions?"

"Yes," answered Edward, "and one which death alone can dissolve."

"And that is——?" said Emily, with a bewitching smile.

"To devote my existence to you," cried he, as he pressed her, blushing, to his heart.

"Amen!" cried the old count, and led the happy pair to the altar.

ADVENTURES OF DR. SYNTAX.

WE have already introduced the "Second Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque" to our readers, and we are sure that they will thank us for again laying before them a small portion of the forthcoming number, which is quite as humorous and entertaining as any part of the first volume. It is necessary to introduce our quotation by stating, that the hero and his man, of the tale, have just escaped from the perils of a pelt-ing by a crowd of boys, and men like boys, who with rough music, &c. as is usual, were celebrating

the triumph of a wife over her hen-pecked and belaboured husband. The rest of the story speaks for itself.

Syntax made clean, in arm-chair seated,
Was by the landlord humbly greeted
With sorrow, that the country-folk
Should have annoy'd him with their joke.
But 'twas a custom with the people
As ancient as the parish steeple,
A kind of ceremonial law,
To keep the marriage pairs in awe;
And which they never will withhold
Till married women cease to scold,
Or men, in hope of quiet lives,
Refuse a beating from their wives:

"But if," he said, "you wish to know
 The real hist'ry of the show,
 Or any other branch of knowledge
 That is obtain'd in school or college,
 Our Curate will, I doubt not, join
 Your social pipe or ev'ning wine;
 Nor fail to aid you in the picking
 Of your asparagus and chicken.
 Of middle age he has the vigour,
 But rather comical in figure;
 And thus of late he has the name
 Well known in literary fame,
 With which the gentry of our club
 Have pleas'd this learned man to dub.
 'Tis taken from a famous book,
 In which if you should please to look,
 I can the pleasant volume borrow,
 So that I send it back to-morrow,
 Where in the prints that deck the page,
 You'll see the learned rev'rend sage,
 So like in ev'ry point of view
 Of hat and wig, and features too,
 It might be thought the artist's hand
 Did our original command;
 Nay, 'mong the gossips of our town,
 He'll soon be by this title known,
 As well I doubt not as his own:
 Nor does this laughing humour tease
 him,

Indeed it rather seems to please him."

They who have Doctor Syntax seen,
 In all the points where he has been,
 Must know his heart is chiefly bent
 On gen'rous deed, with grave intent;
 But still his fancy oft bespoke
 The lively laughter by his joke,
 And though his looks demure were seen,
 He nurs'd the smiling thought within.
 And here he felt that fun might rise,
 From certain eccentricities,
 As they might be disposed to strike him,
 In one who, more or less, was like him.
 Though it is true that he suspected,
 'Twas shape of wig or dress neglected,
 Or meagre shape, so lank and thin,
 Or pointed nose, or lengthen'd chin,
 With a similitude of feature,
 The casual work of frisky Nature,
 Who sometimes gives the look of brother
 To those who never saw each other,
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Which now produced the fond conceit,
 Big with the ev'ning's promis'd treat.
 Th' invited Curate soon appear'd;
 The Doctor rubb'd his eyes and star'd,
 Look'd in the mirror, that the view
 Might in his eye his form renew,
 Nor less admiring than amaz'd,
 He on the rival Syntax gaz'd.

At length, all drolleries explain'd,
 A friendly, social humour reign'd.
 The table smil'd with plenteous fare,
 The bottle and the bowl were there,
 And 'mid the pipe's ascending smoke,
 The counterparts alternate spoke*.

Syntax.

"My host, I doubt not, told me true
 When he referr'd me; sir, to you,
 That you would to my mind explain
 The meaning of the noisome train,
 Which, in the ev'ning of the day,
 Not only stopp'd me on my way,
 But with their rout were pleas'd to greet
 me,

And with most foul salutes to meet me.
 Its history perhaps may be
 Far in remote antiquity,
 But mem'ry does not now recall
 A trace of its original."

Curate.

"Nor yet can I; but I suppose
 It was among the vulgar shows,
 When Butler wrote, as his droll wit
 In Hudibras has painted it:
 A book writ in most merry strain,
 The boast of Charles the Second's reign;
 And so much fun it did impart,
 The king could say it all by heart;
 Though you must know, he quite forgot
 To ask if Butler starv'd or not:
 But I shall not attempt to tell
 A story you could paint so well.
 —As to this custom, I must own,
 It might as well be let alone;
 But when in matrimonial strife
 A husband's cudgell'd by his wife,
 In country-place, 'tis rather common
 Thus to compliment the woman,
 And by this noisy, nasty plan
 To cast disgrace upon the man."

* See Frontispiece.

Syntax.

"But tell me, if this kind of sporting
May happen when one goes a-courting;
And if he may these honours prove,
Who's cudgell'd while he's making love.
If so, I am already done,
To figure in a *Skimmington*."

* * * * *

Dr. Syntax then relates the adventure that was the subject of the specimen we inserted in a preceding number. The Curate afterwards proceeds as follows :

Curate.

"These things will happen, as we see;
From time and chance we none are free,
Each must fulfil his destiny.
I also can unfold a fray,
Which was brought on by am'rous play,
Though not so splendid in its way,
Nor was such triumph to be won
As with your high-wrought Amazon.

"The time's long past, and I've forgot
Whether I were rude or not:

I cannot say or yes or no,
Though perhaps it might be so;
But poising a large folio book,
My landlady's outrageous cook,
Who, whatever were her other charms,
Had a most potent pair of arms,
Laid me all prostrate on the floor,
And thus concluded my amour.

—'Twas *Ruleigh's Hist'ry of the World*
That *Sally Dripping's* fury hurl'd;
But as the world had ta'en the field,
I felt it no disgrace to yield.
And thus I think, my rev'rend brother,
Our fates resemble one another."

Syntax.

"Our tempers too, for you have spoke
As is my taste in classic joke.
Nor do I wonder some may see
A likeness between you and me;
Though that indeed might well appear
Before we met together here;
Because in ev'ry town is seen
A book I wrote to cure the spleen,
In which, by faithful art pourtray'd,
My portrait is at length display'd.

I see you've my facetious grin,
Nor do you lack my length of chip;
I think too, as my eyes presage,
That we may be of equal age,
And in our sev'ral shapes are shewn
An equal share of skin and bone:
So far I think we're rather like,
As may the calm observer strike;
Besides, the church doth clothe our back
In the similitude of black,
And we prefer our brains to rig
In the grave dignity of wig,
Leaving the simple hair to grace
The dandy preacher's boyish face.
—So far so like our persons are,
Such our appearance must declare,
That it may make good humour laugh,
As we our evening bev'rage quaff,
While I trust that we may find
A better likeness in the mind."

"Doctor," the smiling Curate said,
"Your form I've seen as 'tis pourtray'd
In the fam'd *Tour* which I have read;
And shall with added pleasure quote it,
Now I have seen the sage who wrote it.
My hat and wig have been the joke,
Like yours, of idle country-folk;
From jests and gibes I was not free
When ill fed by my curacy.
But, rev'rend sir, you may believe me,
If reason's self does not deceive me,
And I avow it to be true:
In virtue to resemble you;
To have the knowledge you possess,
And my mind clad in such a dress
As that which learning doth confer
On your distinguish'd character,
I'd care not were I fat or thin,
Or who might laugh or who might grin;
But proud in any way to share
The well-known title which you bear.
I wish my honest fame no better,
Than to be like you *d la lettre*,
And Doctor Syntax nicknam'd be,
While tongues can give that name to me."

Thus with kind thoughts the night began,
And quick the pleasant moments ran.
The rubied glass, the well-fed bowl,
Awoke the lively flow of soul;

But they had now so long conferr'd,
They stammer'd out what neither heard;
And as each lol'd in easy chair,
Sleep seized them both, and fix'd them
there.

Thus as they did their slumbers take,
They look'd as like as when awake;
For when the landlord op'd the door,
Invited by their double snore,
And order'd Syntax to be led
With due attendance to his bed,
They took the Curate with all care,
And saw him safe and bolster'd there:
While Syntax, on unsteady feet,
Was slowly guided through the street,
And him the ostler help'd to clamber
Up to the Curate's airy chamber.
Thus, as they talk'd, or look'd, or
mov'd,

These Doctors had their likeness prov'd:
Alike with punch each charg'd his
head,
Alike had sought each other's bed,

And slept unconscious of the sorrow
That head-aches might produce to-
morrow.

—Poor Patrick, who had play'd the sot,
His zealous duties quite forgot,
And to attain his roost unable,
Had pass'd the night within the stable.
—The morning came, but came too soon,
For these two likenesses till noon
Possession of their pillows kept,
So like each other had they slept;
And when they' woke, around them gaz'd
Alike confounded and amaz'd;
Alike thought on their mutual name,
And felt an equal sense of shame;
Nay both appear'd, when thus they met,
Their evening's likeness to forget.
Syntax, who fear'd all might be known
Throughout the tittle-tattle town,
Thought 'twould be wise for him to go,
Nor through the day become a show,
But leave the Curate to the glory
Of making out a flatt'ring story.

ON THE ORGAN.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE often regretted that, among the many excellent treatises which have been occasionally published on the character and best method of performing on various musical instruments, that most noble of all, the organ, should be so much neglected. On looking through the musical criticisms which have distinguished your *Repository* since its commencement, I have not found any work on that subject: its superiority, however, to the piano-forte, must be evident to any one who attentively considers their different construction. The object of my present letter is, to hint to the many able professors who are so competent to the task, the publication of a treatise

on the nature and construction of church and chamber organs;—the distinct character of each stop (as generally used by English builders), shewing how their qualities may be most advantageously blended;—on the management of the swell, pedals, &c.; and to conclude with exercises from the ancient and modern composers. Many other important observations would suggest themselves to a professor; and in the hope that this recommendation may be adopted by such a person (whose labour, I think, it could not fail to repay), I request your insertion of this letter, which will much oblige your constant reader,

W. H. M.

June 2, 1820.

P. S. I had at first doubts whether I should address the Editor of the *Repository* on this subject, but having observed, in an early Number, a letter from Glasgow, suggesting the addition of *barrels* to the piano-forte, which has since

that time been so ingeniously carried into effect; I am induced to hope, that this hint may also, at some future time, be the cause of producing such a treatise as I have described.

ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

ON reading your letter, mentioning the origin of St. Valentine's day, in the *Repository of Arts*, &c. for May, I recollected that eight or nine years ago, one of my young people wished to know who was St. Valentine; and I inquired of my son's tutor, a most intelligent man, and an excellent scholar. He said that he had always understood that St. Valentine had lived about the third century; he was a bishop, and was noted for his religious zeal: that each of his followers was directed by him to choose an individual of

an opposite sex; and they were mutually to watch over each other's spiritual concerns for the space of one year: this he found had the best possible effect on the conduct of his people, and was continued by him. Such was the origin of choosing a mate on St. Valentine's day. If this information can be of any use to you in your explanation of this old custom, I shall be happy in having sent it. I remain yours,

A. M.

A constant Reader of your Magazine in Scotland.

May 18, 1820.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LV.

Then, like the Sibyl's leaves,
O scatter them abroad! ——— DRYDEN.

I HAD for some time suspected that the *Lady of Nineteen* appeared in a borrowed dress; and I have now discovered that my corre-

spondent, who has assumed that age, is old enough to have a daughter of nineteen; and for whose improvement, or rather for the

formation of whose conduct, she has written the string of maxims which I successively offer to those of my readers to whom they may be particularly requisite; though I know of no class who may not, more or less, derive benefit from them.

Rule as much as you are able with an even hand, and steer between pride and familiarity.

Let your own example discountenance small irregularities, that they may not be augmented.

Treat no kind of misconduct among your friends with indifference, much less with mirth or applause, in the hearing of your servants; as they will not fail to take an advantage of it at some moment or other.

Scorn to employ them, at any juncture, in mean researches for the gratification of your curiosity; and will entitle them to indulge their own at your expense. Teach them, by your own steady adherence to duty, and a becoming abhorrence of the least deviation from it, a strict observance of its dictates.

On the first discovery of a fault, obstruct not a free confession of it by excessive severity.

Prevent your servants from interfering with, or revealing the embroilments in other families.

Wherever your influence shall be established, let not a word or look contribute to the distress or disgrace of dependent persons; save them, if your humane interposition can effect a work of such justice.

Incline ever to the merciful side in reproof or condemnation of your domestics: if the offender shall

be lost to repentance afterwards, you will have nothing to reproach yourself with.

There are moments of uneasiness, from which none on earth can always be exempt; but let it not fall, in sallies of peevishness, on your servants.

If hurried by natural harshness of temper into some sudden, passionate expression, be not ashamed, on due reflection, to apologize for it; few minds are so base as not to feel the condescension.

It is a justifiable pride, if any may be deemed such, to conceal our joys or our sorrows from those who are incapable of understanding their causes.

Allow your servants certain hours of innocent relaxation when their daily task is well performed.

Rigorously correct all propensity to gaming; but, to enforce the precept, observe it yourself.

Furnish them with a constant series of occupation; pay their acquirement of a useful talent, if you shall perceive their disposition towards learning.

If inclined to read, give them books adapted to their capacity, and prohibit such as may endanger their principles.

Take care that they diligently perform their religious duties, even if of a different persuasion from that of your own: it is impossible they should serve you well, who neglect the first of all services.

Take tender care of them in sickness; give them suitable consolation in distress; and, at such periods, put away the superior, to assume the Christian alone.

Demonstrate, by the justice of

your orders, your perfect knowledge of all which concerns your family affairs.

You will nowise demean yourself, by examining minutely into all the details of your household at proper seasons.

Your sudden and unexpected appearance will awaken that diligence among your servants, which a too frequent and familiar communication will lay asleep.

Inspections, diligently and judiciously made, will maintain probity among your agents; but a suspicious temper will only encourage hypocrisy, and teach craft and treachery.

Conceal from the indifferent spectator, the secret springs which move, regulate, and perfect the arrangements of your household.

A good manager and a notable woman proves but too often to be a very unpleasant being in society; these duties should be performed in the circle of their own domestic sphere, and are never to be boasted of out of it.

If your fortune be moderate, economy is absolutely necessary; if considerable, method and prudence will render it doubly beneficial.

Observe the utmost regularity in the keeping of your household accounts; it is tranquillity to you, justice to your dependents.

Young persons, unacquainted with the vicissitudes of fortune, live mostly according to the nominal, not the effective.

But they who allow themselves hours of reflection, must expect changes, and prepare for accidents.

Suffer not avaricious principles to deceive you in the shape of eco-

nomy; nor a desire of augmenting your fortune render you oppressive.

Exert the powers of persuasion on the person you depend on, to make those who depend on you happy.

By examples of pity in your own breast, prevent and discourage the unfeeling, though warranted, pursuits of rapacious emissaries, in collecting your dues from your estate.

If, in order to live yourself, you are compelled to trouble the existence of others, endeavour, by some act of lenity and charity, to compensate for their present distress.

The luxury of this age exacts from the mistress of a great house, or indeed a smaller, some attention to a table; disdain not therefore to give a proper application to that study.

Neatness and elegance should be joined to each other; ostentation and profusion are in general equally united, and equally to be avoided.

Those who suddenly arrive at affluence in dependent stations, are subject to neglect the interests of their superiors.

The pretext of doing you honour, is the common excuse for extravagance, among such as are only attached to you from motives of interest.

Superfluities in a great family, well directed, would save a multitude of objects from distress; devote them therefore to that only worthy purpose.

Let your attention at your table be universal, nor sit down to it like a stranger yourself.

There should be no marked pre-

ferences shewn, where popularity may essentially contribute to the welfare of a family.

It is not hypocrisy to conceal just dislike at certain periods.

Avoid whispering in mixed societies; it is alarming to the suspicious, mortifying to the humble, and in itself a habit of great impropriety.

Loud speaking and excessive laughter, the latter either pointed or unmeaning, are both unbecoming; these unguarded customs, contracted among intimates, are never pardoned by the world.

Assume no masculine airs: to support necessary fatigue is meritorious, but real robustness and superior force are denied you by nature; its semblance, denied you by the laws of decency.

On no occasion relax in the article of cleanliness regarding your own person, nor suffer indolence or sickness to destroy a habit, which is as much connected with health as it is with decorum.

With regard to dress, do not aspire to be a leader in fashions, nor excessive in point of ornament.

Follow fashions at a moderate distance, nor blindly adopt such as may expose you to ridicule; for servile imitation makes no distinctions.

Age, beauty, and fortune should be similar, to make the same ornaments suitable to different persons; pursue therefore your own path of propriety, and consult your reason more than your glass.

Give up every favoured opinion in point of dress, to that of those whom it is your duty to please.

While young, you have little need of ornaments; when old, they are ineffectual.

Attempt not to attract the eye of the public by singularity; censure will silence applause, however flattery may have encouraged you in the enterprise.

Those of our sex endowed with rare talents, are sometimes too negligent of personal advantages. Science and neatness are no natural opponents.

A superior understanding will exclude the little vanities habitual to our sex.

But it must not extinguish that complaisance due to the customs of a world we are destined to live with, provided it leads us not beyond the limits of our fortune.

There are societies so critical in dress, as renders their access terrible to sensible and modest persons; whose consciousness, or of their bodily defects, or of the smallness of their revenues, ill prepares them for the encountering of contemptuous examination.

Should those you are the most intimate with, fall inadvertently into mistakes that may expose their dress or manner to ridicule, it will be as kind to give them private admonition, as it would be inhuman to join in the public censure.

It is evident that the graces of the person give favourable impressions of the mind, which reflection should be a monitor to correct all awkward habits and gestures.

F—T—.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Air with Variations for the Piano-forte, dedicated to Mrs. Theodosia Logier, by F. Kalkbrenner.
Pr. 3s. (Goulding and Co.)

THE theme of these variations is by Mr. Logier; their dedication therefore to Mrs. L. enhances the value of the offering to that lady, to whom it must have been particularly grateful to see the simple, but classic subject of her partner in life, capable of the high degree of luxuriant amplification which Mr. Kalkbrenner's masterly endeavours have succeeded in imparting to it. Few productions of Mr. K. have given us more real gratification, than these variations. They are evidently written *con amore*, and with a careful aim at excellence; their style is a mixture of the severe and elegant; grandeur and originality of conception are blended with tasteful expression and fanciful embellishment. Among the seven variations, No. 3. will be found particularly deserving the amateur's attention; its fine contrapuntal arrangement and original track of modulation bespeak profound science in the art, and poetical feeling. No praises can be too high for such writing. Of the 6th and 7th variations, we are bound to speak in terms equally strong; they are master-pieces. In the 7th (p. 6, b. 1,) a typographical error should be corrected: the *c b* in the treble ought to be *c b*. These variations are concluded by a finale, which, while it proceeds in the spirit of the subject, exhibits combinations of a novel and very interesting de-

scription, and expires, as it were, in strains of soothing tranquillity.

Once more, in this composition Mr. K. appears to have exerted the full measure of his powers, and we doubt whether the present generation furnish a competitor who could successfully rival him in the treatment of this subject.

A Series of Caledonian Airs, with Variations for the Piano-forte, by J. F. Burrowes. Nos. IV. and V. Pr. 2s. 6d. each. (Goulding and Co.)

The well-known air of "Auld Lang Syne" forms the theme of the fourth number of this series. When we consider the multitude of variations that have flowed from the pen of Mr. B. it appears a matter of surprise to find the stream not only undiminished in vigour, but its innumerable channels constantly exhibiting new varieties in their fanciful courses. In the variations before us, the regularity of the theme has afforded particular facilities, of which Mr. B. has judiciously availed himself. The 2d variation is rendered attractive by its good bass; in the 3d we observe a lightsome neatness; the passages in No. 4. are fluent and graceful; and the same remark applies forcibly to No. 6. the proper execution of which requires good practice. A very striking coda winds up the whole.

The fifth number varies "The White Cockade," a tune which we should like well enough, if it ended any where; but the formula of termination by the 3d of the key has something unsatisfying to

our ear; it seems constantly to invite a *Da capo*, a circle without end. Upon this air, however, Mr. B. appears to have bestowed so much of his talent, that, in witnessing the treatment, our dislike has been much subdued. In the 1st variation, new interest is excited by a novel harmonic support, differing from the authentic accompaniment. The 3d variation boasts an essentially good bass. In No. 4. the theme is very gracefully amplified; and the 6th variation may be termed excellent, the singing melody being very ably sustained by a bass of select arrangement. The counterpoints in the 2d part, and the play with the theme in D major, until, by a bold push, we find ourselves in the key of F, merit special and very favourable notice. The coda which immediately succeeds, is again in the best style, smart and brilliant.

Dramatic Airs from English, Italian, German, and French Operas, arranged as Rondos for the Piano-forte. No. V. Pr. 2s. 6d. (Preston, Strand.)

An *andante* in the key of C, $\frac{4}{4}$ forms the introduction to this number, the predecessors of which have been commented upon in former reviews. The beginning of this movement, with the chord of E, 3, 6, is somewhat singular. After a few desultory evolutions, a regular and pleasing *cantabile* succeeds; and towards the conclusion, the melody assumes the recitative character.

The subject of the rondo is from Rossini's celebrated air "*Di tanti palpiti*," in the opera of *Tancredi*. We could have wished a larger portion of this delightful song
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had been interwoven in the texture of the present rondo; little more than the *motivo* is propounded: but what has been brought in has, we are bound to own, received a very satisfactory treatment. The digressive portions not only are quite in analogy with the theme, but also conceived in a tasteful style. Among the varieties introduced, the part in three flats (p. 5,) produces an effective contrast: the transposition of the theme, also, into E b major, and its subsequent imitation in a minor key, are entitled to favourable mention. The termination is bustling and brilliant.

Mr. M. P. King is the author of this number.

The Albion Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed, and respectfully inscribed to the Miss Lloyds (Misses Lloyd?) of Hintlesham Hall, Suffolk, by E. Frost. Pr. 2s. (Preston, Strand.)

The Albion rondo is obviously a composition intended for incipient practitioners, and to these we may recommend it as proper to take its turn in the course of tuition. Original ideas are certainly not to be met with in the progress of the piece, but its component parts are imagined in a light and pleasing style; they arise out of each other in natural connection, and blend into a regular and satisfactory whole. A respectable *andantino* precedes the rondo.

An Ode for three Voices, a Tribute to the Memory of our late most gracious and revered Sovereign King George the Third; written by F. Wyman, jun. Esq. composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, and most respectfully dedi-

cated to the Rev. W. Everett, B. D.' &c. &c. by G. F. Harris.
Pr. 5s.

This ode, the text of which does not rise above mediocrity, is set for three voices, each of which has a solo part; and between the solos, the three voices join in a chorus, repeated at every recurrence. The whole of the music claims our approbation; it is written with taste, proper feeling, and a judicious discrimination of the import of the text: the harmonic arrangement bears the stamp of purity, and is in other respects well devised. The three solos exhibit a due diversity of character, analogous to the words. The first is mournfully solemn and pathetic; the second, less plaintive, presents an interesting cantabile, supported by full and neat accompaniments, and in the bass solo a manly energy of musical diction is conspicuous. In the trio we observe several instances of clever interlacement of parts, and the bass voice fulfils the functions of its office with effect. The whole of this ode does credit to the composer.

"Take him and try," a favourite Song, sung by Miss Holdaway at the London Concerts, &c.; composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by J. Monro.
Pr. 1s. 6d. (Monro, Skinner-st.)

A little ballad, of artless simplicity. The air is lively and suitable to the text, but presents no feature of novelty to distinguish it from many similar productions.

"Heroes of Albion, in your glory weep;" the Poetry by F. Wyman, jun. Esq. written on the much lamented death of his Most Gracious Majesty George the Third; compo-

sed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by J. Monro.
Pr. 1s. 6d. (Monro, Skinner-st.)

The few lines devoted to this text have some merit. Their small extent afforded but a limited scope for the display of select thoughts; but the melody, short as it is, proceeds in a strain consonant with the poetry; and the accompaniment, although sufficiently effective, maintains the simplicity which the nature of the subject rendered desirable.

His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Fourth's Grand March, composed, and arranged with Variations, by J. Monro. Pr. 2s.
(Monro, Skinner-street.)

After composing the foregoing tribute to the memory of his departed sovereign, Mr. M. with equitable loyalty, and in the spirit of the maxim, "the king never dies," presents his successor with a grand march and six variations.

Loyalty, under any form, is welcome to us in these times; but, independently of any bias in favour of the motive of Mr. Monro's effusion, we should have given it our approbation on the score of intrinsic value. The march theme is well proportioned, regular, and energetic, as these pieces should be; and its simplicity affords proper latitude for the variations. These latter will be found to be duly diversified, and conceived in good style. In the first, the subject is well allotted to the left hand; in the second variation, the imitative passages between both hands are very satisfactory. The third represents the subject in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, *alla fanfare*; the fourth moulds itself with ease into a neat waltz;

and the fifth appears to advantage in Polish costume; but it improperly deviates from the very marked characteristic of the Polonoise, in throwing the *cresura*, at the conclusion of the parts, on the accented portion of the bar. The reverse ought to have been the case.

The whole of this composition is written with propriety, and due attention to execution. It is not difficult, and is well calculated for moderate proficient.

The title-page exhibits a portrait of his Majesty, which appears to us a very good likeness.

"The Farewell," a Duet, from "The Emigrant's Return," and other Poems, written, and composed with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-forte, by J. M. Bartlett. Pr. 2s. (Power, Strand.)

How the text of this little duet can be said to be from *"The Emigrant's Return," and other poems*, we are at a loss to conceive. The melody is pleasing enough upon the whole, and bespeaks a degree of natural lyric talent; but the harmonic arrangement shews clearly, that the gift of nature has not had adequate aid from the hand of science. We perceive considerable transgressions of the laws of harmony. In the very first line, glaring errors occur: instead of the extreme sixth D b, B, Mr. Bartlett writes the seventh C♯, B; and in the fifth bar, we observe some further strange combinations. Sound theory is the ground-work of all the fine arts, and in music

it is perhaps least to be dispensed with; because music is not, like painting or sculpture, an art of imitation, but one which owes its whole being to human intellect. Man has entirely created the art.

"Ah! tell me no more, my dear Girl," Canzonet, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte; the Words by Dr. Walcot; composed, and inscribed to Miss Ranson, by W. Beale, Gentleman of H. M. Chapel Royal. Pr. 1s. 6d. — (Birchall and Co.)

The language and import of this text do not appear to us favourable to musical treatment. The words are frequently dry and prosaic, and in the sentiments there is too much point and epigrammatic conceit. Simplicity is an indispensable requisite in poetry to be selected for composition. To this cause, we apprehend, it is to be ascribed, that Mr. B.'s melody to this canzonet is rather of a cold, dry character. The harmonic arrangement claims our decided approbation; it is written with great skill, replete with fanciful variety, and has instances of ingenious contrapuntal management. The intervening instrumental symphonies are in good style; an effective and interesting bass accompaniment occurs in p. 3, and the subject is well transferred into a minor key, p. 4. In short, the whole of this canzonet, the price of which appears to us extremely moderate, exhibits Mr. B.'s talent as a harmonist to great advantage.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 2.—VIEW OF THE ISOLA BELLA, TAKEN FROM STRESA.

THE road from Baveno to Stresa affords a very agreeable promenade, shaded by fine trees, and enriched by beautiful views. The shores of the lake, forming different gulphs, or advancing in pro-

montories, discover the Borromean Isles in various points of view.

A garden resembling the Isola Bella would always produce a striking effect; but the arches, the terraces covered with orange-trees, the pyramid of verdure which rises from the bosom of the waters, the statues which are reflected in them, the lake adorned by nature with all that is most enchanting, the hills which surround it clothed with vines and chesnuts, the mountains in the distance crowned with perpetual snows; altogether produce a kind of magical effect, which can no where else be found.

A house of entertainment for visitors was established upon the Isola Bella in 1802. In former times it was nothing but a mass of rude and barren rock, but Prince Vitaliano Borromeo caused it to be covered with earth in 1671, and by cultivation, and at an enormous expense, gave to it much of that beautiful appearance which it bears at present. The family of Borromeo has possessed this and other islands in Lake Major, as well as nearly the whole country bordering it, since the 13th century: it is held as a fief under the Dukes of Milan.

The terraces on the Isola Bella are seven in number, rising one above the other, as represented in our view, the highest being 120 feet above the surface of the lake. At the top is a Pegasus, as a finish to the whole, and giving to the island the appearance of a pyramid in the eyes of those who approach it from the eastern side. Towards the west, the traveller sees rising from the bosom of the lake a vast palace, not yet finished, and the

architect has placed upon one part of it the following inscription, advertising to the change produced in the soil and appearance of the island by Vitaliano Borromeo: "*Vital. Borromeo, informibus scopulis substruens et exstruens dignitatem otii, majestatem deliciis comparabat.*" The ground-floor of this structure is ornamented by mosaics, and the walls are made to resemble a natural grotto. Some beautiful copies from the antique in marble are also found here, as well as an original and much-valued bust of Achilles, and a dolphin which throws water through a vast conch. The other apartments are decorated by the works of Luca Giordano, Procaccini, Schidoni, Titian, Le Brun, and Tempesta, a painter of landscapes, who, after having murdered his first wife for the sake of marrying a more beautiful woman, was banished to this island. The whole island is covered with clusters of orange and citron trees, pomegranates, cedars, laurels, olive-trees, cypress-trees, vines, roses, and jessamines; besides being filled with fountains, statues, and other works of art. Orange and citron trees flourish here as vigorously and beautifully as at Naples, and the trunks are nearly a foot in diameter. In the orange-groves, covered at the same time with fruit and flowers, is seen the vine loaded with grapes, and decorated by the insinuating buds of roses and jessamine. Here also grows a species of large citron, nearly a foot in length, and about eight inches in diameter. During the two blooming seasons, the perfumes of this garden extend far over the

surface of the lake, and especially in the morning, insensibly drawing the traveller to the spot.

The village of Stresa forms the fore-ground of this picture. The chapels contribute greatly to give an interest to the appearance of the country: most of them, even those of the villages, are construct-

ed with taste, and in good proportions. On entering them, you are surprised by their richness, and the number of pictures which adorn them: they are generally copies from good masters, or if they are originals, they have a touch of the soil of Italy, and are better than in other parts of Europe.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE Directors of the British Institution have, with their unceasing zeal to render the fine arts popular as well as fashionable in this country, adopted, during the last month, a novel expedient to create fresh interest for their Exhibitions. They have opened a gallery wholly of portraits, and presenting a series of examples from the origin of painting in this country, down to our times, in which this department of art has been brought to such consummate perfection. This Exhibition shews the progressive march of art among us, from its cradle to its present state of maturity. We have the early portraits with a flat and dead outline of features, though with now and then some streaming touches of glowing colour; and then the more ornamental style, as we see it developed in the works that have come to light during the repairs of St. Stephen's Chapel and the Painted Chamber. From that period the art seems to have crept on in a monotonous course, until Holbein gave it a little more of the force and expression of nature, still li-

miting its display to the development of linear perspective. This was the state of art in England until Vandyke redeemed it by the grandeur of his pencil, and shewed the great powers of which it was susceptible, leaving upon record, together with Rubens, works which still adorn the country, and remain as a standard of taste and skill for the imitation of their successors:

The Directors of the British Institution have prefixed to their Catalogue the reasons which influenced them in preparing the present Exhibition; and though we are not aware that this explanation was necessary, yet it shews a becoming and polite deference to public opinion, to set out with giving it, when the Exhibition partook of a novel character. The directors say with truth, that, to shew the comparative degree of excellence to which the art of painting has arrived in this country at different periods, and to exhibit the portraits of many of the most eminent men who have flourished amongst us, cannot fail to be interesting to

the artist, the historian, and the public at large.

In submitting this collection to the inspection of the public, they do not profess to exhibit the portraits of *all* the eminent men who have distinguished themselves in the annals of British history. The principles they have kept in view, in making this selection, have been, first, the celebrity of the individual who is represented; and, secondly, the excellence of the painting itself.

They state their object in forming the collection to have been, to interest, rather than to instruct. They attempt to guide the artist no further than to offer for his observation, from time to time, specimens, from which they think he may derive improvement—the rest depends upon himself. Their purpose is to extend to a wider circle the love and admiration and patronage of the arts: if they succeed in this attempt, they advance the cause they have undertaken.

The directors also state, that, to increase the number of such admirers, is the great object of the British Institution: they hope their endeavours have not been exerted in vain. No person of liberal and enlightened mind can doubt the use and the importance of encouraging the cultivation of the arts. They are connected not only with the comforts and amusements of polished society, but with the general interests of the nation; and they entertain the hope, that the same energy of mind which characterizes our countrymen, and which raised the glory of our arms to its highest elevation in the late war, may carry the improvement

of our arts to the same degree of pre-eminence during the interval of peace.

That the Directors of the British Institution have eminently succeeded in cultivating and improving the public taste, we have every day striking instances, in the increasing popularity of exhibitions of works of art, and in the growing patronage of our artists.

The present Exhibition consists of one hundred and eighty-three portraits. There are also a few busts. We give the names of the artists by whom they are chiefly painted, in the chronological order assigned to them in the most improved edition of Pilkington; premising, that of many of the portraits there are no traces of the artists, and the style denotes the very infancy of the art; such, for instance, as in his Majesty's early portraits of some of our kings. The following are the names of the principal artists: John de Mabuse, Holbein, Remée, Zuccherro, More, Pourbus, Jansen, Lucas de Heere, Rubens, Vandyke, Dobson, Honthorst, Zoust, Hanneman, Walker, Wissing, Murray, Netcher, Lely, Kneller, Hogarth, Ramsay, Dance, Hudson, Reynolds, Copley, Sheemaker, Roubilliac, Bacon, Höppner, and a number of other artists, whose works have been long known and esteemed in England.

The finest portrait in this collection is,

King Charles I. on Horseback, attended by M. de St. Antoine, one of his Equerries.—Vandyke.

The mild and dignified expression of the monarch was never conveyed in a more striking manner, than in this picture.—The

horse is inimitably drawn, and the tone of colouring finely characteristic of the grandeur of the subject. If we mistake not, this is the celebrated portrait from Hampton-Court, and it has long been a matter of dispute, whether this, or the portrait at Blenheim, is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Vandyke. There are several other portraits by this great artist in the gallery, remarkable for the fine air and expression he could impart to his subjects, and the character which he first stamped upon portrait-painting in this country.

Henry VIII. with Jane Seymour, their Son Prince Edward, and the Princesses Mary and Margaret, Sisters of the King.—Holbein.

This picture conveys a good idea of the state of art in this country in the 16th century. It is full of laborious detail: it displays a full knowledge of linear perspective; but in the grand principles of art, in natural character and effect, it is greatly deficient. The attitudes are stiff and constrained, and the general arrangement formally artificial. The portrait of William Somers, the jester of King Henry VIII. shews, however, that Holbein had a deep knowledge of many of the true principles of art; it has considerable depth, and much of the truth of nature. Into the merits of the other portraits of this date, we have not room to enter, nor indeed is it necessary, for the artist will at once see the feeble state in which the art of portrait-painting then stood in England, and the little prospect it held out of the approaching splendour which that art was destined to shed under the noble

sway of Vandyke's pencil. After the demise of this celebrated artist, we find portrait-painting becoming again provokingly feeble, and dwindling into decay under the mannerism of Kneller and Lely. They had still, however, caught enough of the genius of Vandyke, to prevent its utter decline; and the vanity of the age, which then, as now, was common, and we may add, excusable in our nature, furnishing them with many opportunities of improving their style, they occasionally produced works, which fed the taste of their times, and preserved sufficient specimens in this branch of art, to excite the emulation of a long line of artists, and bring it down to our own times, when Sir Joshua Reynolds again asserted its claim to high excellence and encouragement, and redeemed it from the cold listlessness under which it languished for the better part of the previous century. Of the style of Reynolds and his contemporaries, there are some excellent specimens in the British Institution, and they derive no small portion of additional though accidental interest, from the circumstance of the portraits being intended to represent some of the most distinguished personages who have figured in modern times. We become as it were familiarized with the features, as we have hitherto been with the genius and actions, of the greatest statesmen, warriors, and poets, who have adorned our annals. We trace their mental energies with an inquisitive eye, as the artist has given us the lineaments of their features, from the innocent and ingenuous glow of

youth, up to the mature development of thought and manhood. In this view, the present Exhibition cannot fail to be popular, and the votary of Spurzheim has a boundless field to range in. In the dignified and contemplative glance of King Charles, he can, with prophetic sagacity, divine the resignation which marked his character under the reverses of fortune. In the broken and coarse lines of Cromwell's obtruding forehead, he can trace the tempestuous and boisterous counsels of his mind. In the keen and penetrating glance of Pope, he can discern the sati-

rical genius of the poet. So far the pupil of the physiognomist can feed his fancy; but again he must be prepared to encounter the scepticism of his dogmatic opponent, who points to the mild features of Judge Jefferies, and asks, Where are the traces indicative of the cruel and relentless disposition of the man? We leave the contending parties to decide the supremacy of the doctrine among themselves, and congratulate the public on the pains taken by the Directors of the British Institution to administer to their gratification in so pleasing a manner.

M. JERRICAULT'S LARGE PICTURE.

THERE is now exhibiting at Mr. Bullock's Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, a large picture representing the surviving Crew of the Medusa French frigate, on the raft, which saved 15 out of 150 of them after the shipwreck, painted by M. Jerricault, a French artist of promise. This picture was in the last year's Exhibition at the Louvre. Our readers will perhaps recollect, for it has been recorded in one or two publications that reached us from the Continent, the dreadful incident from which this picture is taken, and which exceeds in horror any narrative of human sufferings recorded in our annals of shipwreck.

The Medusa, a frigate of 44 guns, was sent out in 1816, by the French government, after the peace, to take possession of territory on the west coast of Africa, between Cape Blanco and the Gambia. She was by some mismanagement suffered to run aground on the bank

of Anguin, when it was soon found that no chance remained of saving the vessel. Measures were then concerted for the safety of the passengers and crew, about 450 in number. Some biscuit, wine, and fresh water were accordingly got up, and prepared for putting into the boats, and upon a raft, which had been hastily constructed during the tumult of abandoning the wreck; and it happened that, though destined to carry the greatest number of people, it had the least share of provisions. Upon this raft, loosely put together in the hurry of the moment, one hundred and fifty persons embarked, and in the confusion had only provided themselves with a little wine: they had no water, no solid provisions. There were five boats, and it was originally intended that they should tow the raft until they had conducted it to land. They had not, however, proceeded more than two leagues from the wreck,

when one by one they cast off their towing-lines, and abandoned it to its fate. The consternation, on this abandonment, soon became extreme; the raft had now sunk three feet and a half below the surface of the water, owing to the weight of the persons upon it, and every thing indicated that their destruction was inevitable: the officers had succeeded in calming the men to a certain degree, but were themselves overcome with alarm on discovering that there was neither chart, nor compass, nor anchor on the raft! Of the 150 persons who sought safety on this raft, only 15 remained alive on the morning of the thirteenth day! Over the scenes of horror which occurred on this raft, owing to the delirium and despair of the wretched sufferers, humanity must draw a veil. On the thirteenth day, a vessel (the *Argus* from St. Louis) hove in sight, and the time taken by the artist for his picture, is the moment when hope for the first time dawns on the victims of so much misery. The time being naturally calculated to convey much conflicting expression, the artist imposed upon himself a task of great difficulty. The following are the details of his picture:

In the centre of the picture stands M. Savigny, the surgeon, in his uniform; he leans against the mast; his look is resigned, and indicates that he had scarcely a hope of being saved: his friend Corréard takes him by the arm, and endeavours to inspire him with a feeling of confidence, which he himself but faintly entertains: art has fully traced in his features his distressful anxiety, on witnessing

at such a moment the despair which seemed to absorb the faculties of his friend. Behind them is a Negro supporting a young seaman, who, staggering in the delirium of his joy, is in danger of falling overboard. On the left of the mast are two figures, who do not yet participate in the ecstasy of their companions: the attitude of one of them betrays the deepest despair; while the features of the other are fixed in the vacant gaze of insane rapture. On the right and nearer the front of the picture, is a figure covered with a piece of sail-cloth, still stained with the blood of the wounds he received in the conflict which took place the two first nights they passed on the raft; he clings to the clothes of Lavalette, who is in front of him, and is supporting a seaman, who, having succeeded in mounting on a cask, is endeavouring to attract the notice of the brig by waving the remnant of an ensign: another seaman, leaning against the cask, is also making signals. At the extreme left of the fore-ground, is the body of a soldier lying dead upon his arms; near him a young man has just expired in the arms of his aged father, the violence of whose parental grief renders him insensible to the joyful tidings which wholly engross the rest. On the right of the picture, several figures are seen eagerly pressing to the edge of the raft; near them is a dead Negro, and quite in the front a half-naked corpse, which the sea is imperceptibly washing into the deep: some fragments of arms and uniforms strewed upon the planks, indicate that the number of the crew had been greater, and that death had

reduced to 15, the 150 living creatures who embarked upon the raft.

The chief mérit which M. Jerricault displays in this picture, is his skill in drawing; he develops much of the anatomy of nature, with occasionally a little more of affectation than belongs to it, and which partakes of the stiff formality of Poussin. The dead Negro is admirably executed; and the old man in despair is a fine personification of the extreme of human misery. The grouping is well attended to, and the general arrangement of the details calculated to produce the best effect. The sea view, such as it is, is not deficient in grandeur; but where the artist has failed, is, we think, in the colouring. We are aware, that the subject excluded the charms and embellishments which colours are so well calculated to impart, but it certainly did not so utterly proscribe them as the artist has

done in this picture. It is in this respect, cold, hard, and repulsive; and the shadows, in some instances, if not badly, at least too forcibly cast, so as to have a constrained effect. The foreshortening is also incorrect in one or two of the figures. The artist deserves great credit for his composition, and for the appropriate manner in which he conveys the representation of a very difficult subject, though the effect is in some degree diminished by the imperfections to which we allude.

Mr. Bullock seems to have made the Egyptian Hall an emporium for the rising school of French art; and the repeated exhibition of its productions, is presumptive evidence of the fair and candid encouragement we afford to our Continental neighbours. This interchange of good works at home and abroad, cannot fail to be mutually advantageous.

INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART.

COMPLETION OF THE GREAT METALLIC VASE AT MR. THOMASON'S MANUFACTORY, BIRMINGHAM.

THE public are indebted to the late Sir William Hamilton for the beautiful collection of antique vases which enrich the specimens of antiquity in the mansions of our nobility and gentry; and having less pleasure in the possession of these treasures, than in gratifying the good taste of his countrymen in making them public, he distributed them with a most liberal hand to those who felt their beauty, and appreciated their importance: hence he presented to the late Earl of Warwick the *chef-d'œuvre* of Grecian sculpture by

the chisel of Lysippus, the perpetual boast of ancient taste.

Our school of sculpture, both marble and metallic, is making a brilliant progress: much science and taste, however, are necessary, from obvious circumstances, to succeed in the latter; and we have the satisfaction to record the completion of the most splendid effect of metallic sculpture that has ever appeared, in its style, in this or any other country.

Our ingenious countryman, Mr. Thomason of Birmingham, conceived the noble idea of making a

fac-simile of this great vase entirely of metal, and with that spirit and genius so conspicuous in his numerous productions at his extensive manufactory, has achieved this most magnificent tribute to the arts, and with a liberality worthy of the occasion, placed it at his establishment in a room admirably adapted for its reception, permitting amateurs the opportunity of viewing it.

This stupendous undertaking was begun in the 54th year of the reign of King George the Third, and is now completed. Two hundred and eleven medals of different subjects, including one of King George the Fourth, all made at the manufactory, were sealed up in an antique urn, and deposited in the centre of the pedestal upon which the vase was raised, by the efforts of about fifty of the workmen, in celebration of his present Majesty's accession to the throne.

The character and history of the Warwick vase are so generally known, that we shall confine ourselves to the description of the metallic one.

In 1814, the late Earl of Warwick, who liberally patronised the fine arts, permitted Mr. Thomason and his artists to have free access to the original vase, to model it in wax, which occupied several months; from these models, casts were made in lead, to serve as *patterns* to form the whole, which whole is made in two distinct me-

tals; the field being of one metal; and the handles, vines, masks, panther-skins, and leaves, composed of another. This original thought gave Mr. Thomason the opportunity of adopting two novel modes of oxidation, thereby producing the most beautiful effect of light and shade; the oxidating of the field being accomplished by a combination of the sulphates and nitrates urged on by powerful heat, which has produced the desired appearance of the rouge antique marble. The masks, handles, and parts in relief, are oxidated by the acetates, and resemble the real antique bronze. The harmony of these two colours is at once grand and imposing.

This vase being made of imperishable materials, will not only record and perpetuate the fame of our country, but immortalize the name of Mr. Thomason. It is to such geniuses that we are indebted, who neither spare time nor expense to raise the glory of their country. It affords a true pledge, that a rapid improvement of taste has taken root in the great manufacturing town of Birmingham, and that whilst emulation is excited by such public-spirited characters as the proprietor of this celebrated manufactory, we need not apprehend being surpassed in fine and classical workmanship by our competitors abroad.

This vase is 21 feet in circumference, and weighs several tons.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 4.—WALKING DRESS.

A CAMBRIC muslin round dress; the skirt moderately full, and ra-

ther long: it is finished at the bottom by a deep flounce disposed in large plaits, and headed by a num-

ber of tucks, which reach nearly to the knee. The body is high; it is tight to the shape, and is ornamented round the bust with a profusion of tucks, which are made as small as possible, and disposed in such a manner as to have something of the appearance of a pelerine. Long sleeve, rather tight to the arm, surmounted by a very small epaulettē, which is rather shallow in front of the arm, and deep behind; it is finished by four small tucks. The bottom of the sleeve, which falls very far over the hand, is also tucked to correspond. The spencer worn with this dress is composed of dove-coloured *soie de Londres*, and trimmed with rose-coloured *zephyrine*: the waist is the usual length; it is tight to the shape, and is finished behind by a short full jacket, divided into three scollops, which are edged and lined with rose-coloured *zephyrine*. Long sleeve, of a moderate width; epaulette plain on the shoulder, and ornamented at the bottom with dove-coloured satin Spanish puffs. The spencer has no collar, but it is finished at the throat by a large cape, lined and edged with *zephyrine*; it is rounded, and reaches nearly to the shoulders. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of rose-coloured metallic gauze: the brim is large, and of a singular but becoming shape; it is finished at the edge by a double band of bias pink crape; it is rounded at the corners, and is ornamented in the middle by a deep point, looped back; in the division made by the insertion of the point is placed a small bouquet, composed of grass and rose-buds. The crown is low; is something in the shape of a melon, and

is adorned at the back part with a number of satin rouleaus, placed bias on each side; a large bouquet, composed of wall-flowers, roses, and different kinds of grass, is placed in front of the crown; and rose-coloured strings tie the bonnet under the chin. Dove-coloured kid shoes, and Limeric gloves.

PLATE 5.—COURT DRESS.

A blue satin petticoat, finished at the bottom by a silver foil trimming, above which is a mingled wreath of white and pale blush roses; this is surmounted by a rich trimming of silver lama. Over the blue satin petticoat is one of point lace, short enough to display the entire of the rich trimming of the satin petticoat; the border of the lace one is extremely beautiful; the pattern of the middle is a rose, thistle, and shamroc entwined. The *corsage* is white satin, and the front, which is formed in the stomacher style, is nearly covered with pearls. The *corsage* is cut very low round the bust, and the front part is edged with pearls; we believe there are three rows. The robe is blue *zephyrine*; the body rather long in the waist; the back part made in the corset style, and with a small peak: the robe is trimmed round with Urling's point lace, set on very full; a double fall of point lace ornaments the top of the back; it forms a full ruff between the shoulders. The sleeve is white satin, covered with blond lace, and tastefully intermixed with pearls; it is very full on the shoulder, but the fulness is confined at the bottom by a plain broad band of pearls. The front hair is disposed in a few light ringlets on the forehead; the hind hair is concealed by a profu-



FULL DRESS.

sion of ostrich feathers; which are placed behind, and droop over the forehead, which is encircled by a broad pearl bandeau. Point lace lappets, white kid gloves, and white satin shoes, ornamented with rosettes of pearl. Necklace and ear-rings, pearl. White crape fan, richly embroidered in silver.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, of No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade dress has altered but little since last month, and it is not so light as might be expected at this time of year. White dresses are fashionable; but we see an equal, or rather a greater, number of silk ones; and the latter are in general of the richest and most substantial description. Pelisses are still fashionable, but not upon the whole so general as spencers.

The pelisses worn in walking dress are always composed of rich silk; they are lined in general with white sarsnet. There is nothing novel in trimmings. Waists are the same length as last month.

Spencers are now generally made with short smart jackets; some of these are scalloped, others pointed, and several consist of two or three rows of square tabs. Some are made without collars, others have deep falling collars, and a good many *élégantes* still retain those large high collars which stand out very much from the throat, and are very high behind. Spencers are mostly trimmed with satin, or a mixture of satin and the

same material as the spencer. The new silk called *zephyrine* is also a good deal used in trimmings; its light and soft texture renders it very well adapted for that purpose.

Silk bonnets are upon the whole most fashionable in the promenade dress, though Leghorn ones are still considered very genteel. With the exception of the one given in our print (which, we must observe, is calculated rather for dress, promenade, or carriage costume, than for walking dress), we observe no novelty in their form.

We observe that white satin and white *gros de Naples* spencers begin to be a good deal worn in carriage dress: some of these are made in a style at once tasteful and appropriate to the season; they are trimmed with a light embroidery of myrtle-leaves in green silk, which goes up the fronts, round the collar, and round the waist: the cuffs are also ornamented to correspond; the gauze is disposed in very full puffs, which are drawn in a bias direction through the satin.

The bonnets worn with these spencers are in general very light and appropriate: the one which we are about to describe is, we think, the most elegant summer bonnet which we have lately seen: it is composed of white net; the brim very large; the crown of a moderate size, and of an oval form; a rich embroidery of green satin leaves, which forms a broad wreath, goes round the edge of the brim, and two wreaths of a similar description are embroidered in a slanting direction across the crown. A large bunch of different kinds of grass is placed rather far back at

the left side, in such a manner as to fall over a little to the right; and a rich white sarsnet ribbon with green edges ties the bonnet under the chin.

We observe that tabinet and sarsnet high gowns are a good deal worn in morning dress, though not so much as muslin: the former are in general trimmed with gauze only, or else with gauze and a mixture of the same material as the dress; the latter are trimmed with soft muslin *bouillonné*, or else with tucks or flounces. The bodies are variously made; some are ornamented with work, others with tucks, and a good many are adorned with small buttons, which are disposed in a double row on each side of the front, in the stomacher style. The epaulette, which is very full, is interspersed with buttons, as is also the cuff, which is made full, to correspond with the epaulette.

Dinner dress continues nearly the same as last month: muslin is still but partially worn; but rich silks, both plain and figured, are very general. We observe also that poplin appears to be in request; gauze and lace are likewise fashionable, but not so much so for dinner parties as for very full dress.

The materials used in grand costume continue to be of the richest and most varied description: nothing could be more magnificent than the dresses of the ladies who attended the drawing-room which his Majesty held to celebrate his birthday on Thursday, the 15th of June. Gold and silver tissue, coloured and white

satin, both figured and plain, white and coloured *gros de Naples*, *reps* silk, levantine, *velours épinglé*, white and coloured net, blond net, gauze, tulle, blond, and thread lace, were the materials of the dresses. The trimmings were silver fringe, gold and silver lamas, point lace, blond lace, pearls, rouleaus of various materials, Brussels lace, embroidery in coloured silks, artificial flowers intermixed with satin and net, and Roman pearls intermixed with blond and satin. We observed that the petticoats were all trimmed very high, and in an uncommonly rich style: draperies were not so much worn as usual; flounces were very general. Several of the bodies were made *à la Sevigné*, that is to say, a piece let-in in folds on each side of the bust, which forms the shape in a very becoming style; the lower part of the body plain. The sleeves were very full. The head-dresses were feathers and diamonds, or feathers and pearls: in some instances coloured stones were mixed with the diamonds; in others, diamonds and pearls were mixed: this, however, was rarely the case. There were also, in a few instances, an intermixture of artificial flowers and jewels with feathers. There were very few toques. The lap-pets were of Brussels or blond lace.

The colours were almost as various as the materials: white, green, lilac, lavender, citron, blue, primrose, pink, ponceau, geranium, and peach-colour. White was the most general: we observed in many instances both the body and train were white.

As court dress does not vary, except in the trimmings, we do not enter into any detailed account of the make of the dresses, because we have presented our fair readers with one of the most elegant we could procure, in our print.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, June 19.

My dear SOPHIA.

I HAVE not much novelty to announce to you this month in promenade dress. The weather has lately been cold and unsettled, and white dresses were in consequence less worn than they have generally been at this time of the year; they are now again become fashionable, but silks are still in request: the latter are always trimmed with the same material. I do not know how to give you an idea of these trimmings, which are singular and pretty: they are of two kinds; the one consists of double bands of the silk scalloped at the edges; they are plaited, very full, in separate bands, each about a quarter in length, and are laid on the gown lengthwise, but in a slanting direction, and at some distance from each other: there are two rows of this kind of trimming; the top row is not so deep as the bottom. The other style of trimming consists of separate pieces, each forming a small *ruche*; these are laid crosswise, but a little slanting, upon bias bands of the same stuff: there are two rows, put at some distance from each other.

I am sorry to tell you, that the waists of dresses are still as long as ever. The bodies of silk dresses are made always in the stomacher style, and are very generally peaked: some have a stomacher let in;

this consists of a plaited piece inserted in each side of the front, and ornamented with a row of buttons up the middle: the stomacher of other dresses is formed by a *ruche*, which goes round the middle of the back, and tapers on each side of the front, till it ends in a peak below the girdle. These dresses have always a small collar, which is not seen, because it is covered by a large ruff. The sleeve is nearly tight to the arm; it is variously ornamented: some are finished at the bottom with a soft roll in the turban style; others have a full narrow *ruche*. The epaulettes are in general full: some have little open spaces in the middle of the arm; there are two rows of them, and they are looped together by little folded bands of the same material, which passes through them. Others are full on the shoulder; the fullness is confined by straps, which are placed lengthwise, and which button at the bottom: a full double *ruche* terminates this kind of half-sleeve.

Now for our muslin dresses, which have in general the most formal appearance that you can conceive. There are three sorts of trimmings fashionable for white dresses: tucks, which are as much worn as when I wrote you last, *bonillonné*, composed of clear muslin, and let in between bands of rich work and embroidery, with-

out any mixture of muslin: the latter is extremely rich, and always very deep.

There is a good deal of variety in the make of the bodies, which, I must observe to you, always fasten behind. A good many are composed of full broad bands of muslin, which are sewed crosswise to very narrow bands of the same. The sleeves are made in a similar manner, but the bands are placed lengthwise. There is a very full epaulette, which corresponds with the body; that is to say, the bands are placed across. The bottom of the long sleeve is generally finished by a fulness of muslin doubled; there are usually two rows of this kind of trimming.

The tucked bodies in general correspond with the skirts: some, however, are made with military fronts; that is to say, braided, in the hussar style, with white cord, and ornamented with white buttons. The epaulettes of these dresses are generally formed of Spanish puffs, which are let in very full.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the dresses which are ornamented only with embroidery; the bodies and sleeves are almost entirely composed of it: it is sometimes mixed with lace; sometimes a part of the embroidery is done in open work, which resembles lace. The collars of muslin dresses are made high within these few days past, particularly behind; but they are only partially seen, because of the large ruff, which, whatever may be the dress, is an indispensable appendage to walking costume.

The high gown forms at once

the in-door and morning walking dress. Spencers, pelisses, and even *santoirs*, have disappeared.— Sometimes, but very rarely, a light silk shawl is thrown carelessly across the shoulders; but in general the gown forms the only covering. Before I quit the subject of promenade dress, I must observe that sashes are now seldom worn with coloured dresses: a *cestus*, to correspond with the dress, and fastened in front by a steel clasp, is considered more fashionable. Sashes of various kinds are still worn with white dresses; the most fashionable are richly embroidered at the ends.

Our bonnets are reduced in size since I wrote last: the crowns are lower; the brims are in some instances square on one side, and round on the other. They are still very much trimmed on the inside of the brim. Some of the brims are excessively wide; they are disposed in very deep plaits; there is a pointed piece of the same material laid on one side of the brim, which turns back towards the crown, and is edged with blond. Several white gauze hats also have the brims disposed in deep hollow plaits, and the edge of the brim turned up in a soft roll. A small square handkerchief, also composed of gauze, is laid over the crown: the four ends of this handkerchief, which are tacked down, partially conceal the wreath of roses or honeysuckles which encircles the bottom of the crown.

Muslin *capotes* are this year very much in favour. I believe I have already explained to you, that *capote* is only another name for a bonnet. Those that are now fa-

shionable are of a very neat and simple description, and admirably adapted for morning walking dress; they are made always in cambric muslin, and are trimmed either with the same or with soft muslin. The crowns of *capotes* are in general higher than those of other bonnets; some are made like the caul of a night-cap, and are adorned with Spanish puffs round the top: the brims of these are generally covered with *bouilloné*, and the edge of the brim is finished by a *ruche* or quilling of soft muslin. Others have a round crown, ornamented with tucks, and a rouleau of soft muslin laid on in a wave near the top: the brims of these are generally formed of an intermixture of soft muslin and *percale*; the latter plain, the former let in waves. A third kind have a crown, the top of which is shaped like a melon; it is plain, but the lower part of the crown and the brim are eased: the spaces between the easings are narrow and very full. Small bows of muslin are placed either on one side or in the middle of the crown, and they are tied with muslin strings.

I perceive that in speaking of promenade dress, I have forgotten to tell you, that *pelcrines* are still fashionable, though not universally worn: they have always a deep point before, and another behind; sometimes there is a smaller point on each shoulder.

I should not have detained you so long in the open air, my dear Sophia, but that I have very little to say respecting in-door dress. Our breakfast tables indeed would furnish you with some very pretty *cornettes* and caps *à l'enfant*. Some

of these are made in *percale*; others in soft muslin: the shape of the latter does not require to be described; it is precisely the form of a child's cap. Some have a border of plain muslin, which goes all round, and is double just over the forehead. The crown is slightly embroidered; there is a small bow of white ribbon placed behind, and they tie with a white ribbon under the chin.

Others, though of the same form, are much more richly made, and are in fact adapted for half-dress. The border is of rich work; the crown is covered with embroidery; a row of Spanish puffs is let up the middle of the back; a couple of knots of rose-coloured ribbon are placed on the caul; one just over the forehead, the other farther back; a knot, to correspond, is placed behind, at the bottom of the caul, and it fastens with a similar knot under the chin.

The *cornettes* have short ears: some are of plain *percale*; the crowns of these are adorned with narrow cord, laid on something in the style of a scroll pattern: the border is lightly finished with work, and is triple, except at the ears and behind. Others are very richly embroidered, and the crown ornamented with three rows of Spanish puffs, one up the front, and one on each side.

I have already described morning dress to you in speaking of promenade costume, and there is very little alteration in dinner gowns since I wrote last. Clear muslin and jaconot muslin, richly embroidered, are the materials at present most fashionable. Silk is very little worn.

Crape is a good deal used for grand costume, as is also silver gauze; both are worn over white satin. Dress gowns are cut very low, and are as much trimmed as when I wrote last; but the style of trimming continues the same.

The flowers most in favour are, roses, violets, corn-flowers, honeysuckles, and blue-bells. Those considered fashionable for the promenade only are, corn-flowers mingled with wheat-ears, or wreaths of wheat-ears, or honeysuckles without any mixture. The others are generally worn in full dress, in which flowers are still as fashionable as ever; in fact, the heads of

our *belles* are ornamented with nothing else. They are variously disposed: diadems, coronets, garlands, and wreaths, are all fashionable. In some instances, flowers are scattered irregularly in small bunches over the head.

In speaking of promenade costume, I forgot to observe, that an indispensable article of it is, a ridicule in the form of a portfolio.

Fashionable colours are, lilac, lavender, blue, and citron; but white is still considered most tonish.

Farewell, my dear Sophia! Believe me ever your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 3.—DRAPEAILS FOR A HALF-SEXAGON BOW WINDOW.

A *jardinière* is here introduced as an elegant article suited to a drawing-room, and which likewise serves to furnish the vacancy otherwise occasioned by the shape of the window. The upper figure, as well as the group below, may be sculptured in marble, or carved in wood; and the basket which springs from the cistern, may be composed of wicker-work, painted green, or any other soft and subservient co-

lour. The cistern, being lined with tin or fine sheet lead, might be made to contain a great assemblage of foliage, and a proper provision of water would render it at all times buoyant. *Pot-pourri* jars may be introduced in the receptacle below, encircled with brass treillage.

It is to the taste of Mr. Stafford of Bath, that we are indebted for this design.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications.

OF THE EDUCATION OF MADAME DE STAEL, AND HER EARLY YEARS.

(From *Sketch of the Character and Writings of Madame DE STAEL*, by Madame NECKER DE SAUSSURE.)

THE mother of Madame de Staël, Madame Necker, at the time of her marriage, had enjoyed a more extensive and finished course of education than that of her daughter at the same age. By her father, a learned clergyman, she had been instructed in branches of

BLACK AND WHITE PATTERN



learning not common in her sex, and that spirit of method, which leads to the acquisition of knowledge of every kind. Endowed with firmness of character, great strength of mind, and ample capacity for labour, Madame Necker obtained great success in her studies; and hence she was led to suppose, that every thing might be acquired by dint of study. Accordingly she studied herself, she studied society, individuals, the art of writing, that of conversing, that of housekeeping, and above all, that of preserving the purity of her principles, without neglecting any thing that could tend to enlarge her understanding. She paid attention to every thing, made very acute observations, reduced them to system, and hence framed her rules of conduct. The minutest particulars assumed consequence in her eyes, because she connected them with the great ideas of religion and morality; and her mind, of a metaphysical turn, exerted itself to find their point of contact. In thus making the most trifling occurrences in life a point of duty, she spared herself the troubles of irresolution and regret: but this connection, not altogether artificial, was never thoroughly perceived but by her who had formed it.

This kind of mental labour is faithfully displayed in the *Mélanges de Madame Necker*, "Miscellanies by Madame Necker." A very remarkable sentiment of delicacy pervades this work, which has been highly admired in foreign countries, particularly in Germany. It is an interesting spectacle, to behold a young and handsome

woman passing from a state of profound retirement to a splendid station in life, and thence to the most eminent that can be occupied by a subject; employing a mind, already highly cultivated, on the various objects of a world quite new to her, and contemplating society at large with the double view of distinguishing and improving herself in it. Nevertheless this constant attention of Madame Necker to what is right was detrimental to the ease of her manners; there was a constraint in her and about her; her temper would probably have been sour, and her will headstrong, had she not early felt the necessity of self-command. Having obtained much by exertion, she expected exertion in others, and was indulgent only when the duty of Christian charity presented itself clearly to her mind. Mr. Necker gave a very just idea of her, when he said to us one day in familiar conversation, "Madame Necker wanted nothing perhaps to make her deemed perfectly amiable, but not being faultless."

Not but she was captivating whenever she chose. She was not sparing of merited praise. Her blue eyes were soft and sometimes caressing; and there was in her countenance an expression of extreme innocence, of ingenuousness even, which formed an engaging contrast with her tall and somewhat stiff figure.

The charms of infancy did not operate very powerfully on Madame Necker. She had subjugated nature too powerfully to be much swayed by instinct. It was necessary for her to admire what she loved; and an affection, spring-

ing wholly from sentiment and fancy, could not but be somewhat foreign to her heart. Gratitude was in her eyes the first of ties: consequently she adored her father, and that exalted filial love, which appears to be a distinguishing characteristic of the family, manifested itself already in her. God, her parents, and her husband, whom she adored also as a benefactor, were the only objects of her ardent affections.

She undertook the education of her daughter, however, with that eager zeal, which the idea of duty ever inspired in her. Her system was totally opposite to that of Rousseau. It is well known that this writer, setting out with the principle, that we acquire ideas only through the medium of the senses, maintained, that we should begin with improving the organs of our perceptions, if we would obtain moral improvement, that should be neither irregular nor illusory. This reasoning, open as it is to attack in itself, has never found favour with religious minds, because it appears to admit too great a sway of physical over moral nature. Madame Necker, accustomed to combat materialism in all its forms, could not but discern it in this doctrine. Accordingly, she took the opposite road, and sought to act upon mind immediately by mind. She thought it right to accumulate a great number of ideas in the young head, without losing too much time in arranging them in order, persuaded that the understanding grows indolent when spared such a labour. This method too is not without its inconveniences; but, with regard

to the developement of the intellect, the example of Madame de Staël leads us to presume that it is efficacious.

Mademoiselle Necker, when an infant, was full of cheerfulness, vivacity, and frankness. Her complexion was rather brown, but animated, and her large black eyes already sparkled with kindness and intelligence. The caresses of her father, who incessantly encouraged the child to prattle, were a little at variance with the more rigid plan of Madame Necker; but the applauses excited by her sallies encouraged her continually to utter new ones; and already she answered the perpetual pleasantries of Mr. Necker with that mixture of gaiety and tenderness, which so frequently mark her conversation with him. The idea of giving pleasure to her parents was with her a motive extraordinarily powerful. Thus, for instance, when only ten years old, observing their great admiration of Mr. Gibbon, she thought it her duty to marry him (and what his person was is well known), that they might be enabled constantly to enjoy a conversation so agreeable to them. This match she seriously proposed to her mother*.

Mademoiselle Necker seems to have had a premature youth instead of infancy. In every thing related to me on this subject, I find only a single circumstance bearing the stamp of that age, and even in this the propensities of talent are observable. In her childhood she

* The reader is aware, that many years before this Mr. Gibbon was desirous of marrying Madame Necker, then Mademoiselle Curchod.

amused herself with cutting out paper kings and queens, and making them act a tragedy. She used to hide herself to enjoy this amusement, which was forbidden her: and hence she acquired the only trick she was ever known to have, that of turning about between her fingers a little flag of papers or leaves.

To give an idea at once of Mademoiselle Necker at the age of eleven years, and the house of her mother at that period, I shall quote a few passages from a delightful piece on the infancy of Madame de Staël, written by a lady of great wit, Madame Rilliet, then Madame Huber, who was always very intimate with her. The excellent education of Madame Huber, and an ancient family intimacy, having led Madame Necker to be desirous of her becoming the friend of her daughter, she relates her first interview with Mademoiselle Necker, the transports of the latter at the idea of having a companion, and the promises she made of loving her for ever.

"She spoke to me with a warmth and facility which were already eloquence, and made a great impression on me.....We did not play like children: she asked me immediately what lessons I learned, whether I were acquainted with any foreign languages, and if I went frequently to the play. When I told her, that I had been only three or four times; she expressed her regret, promised me that I should go often with her, and added, that at our return we would write down the subject of the pieces, and note what had appear-

ed striking to us, as was her custom.....

"She said to me afterwards, 'We will write to each other every morning.' We entered the drawing-room. By the side of Mr. Necker's arm-chair was a little wooden stool, on which his daughter seated herself, obliged to sit very upright. Scarcely had she taken her customary place, when three or four old persons came up to her, and accosted her with the tenderest regard. One of them, who had on a little bob wig, took her hands in his, and held them a long time, conversing with her as if she had been five and twenty. This was Abbé Raynal. The others were Messrs. Thomas and Marmontel, the Marquis of Pesay, and Baron von Grimm. When we sat down to table you should have seen how attentive she was! She uttered not a word, yet she seemed as if speaking in her turn, all her flexible features displayed so much expression. Her eyes followed the looks and motions of those who spoke: you would have said she seized their ideas before she heard them. She was mistress of every subject, even politics, which at that time had become one of the leading topics of conversation.....

"After dinner, a great deal of company came in. Every one on coming up to Mr. Necker had something to say to his daughter, either complimenting or joking her.....She answered all with ease and elegance: they took pleasure in attacking her, embarrassing her, exciting in her that little imagination, which already appeared so brilliant. The men most disti-

guished for their talents were those who were most eager to make her talk. They asked an account of what she was reading, pointed out fresh subjects to her, and gave her

a taste for study, by conversing with her on what she had learned, or what she had not."

(To be continued.)

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

IN the press, with a portrait of the author, engraved by Woolnoth, from an original by Wageman, *Miscellanies*, in prose and verse, by Thomas Jones, author of poems, consisting of "Elegies, Sonnets, Songs, &c." "Phantoms, or the Irishman in England," a farce; &c.

Mr. Murray has the following works in the press:

1. *The Personal History of King George the Third*, undertaken with the assistance of, and in communication with, persons officially connected with the late king, and dedicated, by express permission, to his present Majesty, by Edward Hawke Locker, Esq. F. R. S.; with portraits, fac-similes, and other engravings; in one handsome volume 4to.

2. *The Prophecy of Dante*, a poem, by the Right Hon. Lord Byron.

3. *Narrative of the Operations and recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Excavations, in Egypt and Nubia*; and of a Journey to the Coast of the Red Sea, in search of the ancient Berenice, and another to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon; by G. Belzoni: accompanied by plates, plans, views, &c. of the newly discovered places, &c. 4to.

4. *Travels, in 1816 and 1817, through Nubia, Palestine, and Syria*, in a series of familiar letters to his

relations, written on the spot, by Captain Mangles, R. N. two vols.

5. *Sketches, descriptive of Italy in 1817 and 1818*, with a brief account of travels in various parts of France and Switzerland in the same years; 4 vols. small 8vo.

6. *A System of Mechanical Philosophy*, by the late John Robison, LL.D. Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University and Secretary to the Royal Society of Edinburgh; with notes and illustrations, comprising the most recent discoveries in the physical sciences; by David Brewster, F. R. S. E.; in 4 vols. 8vo. with numerous plates.

A general account, shewing the state of education in England:

Endowed Schools.—New Schools, number 302, children 30,590; Ordinary Schools, number 3,865, children 125,843; totals, number 4,167, children 165,433; total revenue, 300,525*l*.

Unendowed Day-Schools.—New Schools, number 820, children 105,582; Dames' Schools, number 3,102, children 53,624; Ordinary Schools, number 10,360, children 319,643; totals, number 14,282, children 478,849.

Sunday Schools.—Number 404, children 50,979; Ordinary Schools, number 4,758, children 401,838; totals, number 5162, children 452,817. Total population in 1811, 9,543,610; poor in 1815, 853,240.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

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AUGUST 1, 1820.

Nº. LVI.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

We request the continuation of The Generous Friend, a translation from the Spanish.

The Letter of A constant Reader came too late for insertion.

We have quoted with pleasure the extract from the Rev. Mr. Woudley's poem; but we give no critiques upon books, or if any, none but our own.

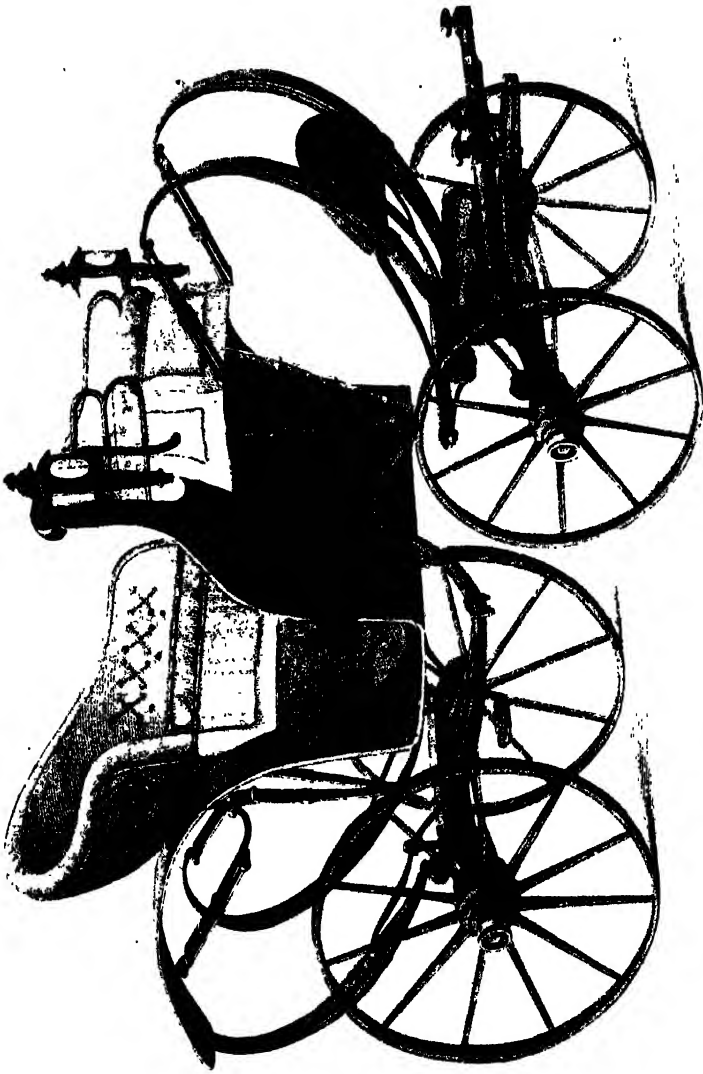
Antiquarius has our thanks.

Alfred shall find a place, if possible, in our next Number.

Sir Pertinax must wait for a short time before his request can be complied with.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 91, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.





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THE SECOND SERIES.

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N^o. LVI.

HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from p. 1.)

PLATE 7.—AN ICE-HOUSE, TOOL-HOUSE, AND GARDEN-SEAT.

THIS building is intended as an ornamental covering to an ice-well: when the means of drainage are not ample in depth, the building is of necessity chiefly above ground; and a thatch roofing becomes important to the preservation of the ice, as the sun will otherwise penetrate and melt it. In such cases, a free current of air should be permitted to take place between the crown of the well and the roof, so that the temperature should be moderated.

The plan of this building would be square: space would then remain applicable to a tool-house

for the gardener; and, on the opposite side, a garden-seat might be formed, which, if so placed as to command a prospect, would make a pleasant retreat, and an arbour, in which ices and other refreshments might be taken.

Reed-thatching is the proper covering for this building; the pillars which support it, should be the unbarked wood of forest trees; and the arches and railing composed of its branches: creepers, and other plants, might be trained about it in great luxuriance, so as to render it a striking and ornamental object in a garden.

MISCELLANIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

I NEVER asked advice in my life, sir; but yet, for the novelty of the thing, I will this once apply for yours. As to taking it, that must depend on how far it appears worthy to be followed; that is to say, how far it suits my inclination. I am, sir, at this moment addressed by four lovers, each of whom would, in the eye of the world, be a prudent match. Every body wonders that I do not make choice of one or other of them; and nobody seems to consider, that there is not, at least in my opinion, a rational being among them. I will sketch them for you, my good sir, and you will then see whether I am in the right or not.

The first in my list is Sir Peter Primly: he is an unexceptionably moral man; no one ever heard of his committing even the most trifling *faux pas*. But then, on the other hand, his good actions, if he has ever done any, are equally secret. His conversation resembles his life: he never says any thing rude or absurd; but he is so tiresome and insipid, that he wearies one to death. Nothing has power to animate him; he makes love with as much gravity and precision as if he were debating a matter of business; and he argues against my cruelty, and talks of the pain it gives him, with a frigidity both of tone and manner, which contrasts most laughably with the warmth of his language.

So completely insensible does he seem, that I declare I have often

been tempted to think, that nature, in framing him, had forgotten to give him a heart. As a proof of his want of feeling, I need only cite his conduct in matters of charity. He has allotted a certain sum for that purpose, which he bestows once in every year upon different public institutions; because, as he himself says, he does not choose to relieve private distress, partly for fear he should be imposed on, and partly because one must take some trouble in inquiring out those sort of people.

I fancy, Mr. Adviser, you have enough of the baronet. The next is the Hon. Mr. Dareall. This poor young man happened to be born with a great share of animal spirits, and a small stock of common sense. While he was still very young, he learned to think, that his rank in life required him to act a distinguished part in society; and his whole ambition for some years past has been to pass for an original. As his ideas are not very clear, he conceives, that by surpassing other people in folly and extravagance, by risking his life in pursuits degrading to a rational being, and ridiculing religion, because such an old-fashioned thing must be a bore, he effectually accomplishes his purpose.

Such is Mr. Dareall, who passes, however, for a very honest hearty fellow, because he feeds a host of parasites, pays his gaming debts with a good grace, and once ran a man through the body for affront-

ing a lady, whom, by the bye, he himself afterwards seduced.

My third admirer is a virtuoso. He loves me better than any thing but a shell, a butterfly, or an Egyptian mummy: this last is I think the most formidable rival I have in his affections. He is in reality a good - tempered, honest, worthy man, and, whenever it is possible to divert his attention from his favourite pursuit, a pleasant companion; but it so rarely happens that you can draw his thoughts from dried butterflies, stuffed animals, and petrifications, that I am certain no woman of sensibility can ever be happy with him.

My last lover is a sort of being whom I hardly know how to designate—a kind of mongrel animal, half hero, half dandy. Were you to see the pretty thing when it is dressed, and laced up in its stiff stays, you would be apt to imagine, that it was sent into the world only to be looked at, from the gentleness of its motions, and the fear it seems to entertain of deranging its finery. But if the merest trifle displeases the gentleman, no Mars was ever half so furious; and such is the exuberance of his valour, that he cannot restrain from shewing it to women and children. It is not many days since he alarmed me very seriously, by swearing he would run a hackney-coachman through the body, because he was impertinent; and a fine little girl who happened to be passing at the instant, was frightened into fits, by the manner in which he marched about, brandishing his sword. His conversation exhibits an odd mixture of fashionable foppery and military gasconade; one can hard-

ly tell which interests him most, the event of a battle, or the rise of a new fashion. I shall have no fear of wounding his feelings by giving him his *congé*, because I have it at the same time amply in my power to console him with a present of a piece of new French silk, which has been but just manufactured in Paris, and is quite unknown in this country: it is very well adapted for under-waistcoats, and I dare say, in his opinion, will suit his complexion admirably.

Such, Mr. Adviser, are the four swains from whom my wise guardian incessantly teases me to choose a husband. I should have no hesitation in refusing every one of them, but unluckily I am not yet of age; and I am so entirely in the power of my guardian, who is of a violent and severe temper, that I am fearful of exasperating him by dismissing them all. If you could point out to me any way to temporize without committing myself, I should be very much obliged to you. Or suppose, Mr. Adviser, as I do not want quite a year of twenty-one, you were to address me yourself? I protest that is an excellent thought: we might indulge in a harmless flirtation, which would effectually blind guardy, whose only object is to get me married, for fear, as he often says, I should throw myself away on some flighty young fellow. Your age and gravity would be a sufficient passport to his esteem, and by that means I could get rid of my other torments at once. Do, dear Mr. Sagephiz, come to my assistance like a true knight. Consider, the experiment may be of infinite service to a poor distressed damsel,

and will cost you nothing but a little time and a few compliments, which will be amply made up by the opportunity you will have of labouring in your vocation; for my guardian has a large family, every one of whom is in want of advice. Pray then let me have the pleasure of hearing from you directly, that you will hasten to throw yourself at the feet of your perplexed

DULCINEA.

My fair correspondent has forgotten the fable of the boy and the frogs. This love-making, which she regards as sport, might turn out a very serious matter to me. It is a dangerous thing for an old bachelor to become, even in jest, the admirer of a young beauty. The little god, whose power during our juvenile years we have successfully combated, is often malicious

enough to sport with the weakness of our age; and he must be a fool indeed who voluntarily exposes himself to the risk of being laughed at as a wrinkled innamorato. If Dulcinea will follow my advice, she will dismiss her lovers civilly, but decidedly, at once: if her guardian should be unreasonable enough to quarrel with her for doing so, I offer my services to reason the matter with him; and I have no doubt, if he has a particle of common sense, I shall convince him he is wrong. As to advising Dulcinea how to temporize, it is an art of which I am ignorant; and, to say the truth, I believe that, in affairs of the heart, the fair sex in general have no great occasion for instructions of that sort.

S. SAGEPHIZ,

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

No. X.

THE TWO CHILDREN.

La nature nous donne la vie comme on prête l'argent, sans fixer le jour auquel on doit la rendre.

"DEAR me, sir, what brings you back again so soon?" said Andrew to me (that old servant with whom my readers are already acquainted). "Is the christening put off, the child ill, or the mother not sufficiently recovered? or are you returned merely to dress yourself, in order to assist at the ceremony?" Curiosity is not one of the least faults of Andrew: perhaps he might have broken himself of it, had it not been for me; but I have got into a habit of answering his questions, which emboldens him to put others: besides, it is always in such a modest tone of voice, and with

such an air of interest, that he questions me, that it really would be ill rewarding his faithful services not to gratify him.

The inquiries of Andrew were justified by an appearance of vexation visible in my manner. He knew the motive of my visit, and might well be surprised at seeing me return so soon. My family connections were increased by the entrance of two new members into the world, who had seen the light for the first time on the preceding day. The Countess de Lescare, one of my favourite cousins, and the pride of our house, had been

brought to bed of a lovely child, and I had gone out to call on her early in the morning. I was also engaged in the evening to offer my congratulations to Madame Lemaire, the wife of a respectable tradesman in la rue des Bourdonnais, who has, within the eight years she has been married, five times received the same blessing. The countess had only been a wife thirteen months: her expectations had been publicly announced; the epoch of their fulfilment was to be celebrated with all possible magnificence and rejoicings; and it was the knowledge of these circumstances that induced Andrew, on my sudden and unexpected return, to ask the reason of the uneasiness my visit appeared to have caused me.

I am not the man to keep silence when vexed. Andrew knew this well enough; and with his head bent forward, and his hands crossed upon his breast, my old servant patiently waited for the moment when I should deign to inform him; and an arch smile which played round his lips, shewed that he reckoned on my usual compliance not being withheld this time.

"You know," said I, "that the Count de Lescare is descended from one of the most ancient and illustrious families in Perigord; his titles prove the fame of his ancestors; the public situations he fills, and the rank he holds in the estimation of the world, are sufficient pledges of his talents, or at least of his good fortune. Yet a young man, he married one of my cousins, who inherited an immense fortune: notwithstanding which, it was a love-match on both sides; and this

union, formed under the most favourable auspices, has been productive of mutual happiness. Fortune can add delights even to love.

"The young couple, surrounded by gaiety and pleasure, have not neglected to cultivate their domestic happiness. The restraints imposed upon the count by the duties of his office, by the laudable ambition of elevating himself by his services to still higher employments, and the care and anxiety attendant on that high soaring passion, have frequently compelled him to absent himself for a short time from the wife he adores. But these occasional separations have only served to sweeten the moment of their reunion; and it is not improbable that my lovely cousin owes to these absences, the constancy of an attachment which has not been impaired by a whole year's enjoyment. An event long and anxiously desired, has augmented the tenderness of the count: his wife's pregnancy promised to crown his dearest wishes. As soon as it was become a matter of certainty, he redoubled his attentions and solicitude for her welfare; he watched her every movement, lest she might fatigue herself; his friends were entreated to unite their efforts for her amusement, to converse in her presence on agreeable and pleasing subjects only: the precautions of the count were even carried so far as to prohibit the visits of one of his college friends, on account of certain convulsive motions he had contracted, which, it was true, the countess had never noticed, but which might by possibility be prejudicial to her in her present state. The count's

hopes were set upon having a son. I do not know why he had accustomed himself to believe that his wish would be gratified, but during the last six months he has apparently been allowing the idea to gain ground, till the very supposition of its non-fulfilment has been banished. He consulted all the most learned physicians in Paris, and their ambiguous replies have invariably been favourably construed by him.

"A celebrated necromancer, who spread his nets for the public not far from her hotel, was privately interrogated by the credulous countess, who paid in hard cash for his prediction, that she would give birth to one of the finest boys in the world. You may imagine, that, with so many assurances of success, the choice of godfathers became a matter of no small difficulty. They could only be selected of course from among the principal noblemen of the court, but much prudence and consideration were necessary to give to the family a protector, and to the child a powerful patron. Vanity and interest were to be blended; a union much more difficult than it is generally supposed.

"Three times was the godfather determined upon, and as often was an alteration obliged to be made, from causes which could neither be foreseen nor avoided. The first suddenly withdrew from court; the second was one of the members of the Opposition; and much doubt was entertained in public as to the stability of the favour enjoyed by the third. At length their choice fell upon the young Mar-
shal ****: wealth, rank, and interest, he possessed them all, and

much might reasonably be expected from the union of three such important advantages.

"The nearer the countess drew to her time, the higher rose the satisfaction of the count. I saw him the night before last, when his wife was already in bed; he was absolutely beside himself with joy. The countess shared his transports; she endured her pains with the most exemplary resignation, and had very nearly, in the excess of her joy, declared her resolution to nurse this her first child herself.

"I went there again this morning: a long string of carriages, and particularly the confusion which prevailed in the hotel, soon informed me, that the countess had become a mother. Crossing the antichamber, I met her own waiting-maid, of whom I inquired how her mistress did. Her half-serious air alarmed me, but I was soon made easy. 'The countess,' replied Justine, 'is doing as well as can be expected.'—'And the child?' continued I, observing that her countenance still preserved a sorrowful expression.—'Alas! the child,' replied she, sighing—'the child is as well as its mother;' and without waiting for any further questions, she hastened back again into her mistress's room: her words, however, had quieted my fears. I ordered the servant to inform the count of my arrival, and on his appearance, hastened to congratulate him on the happy event that had just taken place. 'Ah! my friend,' interrupted he, 'pity me: it is a girl!'—'A girl!'—'The countess, as well as myself, is in despair.'—'How! is any thing the matter with the infant?'—

' On the contrary, she is perfectly well, and they say she is a little angel: but, my dear friend, only think of our having a girl!' and the count appeared quite inconsolable.

"I was introduced to the countess's levee: she was in her state bed, dressed in a beautiful cap of English lace, which became her wonderfully. 'Ah! my dear cousin,' exclaimed she, in a mournful tone, 'you are come to console me!' And as I could not help betraying some surprise at this unexpected address, 'You are then still ignorant of our misfortune: we have only a girl!'—'At your age such a misfortune is not irreparable.'—'My husband is quite in despair: we had formed such excellent plans for the future destiny of a boy; his godfather had promised so much; and after all to be so cruelly disappointed.' At that moment the child, which was in the room, began to be restless, and her mother, whose absurd grief was augmented by its cries, ordered the nurse to be lodged in future at the other end of the building.

"The valet de chambre of the marshal came to present his master's compliments to the countess, and to apologize for his excellency being obliged, on account of some very important business, to postpone until the next day the visit he intended to pay.

"What a propensity every one has to imitate their superiors! All the servants in the hotel aped the distress of their master and mistress; every countenance wore a melancholy aspect; and just as I was leaving the house, I heard the Swiss say to a smart little footman,

who had been inquiring, for his mistress's information, after the welfare of the countess, 'My friend, you may say that my mistress has been brought to bed to no purpose: she has only got a girl!'

"I can now easily imagine the reason of your chagrin and prompt return," said Andrew. "The count is not deserving of the happiness of being a parent, since he makes so vast a difference between the child he desired, and that which it has pleased Heaven to send him. But since you are in a visiting mood, why not go directly and call upon M. Lemaire? Perhaps you may find at his house a scene more congenial to your feelings—a happier father, and a more tender mother."

I followed Andrew's advice, and walked to la rue des Bourdonnais. M. Lemaire, who is a distant relation of mine, is about thirty-two years of age, simple and good tempered, void of envy or ambition, carrying on, with credit and probity, a small trade in silk stuffs, which brings him in just sufficient to maintain and educate his family. He married a young woman of a respectable family, and who had received an excellent education; and in her he has met with an amiable wife, and a useful assistant in his business. She has made him the father of four sons, all of whom she has nursed herself, and who share her affections alike. Lemaire and his wife were anxious to have a daughter, and Louisa's situation renewed their hopes; but fearing to be again disappointed, they had forborne to calculate upon an uncertainty.

The shop was shut up as on a festival, which appeared to me a good omen. Going up stairs, I heard loud peals of laughter in my cousin's room; and I naturally concluded that he had been more fortunate than the count in the fulfilment of his wishes. I was obliged to knock twice, the mirth which reigned within not permitting any one to hear me. At last I was ushered into the chamber of madame, whose husband hastened to meet me, presenting to me, while joy shone in his countenance, the little stranger. "Look here," said he, "here is another! I was in the right not to give myself up to false hopes. Heaven has resolved to give me boys only; let me present the fifth to you."—"What, again!"—"Yes, another boy," said Louisa, smiling, and raising her head from the pillow.—"I thought by your joyfulness"—"That he was welcome; and you were right. I believe, in truth," added she, laughing, "that he will be the plainest of the family. But what signifies that? I shall not love him the less;" and taking him from her husband, she kissed him affectionately, and laid him down by her side.

The godfather now made his appearance, an old friend of the family, who had offered himself. He

had just come from la rue des Lombards, and arrived laden with boxes of sweetmeats and cakes of all sorts. He had put off every other engagement, to spend the day with a family to whom he was attached, and with whom he was about to be united by one of those ties, which, if not totally neglected, are not sufficiently respected in the present day.

The infant had already been to church and to the municipality; dinner was announced, and I yielded to their pressing entreaties to stay and partake it with them. Madame Lemaire, unwilling to be deprived of our society, ordered the cloth to be laid by her bedside; and our repast, seasoned with innocent gaiety and cheerful conversation, lasted the greater part of the afternoon. In the evening, I could not help remarking to Andrew, the pleasure I had experienced from the picture of domestic happiness I had just beheld, and the difference between the manner in which the two families had borne the disappointment of their wishes. I was going to make a long harangue upon the reasons of this striking contrast, when he stopped me, saying, "Dear sir, nothing can be more easy to explain: one desired an *heir*; the other only wished for a *child*."

ROBERT BURNS AND HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

THE two following articles form part of a selection from the unpublished Correspondence of Robert Burns. The *first*, a letter from the celebrated Helen Maria Williams to the poet, relates chiefly to some occasional verses by Dr.

Moore, not now in our possession, and about which it does not seem necessary to inquire more particularly. The *second* is a criticism by Burns upon a poem of Miss W.'s, which it appears she had submitted to his opinion. The critique,

though not without some traits of his usual sound judgment and discrimination, appears on the whole to be much in the strain of those gallant and flattering responses which men of genius usually find it incumbent to issue, when consulted upon the productions of their female admirers.

Sir,—Your friend Dr. Moore having a complaint in his eyes, has desired me to become his secretary; and thank you, in his name, for your very humorous poem, entitled *Auld Willie's Prayer*, which he had from Mr. Creech.

I am happy in this opportunity of expressing my obligations to you for the pleasure your poems have given me. I am sensible enough, that my suffrage in their favour is of little value; yet it is natural for me to tell you, that as far as I am capable of feeling poetical excellence, I have felt the power of your genius. I believe no one has read oftener than myself, your *Vision*, your *Cotter's Evening*, the *Address to the Mouse*, and many of your other poems. My mother's family is Scotch, and the dialect has been familiar to me from my infancy: I was therefore qualified to taste the charm of your native poetry; and as I feel the strongest attachment to Scotland, I share the triumph of your country in producing your laurels.

I know the inclosed poems, which were addressed to me by Dr. Moore, will give you pleasure; and I shall therefore risk incurring the imputation of vanity by sending them. I own that I gratify my own pride by so doing. You know enough of his character not to wonder that

I am proud of his friendship; and you will not be surprised, that he who can give so many graces of wit and originality to prose, should be able to please in verse, when he turns his thoughts that way. One of these poems was sent to me last summer from Hamilton-House; the other is so local, that you must take the trouble to read a little history before you can understand it. My mother removed lately to the house of a Captain Jaques in Southampton-row, Bloomsbury-square. What endeared this situation not a little to my imagination was, the recollection that Gray the poet had resided in it. I told Dr. Moore that I had very solid reason to think that Gray had lived in this very house, and had composed the *Bard* in my little study: there were but fifty chances to one against it, and what is that in poetical calculation? I added, that I was convinced that our landlord was a lineal descendant of Shakspeare's Jaques. Dr. Moore laughed, as he has often occasion to do, at my folly; but the fabric which my fancy had reared upon the firm substantial air, soon tottered; for it became a matter of doubt if our habitation was in Southampton-row, or in King-street, which runs in a line with it. Meanwhile Dr. Moore called upon me, and left the inclosed verses on my table.

It will give me great pleasure, sir, to hear that you find your present retirement agreeable, for indeed I am much interested in your happiness. If I only considered the satisfaction I should derive from your acquaintance, I should wish that your fortune had led you towards London; but I am persua-

ded that you have had the wisdom to choose the situation most congenial to the Muses. I am, sir, with great esteem, your most obedient servant,
H. M. WILLIAMS.

LONDON, June 20, 1787.

A FEW STRICTURES ON MISS WILLIAMS'S POEM ON THE SLAVE TRADE, BY R. BURNS.

I know very little of scientific criticism; so all I can pretend to in that intricate art is, merely to note, as I read along, what passages strike me as being uncommonly beautiful, and where the expression seems to me perplexed or faulty.

The poem opens finely. There are none of those idle prefatory lines, which one may skip over before one comes to the subject. Verses 9th and 10th in particular,
Where ocean's unseen bound
Leaves a drear world of waters round,

are truly beautiful. The simile of the hurricane is likewise fine; and indeed beautiful as the poem is, almost all the similes rise decidedly above it. From verse 31st to verse 50th is a pretty eulogy on Britain. Verse 36th,

That foul drama deep with wrong,
is nobly expressive. Verse 46th I am afraid is rather unworthy of the rest:

To dare to feel,
is an idea that I do not altogether like. The contrast of valour and mercy from the 46th verse to the 50th is admirable.

Either my apprehension is dull, or there is something a little confused in the apostrophe to Mr. Pitt. Verse 55th is the antecedent to verses 57th and 58th; but in verse 58th the connection seems ungrammatical:

Powers * * * * *
* * * * *
With no gradations mark'd their flight,
But rose at once to glory's height.

Ris'n should surely be the word instead of *rose*. Try it in prose. Powers—their flight marked by no gradations, but (the same powers) risen at once to the height of glory. Likewise verse 53d,

For this,
is evidently meant to lead on the sense of verses 59th, 60th, 61st, and 62d. But let us try how the thread of connection runs.

For this * * * * *
* * * * *
The deeds of mercy that embrace
A distant sphere, an alien race,
Shall virtue's lips record, and claim
The fairest honours of thy name.

I beg pardon if I misapprehend the matter, but this appears to me the only imperfect passage in the poem. The comparison of the sunbeam is fine.

The compliment to the Duke of Richmond is, I hope, as just as it is certainly elegant. The thought

Virtue * * * * *
* * * * *
Lends, from her unsullied source,

The gems of thought their purest force,
is exceedingly beautiful. The idea from verse 81st to the 85th, that

The blest decree
is like the beams of morning ushering in the glorious day of liberty, ought not to pass unnoticed, nor unapplauded. From verse 85th to verse 108th, is an animated contrast between the unfeeling selfishness of the oppressor on the one hand, and the misery of the captive on the other. Verse 88th might perhaps be amended thus:

Nor ever quit her narrow maze.

We are said to *pass* a bound, but we *quit* a maze. Verse 100th is exquisitely beautiful:

They whom wasted blessings tire.

Verse 110th is, I doubt, a clashing of metaphors :

To load a span

is, I am afraid, an unwarrantable expression. In verse 114th,

Cast the universe in shade,

is a fine idea. From the 115th verse to the 142d is a striking description of the wrongs of the poor African. Verse 120th,

The load of unremitted pain,

is a remarkably strong expression. The address to the advocates for abolishing the slave trade from verse 142d to verse 208th, is animated with the true life of genius. The picture of oppression,

While she links her iniquious chain,

And calculates the price of pain ;

Weights agony in sordid scales,

And marks if life or death prevails,

is nobly executed.

What a tender idea is in verse 180th ! Indeed, that whole description of home may vie with Thomson's description of home, somewhere in the beginning of his *Autumn*. I do not remember to have seen a stronger expression of misery than is contained in these verses :

Condemn'd, severe extreme, to live,

When all is fled that life can give.

The comparison of our distant joys to distant objects is equally original and striking.

The character and manners of the dealer in this infernal traffic, is a well done, though a horrid picture. I am not sure how far introducing the sailor was right : for though the sailor's common characteristic is generosity, yet, in this case, he is certainly not only an unconcerned witness, but, in some degree, an efficient agent in the business. Verse 224th is a nervous — expressive :

The heart convulsive anguish breaks.

The description of the captive wretch when he arrives in the West Indies, is carried on with equal spirit. The thought that the oppressor's sorrow on seeing his slave pine, is like the butcher's regret when his destined lamb dies a natural death, is exceedingly fine.

I am got so much into the cant of criticism, that I begin to be afraid lest I have nothing except the cant of it ; and instead of elucidating my author, am only benighting myself : for this reason I will not pretend to go through the whole of the poem. Some few remaining beautiful lines, however, I cannot pass over. Verse 280th is the strongest description of selfishness I ever saw ; the comparison in verses 285th and 286th, is new and fine ; and the line,

Your alms to penury you lend,

is excellent.

In verse 317th "like" should surely be "as," or "so;" for instance,

His sway the harden'd bosom leads

To cruelty's remorseless deeds :

As (or so) the blue lightning, when it springs

With fury on its livid wings,

Darts to the goal with rapid force,

Nor heeds that ruin marks its course.

If you insert the word *like* where I have placed *as*, you must alter *darts* to *darting*, and *heeds* to *heed-ing*, in order to make it grammar. A tempest is a favourite subject with the poets, but I do not remember any thing, even in Thomson's *Winter*, superior to your verses from the 347th to the 351st. Indeed that last simile, beginning with

Fancy may dress, &c.

and ending with the 350th verse, is, in my opinion, the most beautiful passage in the whole poem ;

it would do honour to the greatest names that ever graced our profession.

I will not beg your pardon, madam, for these strictures, as my

conscience tells me, that, for once in my life, I have acted up to the duties of a Christian—in doing as I would be done by.

A DEBT OF GRATITUDE PAID.

THE Duke de S— was one of the few among the French noblesse who refused, during the horrors of the revolution, to emigrate, till after the failure of the plan for the escape of the royal family; he then fled with his family, and the consequence was, that his estates became national property, and were sold by public auction.

Property so disposed of brought at that time very little, from the uncertain tenure by which it was to be held: the purchaser of the duke's was M. Boudin, a gentleman who had recently arrived in Paris from Languedoc, where he exercised the profession of an avocat, and was looked upon as a very honest man. The few persons who knew him in Paris supposed that he would renounce his profession, and sit down to enjoy himself at his ease upon the duke's splendid property; but, to their surprise, he continued to act as a lawyer, and to live in a style suited to the most moderate circumstances. His friends then gave him credit for playing a deep game: "He apprehends," said they, "that he may one day be deprived of his purchase, and he is saving a fortune out of the princely revenues it brings."

As people never have the less business because they are known to be rich, M. l'Avocat Boudin was very generally employed, and

soon began to make a good deal of money in his profession. This circumstance made no change in his simple and abstemious habits, he continued to live as before; but it began to be whispered, that he gave considerable sums away for charity, and whenever a poor honest man sought for justice against a rich rogue, he was always sure of the services of M. Boudin gratis.

A pretty young widow, whose jointure was disputed by her husband's heir, applied to our avocat: he took up her cause warmly, but he did not conceal his apprehensions that she would lose her suit, because, though justice was clearly on her side, there were some points of law against her; and owing to this latter circumstance, the suit was so long protracted, that the widow and the avocat had time to become thoroughly acquainted, and the liking which each had conceived for the other ripened into a serious attachment. At last the suit was decided in favour of the widow, who was told by every body, that she owed this decision solely to the abilities of M. Boudin. She thanked him with all the energy of a warm and grateful heart for the services he had done her. He disclaimed having done more than his duty, adding that he was very sorry the matter had terminated as it did.

"Sorry!" said the widow in a tone of surprise.—"Yes, really; for had it been otherwise, I should have solicited your acceptance of my hand, and all that I can in justice call my property."

The widow was silent, but her speaking eyes said plainly enough, "And why should you not solicit it now?"

Boudin paused for a moment, and then continued: "I am regarded as a very rich man; but in reality my income is inferior to what I may expect. In possessing myself of the property of the Duke de S——, I had no other intention than that of one day restoring it to him. You will not wonder at my forming this resolution, when I have told you the obligations I owe to de S——. I was still very young, in fact quite a boy, when France took part with America in the struggle which the latter waged with the mother country; I had the strongest longing desire to make a campaign, a step which my parents would not hear of. My enthusiasm, however, could not be controuled: I contrived to escape from home, and to conceal myself on board one of the transport-ships appointed to carry out the troops, of which the Duke de S—— was commander. As soon as I was discovered to be on board, he took me under his protection, and tho' then a very young man, he treated me with the kindness of a father. My *penchant* for fighting was speedily gratified, for an engagement took place almost immediately after we landed; but my military ardour had nearly cost me my life, for I was just about to be cut down by a British trooper, when de S——, who perceived my danger, rushed

between us, and received a wound in the breast. His men succeeded in bearing him away from the field; but his recovery was, during a long time, doubtful. I vowed then, that if Heaven ever gave me an opportunity, I would repay his generosity. His wound healed slowly, and his health was altogether so indifferent, that he was obliged to return to France before the end of the campaign. He succeeded in prevailing on me to return to my parents, and he took care to furnish me with the means of doing it. From that time we have never met. I complied with the desire of my friends, and on my return home, applied myself to the law, which I practised in my native province, till my fears for the safety of de S—— and his family induced me to come to Paris, in order to try if I could be useful to him. I arrived too late; he had already emigrated, and his property, which was immediately seized, was soon afterwards ordered to be sold. I had expected this, and was prepared for it. I had some friends on whom I knew I might rely for such pecuniary assistance as would enable me to make up the required sum: I bought his estates, which I have kept as a sacred deposit; but though I have employed every possible means to trace this unfortunate family, I have as yet been unsuccessful: it is not, however, at all likely that I shall always continue so. De S—— had several children; some of them must surely survive; and I have taken means, that, in case of my death, they or their descendants shall receive, undiminished, the *patrimony* of my generous friend."

Boudin's narrative did not pre-

judice him in the least in the opinion of his mistress; on the contrary, it increased the regard which she already had for him. They were married, and their union was a very happy one; although Madame Boudin heard very often, that a great number of his female acquaintance called her husband a miser, and herself a mean-spirited creature, for submitting to live in a domestic and moderate manner, when she ought to have vied with people of the first rank.

Several years passed away, and no news was heard of the family of de S—. The chateau de S— was always kept in good order, though not inhabited. One summer, Madame Boudin took a fancy to pass a few weeks there. Boudin was obliged to remain in Paris; and she arrived, accompanied only by a female friend. Just as she was sinking to sleep on the night of her arrival, she fancied she heard a slight noise in the room adjoining to her apartment; she listened, and soon began to think she could hear some one move. As she knew the room was not inhabited, this circumstance alarmed her: she rose, and wrapping herself in a cloak, she took a light, and softly opening a door of communication, advanced into the apartment.

On entering it, she perceived a man, who was standing with his back to her, sounding the wall. At the moment she perceived him, the door by which she had entered, shut hastily, and he turned quickly round. "Be not alarmed, I beseech you, madam," cried he to Madame Boudin, who, giving herself up as lost, was nearly sinking with terror. "I am not a robber,

nor is my purpose an evil one: pray be not thus terrified, for you have nothing to fear."

It was indeed impossible to look on the countenance of the stranger, and feel any other sensations than those of confidence and admiration. He was past the middle age, and the traces of care, as well as time, were visible in his finely formed features. His person was noble and commanding, and his air, at once elegant and dignified, shewed that the mean habiliments which he wore, could only be used as a disguise.

Curiosity now took place of terror, but for some time the stranger evaded the inquiries of Madame Boudin. Kindred minds, however, are not long doubtful of each other; and he acknowledged, that his purpose was to possess himself of some valuables which were concealed in a recess behind the wainscot. These words were a ray of light to Madame Boudin. "Ah, Heaven!" she exclaimed, "you are then the Duke de S—! Oh! how glad will my husband be to find that his debt of gratitude can still be paid!"

She was right, it was indeed the duke, whom Boudin had so long sought in vain, and who, in all probability, but for this fortunate *rencontre*, he never would have discovered. In making his escape from France, de S— had dropped his title, and changed his name: after undergoing various misfortunes, and drinking deeply of the bitter cup of adversity, a chance meeting with a faithful servant, who was at the chateau at the time when de S— departed for England, revealed to him that some jewels which he had left in a cabi-

net at the chateau, and which he concluded were lost, had been secreted by this faithful domestic in a recess behind the wainscot. The moment de S—— received this intelligence, he determined to run every risk in order to possess himself of them. He reached the neighbourhood of the chateau in safety, and had the satisfaction to hear, that it was inhabited only by servants, for Madame Boudin was not then arrived. He kept at a distance from the house during the day, and at night contrived to gain admittance.

An express soon brought Boudin to the chateau. It would be difficult to tell whose happiness was the greatest, the duke's in recovering, or the honest avocat's in restoring the forfeited estates. De S—— would have forced Boudin to retain a part of the property, but the worthy lawyer peremptorily refused to take more than the sum to which he had a just right. According to the situation of public affairs in France, de S—— could not then remain with safety in his native country; but he returned to England rich and happy, leaving his property in the management of the faithful Boudin. Not long afterwards, the emigrants had per-

mission to return; and de S—— publicly took possession of his estates. They were not, however, lost to the family of the worthy avocat. The eldest son of de S——, as he grew up, heard so much from his parents of Boudin's probity, gratitude, and nobleness of spirit, that he thought he could not be too solicitous to enjoy the society of so good a man. Whether this good man's having one of the prettiest daughters in France was an additional motive, we will not pretend to examine, but it certainly was one which the young de S—— did not allege to his father, till the latter, who saw how matters were going on, told him one day abruptly, that he had selected a wife for him. This drew forth a confession of his attachment. De S——, after he had for a little while enjoyed his son's perplexity, embraced him, and told him, such a union would gratify the warmest wish of his heart. The Boudins, on their part, acceded with gratitude and joy to the proposal. The lovely Nina has now been some years a wife, and her conduct, as such, does equal credit to the virtues of her father, and to the rank of her husband.

CORONATION CEREMONIALS.

ALL matters relating to coronations are at the present moment so interesting, that we need make no apology to our readers for inserting the following particulars, from Mr. A. Taylor's "Glory of Regality," regarding the coronation of Henry VIII. and his royal offspring. On the contrary, if we did not sup-

ply some information on this splendid and interesting ceremony, we might be justly charged with neglect, especially when such ample means are before us in the work from which we quote.

Henry VIII. and Katherine of Arragon, his queen, were crowned on the 24th of June, 1509, by Arch-

bishop Warham. A short abstract of Hall's account of the festival will serve to shew the prodigious splendour with which it was celebrated.

On the 21st of the month, the king came from Greenwich to London; and the next day was devoted to the ceremonies of the Bath. Our author then proceeds: "The morowe folowyng beyng Saterdaie, his grace with the quene departed from the Tower through the cite of London, agaynst whose coming, the streates where his grace should passe where hanged with tapistrie and clothe of Arras. And the greате parte of the south side of Chepe with clothe of gold, and some parte of Cornehill also. And the streates railed and barred on the one side, from ouer agaynst Grace church unto Bredstreate in Chepeside, where euery occupation stode in their liueries in ordre, beginnyng with base and meane occupations, and so assendyng to the worshipfull craftes: highest and lastly stode the maior with the aldermen. The goldsmithes stalles unto the ende of the Olde Chaunge beeing replenished with virgins in white, with braunches of white waxe: the priestes and clerkes in riche copes with crosses and censers of silver, with censying his grace and the quene also as they passed." Of the king he adds: "To discribe his apparell, his grace ware in his upperst apparell a robe of crimosyn velvet furred with armyns, his jacket or cote of raised gold, the placard embrowdered with diamondes, rubies, emeraudes, greате pearles, and other riche stones, a great bauderik about his necke of greате

balasses: the trapper of his horse damaske gold with a depe purfell of armyns." The queen was borne in a litter by two white palfreys, which were trapped in white cloth of gold; her person was "apparelled in white satyn embrowdered, her heere hanging doune to her backe of a very great length, bewtefull and goodly to behold, and on her head a coronall set with many riche orient stones.

"The morowe folowyng beyng Sondaie, and also Midsomer daie, this noble prince with his quene, at time convenient, under their canabies borne by the barons of the five portes, went from the saied palaice to Westminster Abbey upon clothe called vulgarly cloth of say, the whiche clothe was cut and spoyled by the rude and common people immediately after their repaire into the abbey, where, accordyng to the sacred observaunce and auncient custome, his grace with the quene were annoynted and crowned by the Archebissshop of Cantorbury, with other prelates of the realme there present, and the nobilitie, with a great multitude of commons of the same. After the whiche solempnitie and coronacion finished, the lordes spirituall and temporall did to hym homage, and returned to Westminster Hall, with the quene's grace, every one under their canabies, where by the lorde marshall and his tipped staves was made rome, and every lord and other noble men, accordyng to their tequres, before claimed and vewed, seen, and allowed by the lordes, and other of his grace's counsayll, entred into suche rome and office that daie, to execute their services

accordyngly." He then describes the estates of the king and queen, concluding in his usual style:

What should I speake or write of the sumptuous, fine, and delicate meates prepared for his high and honorable court, provided for aswel in the palace beyond the sea as in many sundery places within this realme, where God so abundantly hath sent suche plentie and foyson; or of the honorable ordre of the services, the cleane handelyng and breaking of meates, the ordryng of the dishes, with the plentifull abundaunce? So that none of any estate beeyng there did lacke, nor no honorable or worshipfull persone went unfeasted."

Our author's account of the challenge must not be omitted. "The seconde course beyng served, in at the haule door entered a knight armed at al poyntes, his bases rich tissue embroudered, a great plume and a sumptuous of oistriche feathers on his helmet, sitting on a great courser trapp'd in tissue, and embroudered with tharmes of England and of Fraunce, and an herauld of armes before hym. And passyng through the halle, presented himself with humble reverence before the kynges maiestie, to whom Garter kyng of herauldes cried, and said with a loude voyce, Sir Robert, from whence come you, and what is your pretence? This knight's name was Sir Robert Dymocke, champion to the kyng by tenure of his enheritaunce, who answered the said kyng of armes in effecte after this manner: I am place that I come from is not materiall, nor the cause of my repaire, neither is not con-

cernyng any matter of any place or countrey, but onely this. And therewithall commaunded his herauldes to make an Oyes: then said the herauld to the kyng of armes, Now shal we here the cause of my coming and pretence. Then he commaunded his awne herauld by proclamation to saye: If there be any persone, of what estate or degree soever he be, that will saie or prove that Kyng Henry the eight is not the rightfull enheritor and kyng of this realme, I, Sir Robert Dymocke, here his champion, offer my glove, to fight in his querrel with any persone to thutteraunce." The customary *largesse* and the serving with hippocras are then detailed in the conclusion of the feast, and the solemnities of this "triumphaunt coronacion" were followed by justs and turnies worthy of this golden age of pageants."

Lady Anne Boleyn, the second queen of this monarch, was crowned on the 1st of June, 1533, being Whitsunday, by Archbishop Cranmer. Of this coronation, as well as of the last, a long and minute account is preserved by Hall, to which, as the circumstances attending them are generally the same, I shall beg leave to refer the reader." It was preceded by a voyage from the royal manor of Greenwich, and by the customary creation of knights, who were "bathed and shryven accordyng to the old usage of England." The procession by land was enlivened, as usually by "marvailous connyng pageauntes," in which Apollo with the Muses, and Saint Anne with her children, had each a conspicuous place: the Three Graces

also took their stand on Cornhill, and the Cardinal Virtues in Fleet-street: nor is there a fountain of Helicon, with a courteous inconsistency, ran Rhenish wine, and its rival, the conduit in Cheap, poured forth claret. In the coronation itself there is nothing that demands our notice: the feast was celebrated with great order and marvellous good attendance. The queen was seated in the midst of the high table under a cloth of state, the Countesses of Oxford and Worcester standing on either side. "At the table's ende," saith our author, "satte the Arche-bishoppe of Cauntorbury, on the right hande of the quene, and in the myddest, betwene the arche-bishoppe and the Countesse of Oxford, stode the Erle of Oxforde with a white staffe all diner tyme." The king, with divers ambassadors, stood to behold the entertainment in a little closet which was made "out of the cloyster of S. Stephens," on the right hand side of the hall. The largess, the wafers and hippocras, and the "voyde of spice and comfettes," concluded the royal banquet; and the lord mayor of London, having done the service of his city, and "bearyng his cuppe in his hande, with his brethren, went through the hal to their barge, and so did all other noble men and gentlemen, for it was sixe of the clocke."

Of the other queens of Henry VIII. none appear to have been honoured with a coronation.

Edward VI. received the crown on Shrove-Sunday, February 20, 1546-7, and was anointed by Archbishop Cranmer. He was personally knighted by the Duke of

Somerset, protector. On the day before the coronation, about one o'clock in the afternoon, the king proceeded from the Tower "in most soiall and goodly wise" towards his palace at Westminster. The line of streets through which the procession passed was adorned in the usual manner, and many "goodly pageantes and devises" were displayed for his welcoming. At the conduit in Cheap, Valentine and Orson were exhibited; and at a certain distance from thence stood Sapience and the Seven Liberal Sciences, "which declared certaine goodly speeches," rather too long for repetition. An epitome of the story of Jason was then produced, which was followed by a number of other shows, with more orations than the time permitted to be spoken. But the choicest spectacle of all was the exploit of an Arragosan, who descended from the battlements of Saint Paul's upon a rope made fast to an anchor at the Dean's gate, and returning up again, "played certaine misteryes on the said rope," which appear to have been particularly acceptable to the young monarch and the crowd assembled.

The ceremonies were performed in the usual manner, not excepting the office of the mass, which was said by the Archbishop of Canterbury. At the feast the king sat under his estate, and on the right hand of the same table sat the protector and the archbishop. After the feast, "it was ordeyned that there should be made a certain number of knights, instead of the Bathe, because the time was so short that they could not be made of the Bathe according to the ce-

remories thereunto apperteyning." Thus ended the ceremony; and on the morrow there were holden "royall justes against all comers."

Mary, the elder daughter of Henry VIII. and the first female sovereign of this realm, was crowned on the 1st of October, 1553. The ceremony was performed by Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, both the archbishops being then prisoners in the Tower. The progress through the city was marked by similar exhibitions to those we have before noticed. In Paul's church-yard one Master Heiwood sat in a pageant under a vine, and made an oration in Latin and English; and, as if to outdo the flying Arragosan at the last coronation, we have here a Dutchman standing on the weathercock of Paul's steeple, who, holding a streamer in his hand of five yards long, and waving thereof, stood sometimes on one foot and shook the other, and then kneeled on his knees, "to the great marvell of all people." On her majesty's passing Cheapside, the chamberlain of London presented her with a purse of cloth of gold, containing a thousand marks of gold.

The ceremonies of the inauguration were performed, it is said, according to the old custom, but we have no particular account of them. They were not fully ended "till it was high tyme of the clocke at night, and she returned from the church."

Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, was crowned on Sunday, January 15, 1558-9, by John Oglethorpe, Bishop of Carlisle, the see of Canterbury being then vacant, and Dr. Heath,

Archbishop of York, declining to officiate because of the change in religion. Oglethorpe, it is said, was the only prelate who could be prevailed upon to assist at the solemnity, and it was performed by him according to the old rites, and Bishop Bonner's vestments were borrowed for his use. Perhaps at no former coronation were more pains bestowed to testify the loyalty of the citizens in the progress from the Tower to Westminster. The age of pageantry had not yet passed away; and the accession of a "virgin queen" gave ample scope to the fancy of those whose office it was to welcome her appearance in the capital. In the taste and character of the shows, there was, however, a remarkable alteration. "Five and twenty years before," an elegant writer observes, "when the mother of this queen passed through London to her coronation, the pageants exhibited derived their personages and allusions chiefly from pagan mythology or classical fiction. But all was now changed; the earnestness of religious controversy in Edward's time, and the fury of persecution since, had put to flight Apollo, the Muses, and the Graces: learning indeed had kept her station and her honours, but she had lent her lamp to other studies, and whether in the tongue of ancient Rome, or modern England, Elizabeth was hailed in Christian strains, and as the sovereign of a Christian country." Holinshed, who describes the whole of this procession with the greatest minuteness, informs us that the companies of the city "stood along the streets one by another, inclosed with red cloth-

ed with cloths, and themselves well appparelled with manie rich furies, and their liverie hoods upon their shoulders in comelie and seemlie maner, having before them sundrie persons well appparelled in silks and chains of gold; as wiflers and garders of the said companies, besides a number of rich hangings, as well of tapistrie, arras, cloths of gold, silver, velvet, damaske, satten, and other silks, plentifullie hanged all the waie, as the queenes highnesse passed from the Tower thorough the citie." To crown the whole, on her arrival at Tem-

ple Bar, Gogmagog and Corineus, two giants furnished accordingly, were seen holding above the gate a table whereon was written in Latin verse, "the effect of all the pageants which the citie before had erected." It is singular, that with so full an account of the preparatory solemnities, we have none of the great ceremony itself: even the feast is but slightly noticed by our author; perhaps it is enough for us that it "tooke end with great joy and contentation to all the beholders."

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DUKE DE BERRI.

As the late Duke de Berri was one day driving in an open carriage, with very few attendants, in the environs of Paris, he perceived a man struggling violently to break away from some others who held him. The frantic gestures of the man, and the agitation which he evinced, excited the duke's curiosity: he left his carriage, and desiring his attendants not to follow him, approached the group; as he did so, he heard the man say to those who held him, "It is of no use to try to prevent me, I will drown myself."—"Drown yourself!" repeated the duke: "unfortunate, wicked man, what can induce you to think of taking away your life?"—"My distress."—"No distress can authorize you to put an end to your being. Have you no family, no friends?"—"Alas! yes, I have a wife and children."—"And you have no regard for them?"—"Regard for them!" repeated the man fiercely: "it is because I do regard them

that I am determined to die; for I cannot bear to live, and see them perish by famine."—"But you are young and strong, why not work to support them?"—"Because I can get no work; I have tried for it a long time in vain: besides, I owe five and twenty crowns; my creditors pursue me in order to lodge me in gaol, where I must see my wife and children perish with hunger."

That terrible idea seemed to give him new strength; he burst from the grasp of his companions, protesting that he would sell to the earth the first who approached him. At that moment, a young woman, followed by two infant children, ran at full speed towards the group: at sight of her the man shuddered, and remained motionless. "Heaven be praised," cried she, "I am come in time to prevent your cruel purpose! Ah, Antoine! how could you think of leaving me and the children? No; if it be God's will that we must

perish, let us wait our time patiently, and at least die together." At these words the firmness of the unhappy husband relaxed; he burst into tears. "The eyes of the duke were not dry. "No, my friends," cried he, "Heaven will not permit you to perish," and he put his purse into the woman's hand. "Pay the twenty-five crowns out of this; the remainder will clothe your family."

"Oh! sir," cried they both together, "you do not know what you are giving us: this purse contains a fortune."—"It is a very small fortune then," said the duke, turning to go away.—"May Heaven bless you! it will be the making of us. Ah! if you would add one more favour."—"What is it?"—"If you would tell us your name?"—"I am a Frenchman: what signifies my name?"—"Yes, it would signify to us and to our children, whom we shall teach to

pray for our benefactor."—"Well then, since you will know it, it is Charles;" and the duke hastened to his carriage; but before he could reach the livery was recognised, and his secret consequently betrayed. We may easily conceive the gratitude and enthusiasm with which the poor man and his companions shouted, "Vive le Duc de Berri!" and never perhaps were those sounds more delightful to his generous heart. His bounty was well-bestowed: the object of it was honest and industrious; it was want and despair alone that drove him to the rash resolution which he had adopted. He used the duke's money carefully and frugally, and was soon in a fair way to do well. It is a fact, honourable to human nature, that this poor man's excessive sorrow, when he learned the dreadful fate of his benefactor, nearly unsettled his reason.

THE GENEROUS LOVER:

A Tale, from the Spanish of CERVANTES.

(Concluded from vol. IX. p. 338.)

AND they had every reason to believe it was a Christian cruiser, all its banners displaying the ensign of the cross. It approached the vessel of Azan; but previously to boarding, hailed them, demanding in Turkish to whom the ship belonged. They were answered, "To Azan Bashaw, the Viceroy of Cyprus."—"And how then dare you, who are Musselmans," replied the captain of the first vessel, "presume to attack and plunder this brigantine, which we know belongs to the Cadi of Nicosia, who

is himself on board?" The soldiers of the viceroy desired them in return not to interfere, for that in so doing, they had only obeyed the orders of their master. The captain of the vessel which had hung out Christian colours, having thus obtained the information he wanted as to the ship in which were the cadi and his suite, instantly boarded at the head of his men with great gallantry. The cadi no sooner beheld him, than he recognised him, notwithstanding his disguise, to be Ali Bashaw, who had waited

to intercept him on his passage with the same design as Azan, and the better to avoid detection, had assumed the Christian dress, and caused his soldiers to do the same. The unfortunate old man seeing himself thus assailed on all sides, resorted in despair to the only weapons with which he could now hope to defend himself—expostulations and threats. “What do I see?” cried he, addressing himself to Ali; “is it possible that you, a Musselman, dare offer violence to a teacher of your faith? Yes, traitor, I know you well, though under the accursed disguise of a Christian. And you, ye traitorous slaves of Azan, what wicked demon can have induced you to commit such an impious action? To satisfy the brutal lust of your master, you have dared rebel against your sovereign.”

These words, uttered with boldness and in a threatening tone of voice, at first produced all the effect the *cadi* could have anticipated. The soldiers laid down their arms, and notwithstanding their avidity for plunder, were struck with awe, and remained motionless. Ali alone despised the menaces of the *cadi*, and resolute not to give up his prey for mere words, rushed forwards, and aimed such a terrible blow at him, that but for the ample folds of his turban he had cleft his head in sunder; so forcible was the stroke, that though the sword scarcely penetrated the turban, the *cadi* fell backwards on one of the benches of the vessel. Stunned as he was, he had yet strength to exclaim, “Cruel renegade! foe to the Prophet! is it possible that Heaven will suffer thy barbarity

and insolence to pass unpunished? Is it possible that the followers of my faith will calmly behold an apostate wretch like thee murder the minister of Mahomet, and tread under foot the holy laws of the Alcoran and the religion you profess?”

The soldiers of Azan, who saw all that passed, fearing to be deprived of the booty they had already obtained, rushed forward with one accord, as if inspired by the *cadi*’s words, and attacked the soldiers of Ali with such fury, that though inferior in number, they drove them out of the brigantine with great slaughter; but the latter, reinforced by those who had hitherto remained in the other ship, rallied under the command of Ali, and again boarding the brigantine, after an obstinate conflict, put all their opponents to the sword, with the exception of two or three: so few, however, of the victors remained alive, and those so dangerously wounded, or exhausted by their exertions, that Richard and Mahomet, who had beheld the bloody contest from the poop, resolved to strike boldly for their freedom; and calling to the father of Halima and two of her relations who had embarked with them, made them remark the defenceless state of their enemies. “What hinders us,” they cried, “from seizing the opportunity, and rescuing ourselves from death or slavery by one brave effort?”

Seizing the sabres of those who had fallen, they accordingly rushed on deck, and being joined by the Christian slaves whom they had set at liberty, in a few minutes remained masters of the vessel.

Elated with this success, they boarded the galley of Ali, who had fallen in the conflict by the avenging hand of one of the viceroy's soldiers, found it almost wholly deserted by the Turks, and reinforced by the Christian slaves on board this vessel, they met with but little resistance from the other ship. Thus victorious, the two friends found themselves, by this sudden change of fortune, masters of the spoils of a cadì and two rich bashaws, free themselves, and enjoying the happiness of having liberated the lovely Leonisa. They agreed to put all their booty on board of one vessel, and chose that of Ali, as being the largest, and also because all the mariners were Christians; who, exulting in their recovered freedom, and enriched by the liberality of the generous Richard, vowed not only to carry them to Trapani, but to the world's end, if necessary.

Mahomet and Richard then informed Halima, that if she wished to return to Cyprus, it was in her power, and that they would present her with the brigantine and one half of the riches she had embarked in it: but as her attachment to Richard was now her most powerful passion, she replied, that she would follow him to his country, embrace his religion, and if destiny had denied her his love, at least preserve his friendship.

Meanwhile the cadì recovered from his stupor; they examined his wounds, and finding them very

slight, made him nearly the same offer they had just done to Halima. He answered, that as fortune had reduced him to such extremity, he could only thank them for their generosity; but that he intended to repair to Constantinople, to complain to his sovereign of Azan and Ali's violence. Though his attachment to Halima was by no means excessive, he appeared much concerned at learning her determination to forsake him, and become a Christian. "This is an augmentation of my misfortunes," he exclaimed; "but the wisest man must yield to circumstances, not be discouraged by them."

After the departure of the cadì, to whom they gave up the brigantine, with sufficient money and provisions for his intended voyage, finding the wind favourable, they sunk the vessel of Azan, and set sail for their beloved country. Their voyage was most prosperous, and in less than seven days, they arrived within sight of Trapani.

Why should we attempt to describe the joyful meeting of our lovers with their relations and friends; enough to add, that the possession of his adored Leonisa, the blessing of her parents, and the applause of his country, amply rewarded our generous lover for all his past perils. Prosperity and happiness crowned his succeeding years; and children, lovely as their mother, brave and noble as their father, blessed his declining days.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 8. VIEW OF PLINIANA, ON THE LAKE OF COMO.

THE plate which we this month publish, represents a very elegant villa, built upon the site of a residence originally constructed by Pliny the Younger, and where formerly appears to have been de-

posited a fine library of books, which he collected for the purpose of further distinguishing his native town of Comum, in what was anciently called Insubria.

Upon the general beauty of this view, it is not necessary for us to speak. The hill rising behind the villa, is covered with a variety of luxuriant foliage; not interfering, however, too much with the picturesque effect of the rugged eminences, over which the fine cataract to the south dashes with impetuosity. The villa itself is delightfully situated, and may be said to gaze upon itself in the transparent mirror of the lake, with as much complacency as the roses of Ariosto.

The town of Como, or Comum, from which the lake derives its name, was the birthplace of several celebrated men. The elder Pliny, as well as the younger, was, we apprehend, born there, although the Marquis Maffei contends that his birthplace was Verona: many inscriptions found in the neighbourhood make mention of the family of both these illustrious men. Paulus Jovius, the historian and panegyrist of Charles V. and the two Popes Clement XIII. and Innocent IV. were also born here. Still more distinguished than perhaps any of the preceding will be Canova, who, if not the greatest, is universally admitted to be one of the greatest sculptors among the moderns. It deserves notice, that Signora Leni Perpentini, who, in 1805, rediscovered the art of making thread of the amianthus, and converting it into cloth, had also her birth here. Her experiments for this purpose employed her two

years, after which she succeeded in making thread of such excessive fineness, as to be fit for the manufacture of lace. Many authors have been produced by Como, and it is observable, that the provinces forming the southern base of the Alps, from the Cervo and the valleys of Sésia, as far as Frioul, have at all times produced a great number of men who have advanced the arts and sciences. Titian and Perdoni were natives of Frioul.

The Hetrurians were the most ancient inhabitants of the environs of this town and its lake; but they were afterwards removed by the Orobians, who fell under the dominion of the Romans. Cæsar founded here a Greek colony; and hence arises the number of names of Greek origin found in this part of the country. Under the Roman emperors, the kings of Lombardy, and subsequently under the German emperors, Como was an important town. The epoch of its greatest splendour was in the 11th and 12th centuries, when it was inhabited by a powerful nobility, and their numerous dependents. It was the capital of the countries of Mendrisio, Lugano, Bellinzoni, Valtelini, and Bormeo; and was as it were the head-quarters of the party of the Gibellines, in the same way as Milan was the chief support of the Guelphs. For two and twenty years it suffered by that civil war, after which it fell into the possession of the family of the Visconti, and subsequently became a part of the state of Milan.

Como itself is the see of a bishop: it is ornamented by a marble cathedral, commenced in 1396,

and not finished till the 18th century. There are also other churches, and some palaces, filled with pictures. A very important silk-manufactory is likewise carried on here, in all its branches. The immediate vicinity of the town and the bank of the lake are clothed with a great number of olive, mulberry, and all kinds of fruit trees;

and the eastern shore, towards Canzo, where it is protected by the mountains from the north, is extraordinarily fertile. The greater part of the manufacturers of barometers, microscopes, spectacles, images, &c. who travel Switzerland, Germany, and even England, come from Como, and the surrounding districts.

ON NEEDLE-WORK.

MR. EDITOR,

IN early life I passed eleven years in the exercise of my needle for a livelihood. Will you allow me to address your hearers, among whom might perhaps be found some of the kind patronesses of my former humble labours, on a subject widely connected with female life—the state of needle-work in this country.

To lighten the heavy burthen which many ladies impose upon themselves is one object which I have in view; but, I confess, my strongest motive is, to excite attention towards the industrious sisterhood to which I once belonged.

From books, I had been informed of the fact, that women have of late been rapidly advancing in intellectual improvement.* Much may have been gained in this way, indirectly, from that class of females for whom I wish to plead. Needle-work and intellectual improvement are naturally in a state of warfare. But I am afraid the root of the evil has not as yet been struck at. Workwomen of every description were never in so much distress for want of employment.

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Among the present circle of my acquaintance, I am proud to rank many that may truly be called respectable, nor do the female part of them, in their mental attainments, at all disprove the prevailing opinion of intellectual progression: yet I affirm, that I know not a single family where there is not some essential drawback to its comfort, which may be traced to needle-work *done at home*, as the phrase is for all needle-work performed in a family by some of its own members, and for which no remuneration in money is received or expected.

In money alone did I say? I would appeal to all the fair votaries of voluntary housewifery, whether, in the matter of conscience, any one of them had thought she had done as much needle-work as she ought to have done. Even fancy work, the fairest of the tribe! how delightful the arrangement of her materials! the fixing upon her happiest pattern, how pleasing an anxiety! how cheerful the commencement of the labour she enjoins! But that lady must be a true lover of the art, and so industri-

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ous a pursuer of a predetermined purpose, that it were a pity her energy should not have been directed to some wiser end, who can affirm, she neither feels weariness during the execution of a fancy piece, nor takes more time than she calculated for the performance.

It is too bold an attempt to persuade your readers, that it would prove an incalculable addition to general happiness, and the domestic comfort of both sexes, if needle-work were never practised but for a remuneration in money? As nearly, however, as this desirable thing can be effected, so much more nearly will women be upon an equality with men, as far as respects the mere enjoyment of life. As far as that goes, I believe that it is every woman's opinion, that the condition of men is far superior to her own.

"They can do what they like," we say: do not these words generally mean that they have time to seek out whatever amusements suit their tastes? We dare not tell them we have no time to do this: for, if they should ask in what manner we dispose of our time, we should blush to enter upon a detail of the minutiae which compose the sum of a woman's daily employment. Nay, many a lady who allows not herself one quarter of an hour's positive leisure during her working hours, considers her own husband as the most industrious of men, if he steadily pursues his occupation till the hour of dinner, and will be perpetually lamenting her own idleness.

Real business and real pleasure make up the portions of men's

time: two sources of happiness which we certainly partake of in a very inferior degree. To the execution of employment, in which the faculties of the body or mind are called into busy action, there must be a consoling importance attached, which feminine duties (that generic term for all our business) cannot aspire to.

In the most meritorious discharges of those duties, the highest praise we can aim at is, to be accounted the helpmates of *man*; who, in return for all he does for us, expects, and justly expects, us to do all in our power to soften and sweeten life.

In how many ways is a good woman employed, in thought or action through the day, in order that her *good man* may be enabled to feel his leisure hours *real substantial holiday*, and perfect respite from the cares of business! Not the least part to be done to accomplish this end is, to fit herself to become a conversational companion; that is to say, she has to study and understand the subjects on which he loves to talk. This part of our duty, if strictly performed, will be found by far our hardest part. The disadvantages we labour under from an education different from a manly one, make the hours in which we *sit and do nothing* in men's company too often any thing but a relaxation; although, as to the pleasure and instruction, time so passed may be esteemed more or less delightful.

To make a man's home so desirable a place as to preclude having a wish to pass his leisure

hours at any fire-side in preference to his own, I should humbly take to be the sum and substance of woman's domestic ambition. I would appeal to our British ladies, who are generally allowed to be the most zealous and successful of all women in the pursuit of this object; I would appeal to them who have been most successful in the performance of this laudable service, in behalf of father, son, husband, or brother, whether an anxious desire to perform this duty well is not attended with enough of *mental* exertion, at least to incline them to the opinion, that women may be more properly ranked among the contributors to, than the partakers of, the undisturbed relaxation of man.

If a family be so well ordered that the master is never called in to its direction, and yet he perceives comfort and economy well attended to, the mistress of that family (especially if children form a part of it) has, I apprehend, as large a share of womanly employment as ought to satisfy her own sense of duty; even though the needle-book and thread-case were quite laid aside, and she cheerfully contributed her part to the slender gains of the corset-maker, the milliner, the dress-maker, the plain-worker, the embroideress, and all the numerous classifications of females supporting themselves by *needle-work*, that great staple commodity, which is alone appropriated to the self-supporting part of our sex.

Much has been said and written on the subject of men engrossing to themselves every occupation and calling. After many years of

observation and reflection, I am obliged to acquiesce in the notion, that it cannot well be ordered otherwise.

If at the birth of girls it were possible to foresee in what cases it would be their fortune to pass a single life, we should soon find trades wrested from their present occupiers, and transferred to the exclusive possession of our sex. The whole mechanical business of copying writings in the law department, for instance, might very soon be transferred with advantage to the poorer sort of women, who, with very little teaching, would soon beat their rivals of the other sex in facility and neatness. The parents of female children, who were known to be destined from their birth to maintain themselves through the whole course of their lives with like certainty as their sons are, would feel it a duty incumbent on themselves to strengthen the minds and even the bodily constitutions of their girls, so circumstanced by an education which, without affronting the pre-conceived habits of society, might enable them to follow some occupation, now considered above the capacity, or too robust for the constitution, of our sex. Plenty of resources would then lie open for single women to obtain an independent livelihood, when every parent would be upon the alert to encroach upon some employment now engrossed by men, for such of their daughters as would then be exactly in the same predicament as their sons now are. Who, for instance, would lay by money to set up his sons in trade; give premiums, and in part maintain them through a long ap-

prenticeship; or which men of moderate incomes frequently do, strain every nerve in order to bring them up to a learned profession; if it were in a very high degree probable, that by the time they were twenty years of age, they would be taken from this trade or profession, and maintained during the remainder of their lives by the *person whom they should marry?* Yet this is precisely the situation in which every parent, whose income does not very much exceed the moderate, is placed with respect to his daughters.

Even where boys have gone through a laborious education, superinducing habits of steady attention, accompanied with the entire conviction, that the business which they learn is to be the source of their future distinction, may it not be affirmed, that the persevering industry required to accomplish this desirable end, causes many a hard struggle in the minds of men, even of the most hopeful disposition? What then must be the disadvantages under which every young woman is placed, who is required to learn a trade, from which she can never expect to reap any profit, but at the expense of losing that place in society, to the possession of which she may reasonably look forward, inasmuch as it is by far the most *common lot*; namely, the condition of a *happy English wife?*

As I desire to offer nothing to the consideration of your readers, but what, at least as far as my own observation goes, I consider as *facts* confirmed by experience, I will only say, that were I to follow the bent of my own specula-

tive opinion, I should be inclined to persuade every female, over whom I hoped to have any influence, to contribute all the assistance in her power to those of her own sex who might need it, in the employments they at present occupy, rather than to force them into situations now filled wholly by men. With the mere exception of the profits which they have a right to derive from their needle, I would take nothing from the industry of man which he already possesses.

“A penny saved is a penny earned,” is a maxim not true, unless the penny be saved in the same time in which it might have been earned. I, who have known what it is to work for *money earned*, have since had much experience in working for *money saved*; and I consider, from the closest calculation I can make, that a *penny saved* in that way, bears about a true proportion to a *farthing earned*. I am no advocate for women who do not depend upon themselves for a subsistence, proposing to themselves to *earn money*. My reasons for thinking it not advisable, are too numerous to state—reasons deduced from authentic facts, and strict observations on domestic life, in its various shades of comfort. But if the females of a family *nominal-ly* supported by the other sex, find it necessary to add something to the common stock, why not endeavour to do something by which they may produce money in its *true shape?*

It would be an excellent plan, attended with very little trouble, to calculate every evening how much money has been saved by *needle-work done in the family, and*

compare the result with the daily portion of the yearly income. Nor would it be amiss to make a memorandum of the time passed in this way, adding also a guess as to what share it has taken up in the thoughts and conversation. This would be an easy mode of forming a true notion, and getting at the exact worth of this species of *home* industry, and perhaps might place it in a different light from any in which it has hitherto been the fashion to consider it.

Needle-work taken up as an amusement, may not be altogether unamusing. We are all pretty good judges of what entertains ourselves, but it is not so easy to pronounce upon what may contribute to the entertainment of others. At all events, let us not confuse the motives of economy with those of simple pastime. If *saving* be no object, and long habit has rendered needle-work so delightful an avocation that we cannot think of relinquishing it, there are the good

old contrivances in which our granddames were used to beguile and lose their time—knitting, knotting, netting, carpet-working, and the like ingenious pursuits; those so often praised, but tedious works, which are so long in the operation, that purchasing the labour has seldom been thought good economy; yet by a certain fascination they have been found to chain down the great to a self-imposed slavery, from which they considerably, or haughtily, excused the needy. These may be esteemed lawful and lady-like amusements; but if those works more usually denominated useful, yield greater satisfaction, it might be a laudable scruple of conscience, and no bad test to herself of her own motive, if a lady who had no absolute need, were to give the money so saved to poor needle-women belonging to those branches of employment from which she has borrowed those ~~states~~ of pleasurable labour?

SEMPRONIA.

MARRIAGE OF KING CHARLES I.

TO THE EDITOR.

IN the extracts your correspondent D. W——r furnished some time since from James Howel's Letters, I remember that something was said regarding the projected match between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain. A few days ago a tract came into my hands, which is not only rare, but really valuable as an historical record, connected with one of the same illustrious persons on his subsequent marriage with the sister of the King of France: it bears the following

title, and was printed in the year 1625: "A true Discourse of all the Royal Passages, Triumphs, and Ceremonies observed at the Contract of Marriage of the high and mighty CHARLES King of Great Britain, and the most excellent of Ladies the Lady HENRIETTA MARIA of Bourbon, Sister to the most Christian King of France."

At the present moment, when such splendid preparations are making for a royal ~~splendour~~, even of a more imposing kind, I have

though that one or two descriptive quotations from this pamphlet would not be unacceptable to your readers. If you are of the same opinion, I shall look for their insertion in your forthcoming Number. You need make no further apologies in your address to correspondents, for not inserting a communication I sent you as far back as April last.

I remain yours, &c.

ANTIQUARIUS.

First, the prefixed day and hour for the solemnity of this royal and sacred marriage being come, and the whole pomp thereof in a full readiness, the first that marched forth were the hundred Swissers of the king's guard, all clothed in the king's livery of estate, with their drums beating before and after them, the fifes whistling, their ensign displayed, and all other things suitable to a warlike preparation; for these are the king's first, and indeed most soldier-like guard, being men of that temper and condition, that they are truly said to be born soldiers, live soldiers, and die soldiers. A good pretty space after them went twelve hautboys, in the king's livery of estate also, who playing upon those loud instruments, struck into some admiration, but into all delight and pleasure. Next unto these marched in two ranks eight of the king's principal drummers, in their liveries of estate also, and these were said to beat their drums with that bravery and courageousness, that, as it was said of Alexander, that when he heard Ionic music he would start up, call for his sword and armour, and express all the passions of anger and fury, so there

was not an ear that heard these, but awakened the heart to think of heroical achievements. After these marched the king's second guard, consisting of Frenchmen: then came at least a dozen trumpeters, in their liveries of estate also, with rich banners containing the king's full coat armour, and fair cordons of watchet silk and gold, suitable to the rest in every proportion. After these trumpeters came in a stately manner Monsieur de Rhodes, who is the great master of the ceremonies, being wonderfully richly apparelled, and at the least twenty of the king's ordinary gentlemen attending about him. Immediately after him went all the lords, and others who were knights of the great and renowned order of the Holy Ghost, in the rich robes of their order, and with their palks or mantles of watchet velvet all, most bravely embroidered with *fleurs-de-lis* of gold, and their other garments shining with precious stones and rich jewellery. Near unto these knights went seven heralds at arms, in very rich coats of crimson velvet, with the arms of France, and all powdered over with golden *fleurs-de-lis*. Close unto these heralds followed the two great marshals of France, Monsieur de Vitry and Monsieur Bassompierre; and after them came alone the Duke of Elbeuf, in most sumptuous attire. Then a little distance from him came (representing the person of the royal bridegroom) the Duke of Chevreuse, in a suit of most rich perfumed black cloth, cut upon cloth of gold, and lined with rich tissue; upon his head he wore a cap of cloth of gold, on which was fixed a jewel of a most inestimable value, every

diamond being so glorious, that it dazzled the eyes of all that gazed upon it; about his body, bawdrick-wise, he wore a wonderfully curious rich scarf, all embroidered over with roses, and powdered with paragon diamonds and great orient pearl; he wore a short cloak, all embroidered over with gold, and set with diamonds so wonderfully thick and curious, that in his moving he seemed to burn and bear a living flame about him. After him came the Earl of Carlisle and the Earl of Holland (being the extraordinary ambassadors for the Majesty of Great Britain), and they were both apparelled in white cloth of silver, richly embroidered, and interchased with many precious stones and wealthy jewellery. Then came the King of France in his own person, in royal garments of estate, all embroidered over with gold and silver, and almost covered over with rich jewels; in his right hand holding the most excellent princess his sister, who that day wore a crown of gold upon her head, chased and set with diamonds, and a world of other precious stones; her gown was all powdered over with golden *fleurs-de-lis*; and on her other hand went Monsieur, the king's brother, wonderfully sumptuously attired, and not inferior to any that had place in the royal assembly. Next unto the king, prince, and royal bride, followed the Queen Mother of France, very grave, yet richly attired; and after her came the Queen of France, whose gown was all luxuriously embroidered over with gold and silver, and set and enchased with a world of precious stones, pearl, and other jewellery:

the Princess of Condé and the Princess of Countée bore up the queen's long train. And after them followed the young Lady of Montpensier and the Countess of Soissons, and other ladies of the king's blood, in rich gowns brodered about with golden *fleurs-de-lis*. And after them the Duchess of Guise, the Duchess of Cheureuse, and the Duchess Elbeuf, with a world of other ladies and gentlewomen, who, like so many fair planets moving in their several orbs, made all the place, like the heavens, sparkle with renown and glory about them. After these came a little world of noblemen, knights, and gentlemen. And last of all came the king's principal and chief guard, consisting only of Scots and no other.

All this royal and admired assembly having in this worthy equipage before described, advanced themselves from the king's castle of the Louvre to Our Lady's church, they all made a stand at the entry of the great porch of the church, before which was a most stately scaffold mounted, whereon to celebrate the marriage, and in which place was raised a wonderfully rich and curious canopy or vealt royal of cloth of gold richly embroidered, and held almost of an incomparable value: to this canopy or vealt royal the king and monsieur his brother conducted the royal bride their sister, and placing her under it, they there left her till some ceremonies were finished; then they resigned her up into the hands of the Duke of Chereuse, to whom the Cardinal de la Roche Foncault came and performed all the ceremonies of marriage.

according to the orders of the church, and the royal ceremonies of the French nation, all acclamations of honour and renown ringing about the church in a wonderful manner.

Upon Monday, being the 13th of June, the king's most excellent majesty came unto Dover about ten of the clock in the forenoon, and after little short preparation, the queen being full of all joyful expectation, they met together in the Privy Chamber, wherein the first encounter she threw herself into his arms with that boundless and inexpressible affection, that virtue, modesty, and all the perfections which can crown the best and most excellent creature, might there have learned the worthiest rules both of honour, true love, and obedience; neither did she so soon cast herself into his arms, as withal instantly threw down herself upon her knees before him, giving up into his sacred protection, her life, liberty, service, and everlasting obedience, acknowledging herself a handmaid to his goodness, and that all the powers and strength both of her mind and body should wholly and absolutely, next unto her God, rest ever bound to his kingly commandments. — What tongue or pen is able to express that joy wherewith he received her, and her dear protestations; for scarcely could you say she is now upon her knees, when, with all the tendernesses which an immaculate and unspotted affection could express, he presently took her up into his arms, kissed her again, and gave her those dear expressions of a never changing love, that the beholders might see how each other's heart flew out at the windows of

their eyes, and by adliazan interchange lodged themselves in each other's bosom! After these pure and unfained caressments, they fell into private conference, and so passed the time till dinner; which finished, the king and queen departed from Dover, and being come out of the town, a gallant volley of shot was delivered both from the castle and ships, which continued so long and loud, that the very peal in the echo carried back her royal welcome unto Calais. Being come from the town of Dover, they came upon Barrom Down, a spacious and goodly place, where were assembled all the English nobility, and many ladies of honour and high place, which being ranked according to the dignity of their great places, and the knight marshal with a careful respect keeping the vulgar from intruding or doing them offence, the king and queen in great state rode between them, giving such respect and grace to every one of deserving quality, that every one strove, in their prayers and praises, to let the world understand the infiniteness of their joy and comfort.

From Barron Down the king and queen came the same night to the city of Canterbury, all the ways whereupon they rode being strewed with green rushes, roses, and the choicest flowers that could be gotten, and the trees loaden with people of all sorts, who with shouts and acclamations gave them a continual welcome. Being come near unto the city, their highnesses were met and received by the mayor and the rest of the city magistrates, and so brought within the walls, where was pronounced

before them divers learned gratulatory orations, and such infinite preparations made of all kinds for the general entertainment, that Canterbury seemed for that little time a very Eden or Paradise, where nothing was wanting that might serve joy or delight.

On Wednesday the king and queen departed from Canterbury, and rode in the most triumphant

manner that might be to Cobham Hall, finding (as before I said) all the high-ways strowed with roses and all manner of sweet flowers; and here at Cobham they lodged all that night, where there was all plentiful entertainment, and nothing wanting that might add any honour either to the king or kingdom.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LVI.

Then, like the Sibyl's leaves,
O scatter them abroad! ——— DRYDEN.

I FEEL no hesitation in continuing the course of maxims which I have for some time past offered to my female readers; though I could with equal propriety recommend them to the attention of parents without distinction, as they may be equally beneficial, as to their general principles in what relates to the regulation of mind or conduct, to the youth of either sex.

Too great a degree of timidity is productive of the very inconveniences that real modesty would urge to avoid: look around in society on the conceited and ignorant, and cease to blush and tremble among them.

Be neither vain of your birth, nor your present rank; they are accidents, not always acquired by merit; perhaps, in the issue to be lamented. If elevated by alliance beyond your expectation, endeavour to support that advantage by the dignity of your actions.

Give no one, by arrogance or ill-timed haughtiness, title to inquire into your origin, or to wish

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your return to that station from which you have been elevated.

Let no unexpected exaltation abate your love or veneration for your parents.

Dare to testify public respect to perhaps obscure relations, whom fortune has neglected, while she has smiled on you.

Let neither time, change of place, nor prosperity, diminish your gratitude towards those from whom you have once received an obligation.

There is a certain forced humility as offensive to delicate feeling as a revealed pride: in acting this part, you may deceive yourself, but you will not those whose good-will you would wish to conciliate.

Should accident throw in your way some former acquaintance of your youth, whom misfortune has pursued, and whom afflictions have driven from your more flowery path of life, endeavour to obliterate their humiliating remembrance of those happier times, by unaffected kindness.

Redouble even your attention to the unfortunate; avoid every subject that may awaken or increase distress.

Let no false shame induce you to check an exertion of pity, nor think it great to seem unfeeling.

Sustain patiently a very common, but false imputation of a want of understanding, rather than avow a want of good-nature.

Be undauntedly courageous in the defence of an injured character, which you have a just foundation to be assured it is.

Be sparing of censure at all times, and liberal of applause.

Guard your tongue and your pen against bitterness; above all, when the object may ever have offended you.

The strongest proof we can give of the excellency of our principles is the pardon of injuries, as it is that of our victory over our passions.

During your youth, be cautious of your manner of speaking of the beauty of your own sex; of their characters when you grow old.

Should Heaven have bestowed much personal perfection on you, take redoubled care of your mind.

Consider a more than ordinary share of beauty rather as a trial than a gift.

You have only to contemplate the scenes this world daily presents you with, of the fragility and brevity of youth and beauty, to prevent all comparisons from hurting you.

Exert your candour, and shew your compassion, towards those whose beauty may have exposed them to terror and misfortunes.

Be strict of your own conduct,

you can venture to protect unhappy victims of slander: you risk to incur your portion of censure; but guarded by conscience, and directed by humanity, these arrows will only glance, and not wound you.

There is a distinction to be observed between countenance and pity.

Be never lukewarm in the praise of contemporaries; it is surely a pleasing task to bring that merit to light, which has been obscured by adversity or concealed by modesty.

There is a style of praise so blended with *but*s and *if*s, that it loses its energy before it reaches the object.

From your manner of joining in commendation of the absent your sincerity will be judged, and discernment will penetrate the veil of reluctant approbation.

Call on your pride to suppress those emotions of envy that charity cannot conquer.

Reflect on the perpetual dissimulates the most beautiful, the most prosperous persons are subject to; you will soon exchange the look of disdain for that of pity, and the murmurs of comparison for expressions of gratitude on your security from similar accidents.

Let the virtues and graces of those of your own age serve as incentives to your emulation.

Shut your eyes to the personal blemishes of your acquaintance, and open your ear to the sound of their virtues.

At that age when vanity reigns the most despotically, call generosity and good-nature to your aid.

Reflect on

others, if you yourself cannot entirely guard against its attacks.

Should there, among your connections, be some one, from inevitable and remote causes, plunged into distress, or even from misconduct, deny yourself a superfluous ornament privately to relieve them.

Should a plentiful fortune enable you to indulge a disposition to give, complete the happiness of the receiver by the manner of bestowing.

The language of contempt, flowing from a conscious superiority, arises from the mistake, that accidental gifts of fortune are the portion of merit: avoid ever to use it towards an unhappy inferior.

There is a particular grace appropriated to the exertion of each virtue; and charity has its claim: you may bestow millions with awkwardness and insensibility; refuse, yet not displease.

You will hardly be able to compensate by a long-expected gift, the tremors your hesitation may have occasioned.

If ever you should have been a sufferer from ingratitude (and who has not more or less?) do not permit the recollection to harden your heart.

Of all the delicate sensations of which the mind is capable, none, perhaps, will surpass that which attends the relief of an avowed enemy.

Be fearless of the effects of revenge, if you are compelled, by the worthlessness of an object, to refuse your assistance.

Let not your love of popularity impose on your innate principles of justice, so far as to let you

countenance dishonour, or purchase adulation.

Attend to the age and characters of those who solicit your favours; encourage youth in industry, procure the aged repose.

Observe a constant respect towards the advanced in age of every condition; excuse their infirmities, indulge their fancies, and mitigate the pains of decay.

Suffer no harsh expression to mark your impatience, occasioned by the misapprehension of decayed faculties.

Do not consider, during your youth, the aged as distinct beings from yourself: your journey, if you live, will be more speedy than you imagine to the same period, and render you equally dependent on the compassion and patience of a younger race.

It is not always necessary for different ages to assort with each other; but when circumstances demand it, be assured, the benefit will be on the younger side, whose knowledge must be inferior, and consequently their power of amusing less.

You will reap more satisfaction from conferring obligations on persons of a certain age, than those of a younger date: there is a certain attendant pride on hope at the beginning of life, that experience, on the decline of it, contributes to suppress.

It is not an ostentatious gift that will excite real gratitude.

A friendly word, a seasonable recommendation, may, at some juncture, procure as much advantage, as a pecuniary kindness to another.

Be mindful to avoid making

promises: your intentions, without reason to imagine you can render them effectual, is an injustice time must reveal.

It is better to occasion an agreeable surprise, than a painful disappointment: a modest activity will produce the one, a presumptuous confidence the other.

When you shall contemplate necessity struggling with modesty, endeavour to oblige in a manner that shall meet the wish half way, and save the blush of request.

Let not your delicacy repose at the moment of conferring a bene-

fit; continue to employ it in restraining the vanity of a recital, or even of a remoter hint of that action, which the laws of religion and morality prescribe particularly to Christians.

Do not expect an equivalent for a kindness where there shall be the means; for generosity ceases to merit the name, if it is to become an exchange.

Make no persons wait who are dependent on you: the loss of time to all who have to live on the careful employment of it, is the loss of their bread.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE NORTH-AMERICAN INDIANS' BARBARIY TO THEIR CAPTIVES.

It has been long too feelingly known, that instead of observing the generous part of the laws of war, by saving the unfortunate who fall into their power, the North-American Indians generally devote their captives to death with the most agonizing tortures. No representation can possibly be given, so shocking to humanity, as their unmerciful method of tormenting their devoted prisoner; and as it is so contrary to the standard of the rest of the known world, I shall relate the circumstances, so far as to convey proper information thereof to the reader. When the company return from war, and come in view of their own town, they follow the leader one by one, in a direct line, each a few yards behind the other, to magnify their triumph. If they have not succeeded, or any of their warriors are lost, they are quite silent; but if they are all safe, and have succeeded, they fire off the Indian platoon, by one, two, and

three at a time, whooping and insulting the prisoners. They encamp near their town all night, in a large square plot of ground, marked for the purpose, with a high war-pole fixed in the middle of it, to which they secure their prisoners. Next day they go to the leader's house in a very solemn procession, but stay without, round his red painted war-pole, until they have determined concerning the fate of their prisoners. If any one of the captives should be fortunate enough to get loose, and run into the house of the archi-magus, or to a town of refuge, he by ancient custom is saved from the fiery torture; these places being a sure asylum to them if they were invaded and taken, but not to invaders, because they came to shed blood.

The young prisoners are saved, if not devoted while the company were sanctifying themselves for their expedition; but if the latter be the case, they are condemned,

and tied to the dreadful stake one at a time. The victors first strip their miserable captives quite naked, and put on their feet a pair of bear-skin moccasins; with the black hairy part outside; others fasten with a grape-vine a burning fire-brand to the pole, a little above the reach of their heads. Then they know their doom; deep black and burning fire are fixed seals of their death-warrant. Their punishment is always left to the women; and on account of their false standard of education, they are no way backward in their office, but perform it to the entire satisfaction of the greedy eyes of the spectators. Each of them prepares for the dreadful rejoicing a long bundle of dry canes, or the heart of fat pitch-pine, and as the victims are led to the stake, the women and their young ones beat them with these in a most barbarous manner. Happy would it be for the miserable creatures, if their sufferings ended here, or a merciful tomahawk finished them at one stroke; but this shameful treatment is a prelude to future sufferings.

The death-signal being given, preparations are made for acting a more tragical part. The victim's arms are fast pinioned, and a strong grape-vine is tied round his neck to the top of the war-pole, allowing him to track around about fifteen yards. They fix some tough clay on his head, to secure the scalp from the blazing torches. Unbearable pleasure now fills the exulting crowd of spectators; the circle fills with the amazonian and merciless executioners. The suffering warrior, however, is not dis-

mayed; with an insulting manly voice, he sings the war song; and with gallant contempt, he tramples the rattling gourd with pebbles in it to pieces, and outbraves even death itself. The women make a furious onset with their burning torches; his pain is so excruciating, that he rushes out from the pole with the fury of the most savage beast of prey, and with the vine sweeps down all before him, kicking, biting, and trampling them with the greatest despite. The circle immediately fills again, either with the same or fresh persons; they attack him on every side: now he runs to the pole for shelter, but the flames pursue him; then, with champing teeth and sparkling eye-balls, he breaks through their contracted circle afresh, and acts every part that the highest courage, most raging fury, and blackest despair can prompt him to. But he is sure to be overpowered by numbers, and after some time the fire affects his tender parts. Then they pour over him a quantity of cold water, and allow him a proper time of respite, until his spirits recover, and he is capable of suffering new tortures. Then the like cruelties are repeated until he falls down, and happily becomes insensible of pain. Now they scalp him; dismember and carry off all the exterior branches of the body, *pudendis non exceptis*, in shameful and savage triumph. This is the most favourable treatment their devoted captives receive; it would be too shocking to humanity either to give or peruse every particular of their conduct in such doleful tragedies; nothing can equal these scenes, but those

of the unmerciful Romish Inquisition.

Not a soul, of whatever age or sex, manifests the least pity during the prisoner's tortures; the women sing with religious joy all the while they are torturing the devoted victim, and peals of laughter resound through the crowded theatre, especially if he fears to die. But a warrior puts on a bold austere countenance, and carries it through all his pains. As long as he can, he whoops and outbraves the enemy, describing his own martial deeds against them, with those of his own nation, who he threatens will force many of them to eat fire in revenge of his fate, as he himself had often done to some of their relations at their cost.

Though the same things operate alike upon the organs of the hu-

man body, and produce a uniformity of sensations; yet weakness or constancy of mind derived from habit, helps, in a great measure, either to heighten or lessen the sense of pain. By this, the afflicted party has learned to stifle nature, and shew an outward unconcern, under such slow and acute tortures; and the surprising cruelty of their women is equally owing to education and custom. Similar instances verify this, as in Lisbon, and other places, where tender-hearted ladies are transformed by their bloody priests into so many Medeas, through deluded religious principles; and will sit and see with the highest joy, the martyrs of God drawn along in diabolical triumph to the fiery stake, and suffering death with lingering tortures.

THE GOOD WIFE.

A GENTLEMAN of very ancient family and considerable estate was married to a lady of beauty, wit, virtue, and good-humour: but though he knew and acknowledged the merits of his wife, yet he was a man of so depraved a taste, that the most dirty creature he could pick up frequently supplied her place.

It happened when they were at their country-seat, that, riding one morning to take the air, as was his usual custom, he met a ragged country wench, with a pair of wallets, or coarse linen bags, thrown over her shoulders. He stopped his horse, and asked what she had got there. To which she replied, with a low courtesy, after her fa-

shion, that it was broken victuals; that her mother and she had no sustenance but what they got from the charity of the cooks at great gentlemen's houses; and that she was now going home with what they had given her. "You need not be in haste I suppose," said he; "if you will step with me into yonder field, I will give you something to buy a new gown." The poor girl needed not much persuasion to bring her to consent: on which he alighted from his horse, and threw the bridle over a hedge-stake; the girl, at the same time, hung her bags on the pommel of the saddle, to prevent their coming to any harm; she then followed the gentleman a little way out of the road.

The horse not liking his situation, found means to get loose, and ran directly home. The lady, by chance, was at the window when he came galloping into the courtyard. She was at first a little frightened to see him without his rider, but perceiving the bags, she called to have them brought to her, and on their being so, was not at a loss to guess the meaning of this adventure. She then ordered the cook to empty the wallets, and put whatever she found in them into a clean dish, and send it up in the first course that day at dinner, which accordingly was done.

The husband, on missing his horse, walked home, and brought with him two neighbouring gentlemen, whom he accidentally met in his way. But these guests did not prevent the lady from prosecuting her intention. The beggar's provision was set upon the table; remnants of stale fowls, bones half picked, pieces of beef, mutton, lamb, veal, with several lumps of bread, promiscuously huddled together, made a very comical appearance. Every one presently had his eyes upon this dish; and the husband, not knowing what to make of it, cried out pretty hastily, "What is this? what have we got here?" To which the lady, with the greatest gaiety, replied, "It is a

new-fashioned olio, my dear: it wants no variety; I think there is a little of every thing, and I hope you will eat heartily of it, as it is a dish of your own providing."

The significant smile which accompanied these last words, as well as the tone of voice in which they were spoken, making him remember where the girl had hung her wallets, threw him into a good deal of confusion, which she perceiving, ordered the dish to be taken away, and said, "I see you don't like it, my dear; therefore when you next go to market, pray be a better caterer."—"Forgive this," cried he, "and I promise you never to go to any such market more."

The gentlemen found there was some mystery in all this, but would not be so free as to desire an explanation. When dinner was over, however, and the lady, after behaving the whole time with all the cheerfulness imaginable, had retired to leave them to their bottle, the husband made no scruple of relating to them by what means his table had been furnished with a dish of so particular a kind; at which they laughed very heartily, and would have done much more so, if their admiration of the lady's wit and good-humour had not almost entirely engrossed their attention.

CHURCH BELLS.

THE invention of bells, such as are hung in the towers or steeples of Christian churches, is, by Polydore Virgil and others, ascribed to Paulinus Bishop of Nola, a city of Campania, about the year 400. It is said that the names Nola and

Campana, the one referring to the city, the other to the country, were for that reason given to them. In the time of Clothair King of France, in the year 610, the army of the king was frightened from the siege of the city of Sens by ring-

ing the bells of St. Stephen's church. In the times of Popery, bells were baptized and anointed *oleo Chrismatis*; they were exorcised and blessed by the bishop, from a belief that when these ceremonies were performed, they had power to drive the devil out of the air, to calm tempests, to extinguish fire, and even to recreate the dead. The ritual of these ceremonies is contained in the Roman Pontifical, and it was usual in their baptism to give each bell the name of some saint. In Chauncey's "History of Hertfordshire," page 383, is the relation of the baptism of a set of bells in Italy with great ceremony, a short time before the writing of that book. By an old chartulary, once in possession of Weever the antiquary, it appears that the bells of the priory of Little Dunmow, in Essex, were anno 1501 new cast, and baptized by the following names.

Prima in honore Sancti Michaelis Arch-
angeli.

Secunda in honore S. Johannis Evangeliste.

Tertia in honore S. Johannis Baptiste

Quarta in honore Assumptionis beate Marie.

Quinta in honore sancte Trinitatis et omnium Sanctorum

Iun Mon 633.

The bells at Osney Abbey, near Oxford, were also very famous: their names were Douce, Clement, Austin, Hautector (potius Hautcleri), Gabriel, and John.—Appendix to Hearne's "Collection of Discourses by Antiquaries," No. 11.

Near Old Windsor is a public-house, vulgarly called the Bells of Boscely. This house was originally built for the accommodation of bargemen, and others navigating the river Thames between London

and Oxford. It has a sign of six bells, that is, the bells of Osney.

In "The Funeral Monuments" of Weever are the following particulars relating to bells:

"Funera plango, fulgura frango, sabbata
pango,
Exuto lentos, dissipo ventos, paco crucen-
tos." Page 122.

"In the little sanctuary at Westminster, King Edward III. erected a clochier, and placed therein three bells for the use of St. Stephen's chapel: about the biggest of them were cast in the metal these words:

"King Edward made me thirtie thousand
weight and three,
Take me down, and wey mee, and more you
shall find me."

"But these bells being taken down in the reign of King Henry VIII. one writes underneath, with a coal:

"But Henry the Eight
Will bait me or my weight"—Page 192.

This last distich alludes to a fact mentioned by Stow in his "Survey of London," ward of Faringdon Within; to wit, that near St. Paul's school stood a clochier, in which were four bells, called Jesus' bells, the greatest in all England, against which Sir Miles Partridge staked a hundred pounds, and won them of King Henry VIII. at a cast of dice.

It is said that the foundation of the fortunes of the Corsini family in Italy, was laid by an ancestor of it, who, at the dissolution of religious houses, purchased the bells of abbeys and other churches, and by the sale of them in other countries acquired a very great estate. Nevertheless, it appears that abroad there are bells of a great magnitude. In the steeple of the great

church at Rouen, in Normandy, is a bell with this inscription :

" Je suis George d'Amboise,
Qui treute cinque mille pois;
Mais il qui me pesera,
Treute-six mille me trouuera."

" I am George of Amboise,
Thirty-five thousand in pois;
But he that shall weigh me,
Thirty-six thousand shall find me."

And it is a common tradition that the bells of King's College chapel, in the University of Cambridge, were taken by Henry V. from some church in France, after the battle of Agincourt. They were taken down some years ago, and sold to Phelps, the bell-founder in Whitechapel, who melted them down.

The practice of ringing bells in change is said to be peculiar to this country, but the antiquity of it is not easily to be ascertained. There are in London several societies of ringers, particularly one called the College Youths: of this, it is said, Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, was, in his youth, a member; and in the life of this

learned and upright judge, written by Bishop Burnet, some facts are mentioned which favour this report. In England the practice of ringing is reduced to a science, and peals have been composed which bear the names of the inventors. Some of the most celebrated peals now known were composed about fifty years ago by one Patrick: this man was a maker of barometers; in his advertisements he styled himself Torricellian operator, from Torricelli, who invented instruments of this kind.

In the year 1684, one Abraham Rudhall, of the city of Gloucester, brought the art of bell-founding to great perfection. His descendants in succession have continued the business of casting bells, and by a list published by them, it appears that at Lady-day 1774, the family, in peals and odd bells, had cast to the amount of 3594. The peals of St. Dunstan's in the East, St. Bride's, London, and St. Martin's in the Fields, Westminster, are in the number.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Series of Caledonian Airs, with Variations for the Piano-forte, by J. F. Burrowes. No. VI. Pr. 2s. 6d. (Goulding and Co.)

THE air "Charlie is my darling," in C minor, forms the theme of these variations, in which we observe a diversity of character more marked and striking than in any of the preceding numbers. This has been effected by changes of key, of time, and of movement; and yet, howsoever great the variety may

be, the main features of the parent stock are throughout more or less discernible. We refrain from a more particular analysis of the variations themselves, among which we find a largo, presto, march, quick step, pastorale, polacca, &c: in C minor, C major, and E♭ major, and, lastly, a coda of very interesting materials. The whole is written with laudable care, replete with marks of a free and tasteful fancy, purity of melodic diction,

and propriety of harmonic structure. This is one of the best numbers in the collection.

Burros's Overture, performed at the Philharmonic Society and other Concerts, arranged as a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte, by the Author. Op. 13. Pr. 1s. (Chappell and Co. Bond street).

As we have not had an opportunity of hearing this overture in full orchestra, nor seen its full score, we can form but an imperfect idea of its nature. But so far as the arrangement for the piano-forte enables us to infer, the composition appears to be one of great merit, full of spirit, replete with scientific touches of the higher order, and likely to produce a very striking effect. The adaptation before us, forms a very interesting and brilliant duet, in which both parts sustain an equal share of the execution; and hence require players of some experience and steadiness as to time.

"Mi tanti palpiti" composed by Rossini, sung by Mrs. Salmon, arranged as a Duet for the Harp and Piano-forte, and dedicated to Mrs. G. Wright, by J. Michael Weippart. No. I. Pr. 1s. (Preston, Strand).

We have had this pretty air of Rossini's before us in various shapes, but it is impossible to be satiated with it. Mr. Weippart has treated it as a duet, absolutely concertante between the harp and the piano-forte, and the liberties he has taken with the subject, contribute greatly to give the performance the advantage of tasteful variety. We have, first, a short introduction; then comes the air in a tolerably authentic and com-

plete state; it transforms itself next into a pleasing waltz. The waltz is followed by a brief adagio portion, by way of preparation and contrast, to reintroduce the subject; and the performance concludes with the theme *alla marcia*, and a coda deduced therefrom. All this appears to be done in proper style, and without subjecting either of the performers to any peculiar executive difficulties, so that there can be little doubt of the duet's proving an agreeable and effective composition for both instruments.

Palinodia a Nice, in thirteen vocal Duets, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated, by permission, to H. R. II. the Duke of Sussex, by J. F. Danneley. No. I. Pr. 2s. (R. Harm. Institution).

Three numbers of this work are published, and the remainder, Mr. D. states, are to follow successively. Want of leisure, however, compels us to confine our notice, at present, to the first number.

The text of these duets is from Metastasio, and a metrical English translation, from the pen of Mrs. J. Cobbold, is subjoined to the Italian words, so that the duets may be sung in either language. As we once were employed upon a similar task, after the music had been already written for the Italian poetry, we can perfectly appreciate the difficulties of such an undertaking, and are therefore the more ready to acknowledge the very successful manner in which Mrs. C. has executed the translation.

As the two vocal parts are set in the G and counter, tenor-clefs, the secondo part, of course, is intend-

ed for a male voice. The first duet is in B♭ major and $\frac{2}{4}$ time. We are not sure, however, whether $\frac{4}{4}$ was not intended; at least, with the latter, the uneven periods "e degno di pietà," would fall within the extent of four bars. The general complexion of the melody is satisfactory, and the accompaniments are properly varied. Towards the conclusion, in particular, the piano-forte affords an active and effective support.

"*A rose-bud by my early walk,*" a Glee for four Voices, by T. Attwood. Pr. 2s. (R. Harm. Institution.)

The four parts of this glee (in three sharps) are, treble, alt, tenor, and bass; and the words, in the Scottish dialect, are from Burns. The composition has the merit of regularity as to plan, good combination of the parts, apposite musical expression of the text, and natural connection between the thoughts successively following each other.

"*Donald and Annet,*" the much admired Scotch Ballad sung by Miss Copeland, with unbounded applause, at the Surrey Theatre, in the great Caledonian Spectacle called "*Montrose*;" the Poetry by F. Dibdin, Esq.; the Music by J. Sanderson. Pr. 1s. (Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

This is a pleasing little ballad, of great simplicity. Artless innocence is the predominant feature in its melody, which is quite Scotch. There is just as much accompaniment as may be deemed requisite to give support to the air, without injuring its essential character.

"*La petite Bagatelle,*" for the Pi-

ano-forte or Harp, composed by S. F. Rimbault. No. iv. Pr. 1s. (Hodsoll.)

Our approbation of the preceding numbers of this series may fairly be extended to this, which contains a little rondo in A minor. The subject, *alla Turca*, is interesting; the digressions to the kindred keys, C major, and A major, are natural and analogous; and the different parts are in proper keeping and proportion. Beginners cannot be supplied with fitter materials for practice and improvement.

"*La Bellina,*" a favourite Rondo for the Piano-forte or Harp, composed by T. H. Butler. Pr. 2s. (Hodsoll.)

"*La Bellina,*" like "*La Bagatelle*," is meant for the lower forms in the musical academy: it is, however, a degree higher in point of execution, and has, moreover, an introductory slow movement, the melodic conception and rhythmic construction of which are such as to ensure the favour of the pupil, and improve his taste. The subject of the rondo is agreeable; and the rondo, throughout, exhibits that style of lively ease, and propriety of unaffected diction, which ought to characterize compositions of this class. The modulations, however (p. 3, ll. 5, 6), form rather an exception: they might have been more free, and more varied as to form.

The celebrated Hungarian Waltz, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed by T. H. Butler. Pr. 2s. 6d. (Wheatstone, Strand.)

Mr. B.'s treatment of this justly popular tune is entitled to a respectable place among the several

compositions of the like nature, to which the same air has given rise. His variations are written with considerable taste, and with attention to harmonic purity. The fifth, in particular, claims our approbation on account of the fluency and neatness of its passages. A little more variety of character, time, and even of key, would have been desirable. To be too inflexibly true to the theme, ought as much to be avoided as to swerve into extraneous and gratuitous fancies. *In medio tutissimus ibis.* The presto, at the conclusion, forms the only exception to the above remark: it is in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, and tells well in that shape; but the coda comes in somewhat abruptly, and wants analogy with the theme.

No. I. of Spanish Dances, with their appropriate Figures, as danced at the Nobility's Assemblies, arranged for the Piano-forte or Harp. Pr. 1s. 6d. (Wheatstone, Strand.)

These dances carry with them intrinsic evidence of their authenticity, and possess some features of originality. "Las Abas de Victoria" is an interesting tune, and the bolero exhibits all the grave formality peculiar to this dance. Of the figures, which are given in Spanish and English, "non nobis est," &c. As we should know little about the matter were they purely English, it will be readily conceived, that the Spanish terms "Latigo," "Paseo," "Rueda," "Espejos," "Barilete," "Frentis," must be more than downright Greek to us.

"*The tear that gems dear woman's eye;*" a Ballad, written, and adapt-

ed to a popular Caledonian Melody, by D. A. O'Meara, Esq.; the Symphonies and Accompaniments composed by C. N. Smith. Pr. 1s. 6d. (Wheatstone, Strand.)

As the music is a mere fit of an old tune to a new text, all we have to report is, that it is a good fit. The poetry sings kindly to the melody, and is a neat sonnet in admiration of female tears, which the author appears to prize far more than the smile of the fair. To own the truth, we are not quite so far advanced in the Ovidian art to agree in taste with Mr. O'Meara. Wedlocked as we are, it does our heart infinitely more good, when returning from our occupations, to see a smile upon the countenance of our conjugal partner, than to observe the "diamond dew that sparkles in her tear." But *de gustibus non est disputandum.* We devoutly hope, however, that this lachrymose taste will not become universal, else what a life might not the whole fair sex lead? For, however difficult it may sometimes be to excite a smile, the tear may be produced without great efforts.

"*When the flame of love inspiring;*" a Ballad, adapted to the popular Air, "Rousseau's Dream," with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by J. Davy. Pr. 1s. 6d. (Wheatstone, Strand.)

The words of the ballad, written by Mr. A. Scott, adapt themselves very naturally to the simple and elegant little air known by the name of "Rousseau's Dream;" and the accompaniment by Mr. Davy is, in every respect, satisfactory and effective.

FASHIONS.



LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 10.—WALKING DRESS.

A ROUND dress, composed of jaconot muslin: the skirt is moderately full and gored: it is trimmed at the bottom by three flounces of rich work; each flounce is headed by a muslin *bouillonné*. High body, made without a collar, to fasten behind, and ornamented with a row of work disposed in a serpentine wreath round the bust. Sleeves of a moderate width, falling very long over the hand, and finished with *bouillonné* edged with work; very full half-sleeve, interspersed with work disposed in a wave, to correspond with the last. —The spencer is also composed of jaconot muslin: it has a full back; the waist is of moderate length, and is finished by a short full jacket: the fronts are tight to the shape. A large double pelerine, trimmed with work, almost conceals the lower part of the spencer: the collar is made high; it stands out from the throat, and is also richly trimmed with work. Long loose sleeves, finished at the hand by two falls of work. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of French net, ornamented with chains of French gimp, laid crosswise in rows, and interspersed with white satin rouleaus: the crown is low; the brim more than usually deep, and finished at the edge by a quilling of lace; the top of the crown is very tastefully ornamented by draperies of net, fastened with small white satin bows, and interspersed with roses. A rich ribbon passes

under the chin, and ties in a full bow on one side. Black kid shoes; Limeric gloves.

PLATE 11.—EVENING DRESS.

A round dress, composed of Ur-ling's net, over a white satin slip: the dress is gored, and sufficiently full to hang in easy folds round the figure; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with flounces of Ur-ling's lace, headed by rouleaus of white *zephyrine*; these flounces are festooned in a singular but striking manner with bouquets of roses and blue-bells. The *corsage* is tight to the shape; it is cut moderately low round the bust, which is ornamented in a very novel manner with lozenges of net, each lozenge formed by a large pearl: the front of the *corsage* is also decorated with pearls. The sleeve is very short: it is composed of a fulness of net over white satin, interspersed with pearls laid on in waves; the bottom of the sleeve is finished by a twisted rouleau of satin and pearls. Hair dressed in the French style, in a profusion of full curls, which are brought very low at the sides of the face, and parted in the middle of the forehead so as partially to display it: the hind hair is brought up in full bows on the crown of the head; they are partly concealed by a garland of roses, which is placed very far back on the head. Earrings and necklace, pearls. White satin slippers, and white kid gloves.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, of No. 9, Henrietta-street,

Covent-Garden, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade dress has now assumed, generally speaking, that light appearance which ought to characterize it at this season of the year. Silk dresses are rarely worn for the promenade: we see, it is true, a few pelisses and a good many spencers; but gowns are almost always composed of muslin, and the spencer or pelisse is very frequently of the same material.

Our *marchandes de modes* are at this moment busy in making up dresses for the various fashionable places of summer resort; among those which are calculated at once for the promenade and for morning dress, we have noticed a high robe and petticoat, made in a very novel and tasteful style: it is composed of cambric muslin; the petticoat is trimmed with an intermixture of open work and muslin *bouillonné*; the former is let-in in lozenges, which are interspersed among waves of the latter: this trimming is very deep. The robe is a good deal shorter than the petticoat, and instead of meeting in front, it comes no farther than the arm-hole; it is embroidered round in a broad rich pattern, to correspond with the work of the petticoat. The body is made high, and in a very rich style; the upper part of it is worked in the same manner as the robe. The collar, which is also of work, is cut in points, which fall on the shoulders and in the middle of the

back. The lower part of the body is composed of cambric muslin; the back is full, of a moderate breadth in the middle, but tapering down at each side, so as to be much narrower than usual at the bottom. The fronts wrap across, and fasten in the middle of the back with a small rosette of work. The sleeves are very wide; they are worked at the bottom part to correspond with the robe: the epaulette consists of a single fall of work, deep at the hind part, and shallow in front of the arm. This dress is upon the whole one of the most striking novelties we have lately seen in morning costume.

We have seen also some cambric and jaconot muslin pelisses made without collars, with large pelerines, which fall almost as low as the bottom of the waist: these pelisses are made in general with loose bodies, and to wrap across in front. Some are trimmed round with work, others with tucks *bouillonné*, or pulled muslin, and some few have trimmings of clear muslin laid on full, with coloured ribbon run through them.

Bonnets have not altered in size, nor materially in shape, since last month. We observe that silk ones are now little worn even in walking dress; transparent bonnets, or those that are partly so, being indiscriminately adopted in walking as in carriage dress. We have seen some the crowns, of which were composed of silk, and the brims of net, gauze, or lace. These bonnets are novel, and have a pretty effect. Lace is the most fashionable material for the edges of the brims of bonnets,

artificial flowers are as much worn to decorate the crowns of them as ever.

Rich white silk spencers are much in favour in carriage dress, as are also white lace scarfs. Clear muslin pelisses, without silk linings, have been recently introduced, and seem likely to be much worn; they are made with full backs: some are trimmed with lace, others have a trimming of ribbon disposed in a mosaic pattern; it is sometimes mixed with muslin, at others with ribbon of a different colour: these pelisses have in general peplumes, some of which are now made in the latest French fashion; that is to say, with three points.

We see with pleasure that waists do not increase in length; on the contrary, we have observed, in some instances, that they were a little, but it must be owned very little, shorter. The backs of gowns are moderately wide at top, but they are much narrower at bottom than they have recently been made. High gowns are now mostly made without collars, and low ones are cut in a very decorous style in general round the bust: we are very glad that it is so, for we hate to see fashion, as is too often the case, at variance with decency: *à propos* to decency, our gowns are at present long enough to satisfy the most rigid observer of decorum; our short sleeves are also of a very modest length; in short, for once fashion and delicacy seem to join in presiding at the toilet of British beauty.

In dinner dress, muslin is much worn than silk, though the latter is also in estimation. Dinner

gowns are still worn trimmed very high: they are made in general to fasten behind, and are usually tight to the shape: the busts of some are very profusely ornamented with letting-in lace; others have the shape of the bosom formed by white satin rouleaus disposed in the form of a stomacher, and finished by small bows of white ribbon up the middle of the bust. Sleeves are universally worn short and full, but we do not observe much novelty in their form.

There is much variety in the trimmings of muslin dresses; a good many are decorated by a mosaic trimming of ribbon, sometimes headed by a rouleau of satin, and always finished by a deep flounce of lace. Another very fashionable style of trimming, and one that is equally novel and pretty, is a chain composed of ribbons of two different colours: this is laid on in waves, and between each wave a satin or muslin puff is let in; there are in general two rows of this trimming. A third sort, which has a very novel effect, consists of one or two rows of pointed muslin trimming, made very deep and edged with narrow lace; a broad band of coloured satin is laid under these points, and each of them is fastened down either by a silk ornament, or a bow or rosette of ribbon.

Lace and gauze are at present most fashionable in full dress; but silks are still very much worn. Blond and tulle mixed with satin are most in favour for trimmings; thread lace is also in very great request; and chain trimming, made either of ribbon or of plaited silk cord, is very fashionable.

The hair is worn dressed moderately high behind: the front hair is disposed in luxuriant curls, which fall very low on each cheek; these curls form a very thick cluster on each temple: they have a heavy appearance, and are by no means generally becoming. The middle of the forehead and eyebrows are partially displayed.

Caps are very much worn in half dress: they are always small; are

composed of net or lace of our own manufacture, and are adorned with flowers. In full dress, the head is very rarely covered; the *coiffure* is always of feathers or flowers, but, generally speaking, the latter predominates.

Fashionable colours are, evening primrose, pale rose-colour, apple-green, azure, lilac, peach-blossom, damask rose-colour, straw-colour, and very pale slate-colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, July 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR promenade dress has undergone a good many changes since I wrote to you last. Very soon after I had despatched my letter, the weather became so extremely hot, that we discarded our ruffs and *collarettas*: a few days, however, obliged us to resume not only them, but even our silk spencers likewise. Many *belles* indeed were not content with spencers only, but added warm shawls to them, so that our promenades had very little the appearance of summer. Now, however, we have once more resumed the gay costume of the season, and our public walks are filled with white-robed *belles*, whose attire, though becoming and tasteful, is not sufficiently varied to afford much scope for description. A woman, however, rarely wants words in speaking of dress; and if I cannot present you with very striking descriptions, you shall at least have very minute ones.

Our waists continue the same length, but I have the pleasure to tell you, peaked dresses are upon

the decline. I am very glad of this, because they were very unbecoming to the shape, and had a formal and unnatural effect. Our gowns are rather tighter in the skirt and less gores than they were a short time back, but they are still wide enough not to be ungraceful.

By far the greatest number of dresses are ornamented with embroidery; some of those which are not, are trimmed with a mixture of tucks and flounces: a very deep flounce, which has in general one or two narrow tucks above the hem, is placed at the bottom of the dress, and is always disposed in large deep plaits: immediately over this, five or six deep tucks are run close to each other; they are surmounted by a flounce, to correspond with that at the bottom, and above this flounce is placed a corresponding number of tucks: the trimming is consequently very deep.

A more novel, and by far a prettier style of trimming is composed of cockades of clear muslin, let in in puffs: dresses trimmed in this manner have in general a narrow

founce laid-in in a wave at the bottom of the dress: there are three or four rows of the puffs let-in in an irregular manner; the top row is surmounted by a slight wave of embroidery. This trimming looks much better than our formal tucks and flounces: there is, however, rather too much of it.

Where the bottom of the dress is ornamented with embroidery, it is sometimes surmounted by a full rouleau of muslin, adorned with a narrow founce of work at each edge.

The bodies of dresses still fasten behind: they are now rarely made quite up to the throat; they are in general of a three-quarter height, so as to leave the throat and a little of the bust bare: the bosom of the dress has no other trimming than a plain band of muslin, or if the gown is embroidered, a narrow row of embroidery. A light shawl, or a muslin or lace *sautoir*, tied at the throat, renders it an out-door dress. The sleeves of dresses are still worn tight: those that are trimmed in the cockade style, have generally the body and sleeves made to correspond with the skirt; the others are made in the same style as I described to you in my last letter. A few dresses are finished by a double fall of work at the bottom of the waist: it has very little fullness in front, but a good deal behind. Plaid sashes are now universally worn; they are very broad, and tied in full bows behind, with very long ends: the prettiest are those of bright pink and white, or pale rose colour and light blue: but these are by no means the most fashionable; on the contrary, those dark full colours which contrast

badly, and are also inappropriate to the season, are in the most favour; as for instance, *ponceau* and orange, ruby and sage-green, dark brown and blue.

Our head-dresses are not nearly so light as usual at this time of the year. Gauze and crape have for some seasons past been the favourite materials for summer *chapeaux*: now, however, white straw, Leghorn, and silk are considered most fashionable, particularly the two former. Bonnets are still of a moderate size, and at this moment they are worn without any trimming at the edge of the brim. Those composed of Leghorn are never lined; those of white straw may be lined or not, according to the fancy of the wearer; but those of *gros de Naples*, or other silk, are lined always. The few hats that are made in crape or gauze are in general transparent: sometimes, however, these materials are laid over silk; when that is the case, the brims are always *bouillonné*, and the crape or gauze is either fluted or disposed in folds on the crown.

The crowns of bonnets are of two shapes only—those that are round, and those like a man's hat: the brims are all rounded at the corners, and long enough to reach the bottom of the chin: this fashion is, generally speaking, unbecoming. Feathers or flowers, or sometimes a mixture of both, ornament *chapeaux*. Marabouts are very much in favour, as are ostrich feathers: these latter are in general of two colours, or rather, if I may use the expression, striped; that is to say, a white feather is tinged in the middle and at the edges.

with another colour: the favourite colours of these striped feathers are pink, lilac, and blue. I must not forget to observe, that we always wear as many as five or six. When the hat is ornamented with ostrich feathers, there is generally one suffered to fall over towards the back part of it, almost to the throat.

Ostrich feathers are never mixed with flowers, but marabouts are very frequently. The feathers are placed upright on one side of the *chapeau*, and in such a manner as to go half round it, and a half-wreath of flowers is placed at their base. Those hats that are adorned with flowers only, have always a large bouquet, in which ears of ripe corn are mixed with garden or field flowers, or sometimes with both. I have seen lately some hats adorned with a wreath very whimsically composed of knots of ribbon, flowers, and ears of corn. This kind of decoration is a good deal used for the *chapeaux des Bolivars*, which is the name of our most fashionable bonnet. There is nothing remarkable in it, except that the crown is still lower, and the brim wider, than the others.

Since the weather has become so warm, a loose breakfast robe has been introduced, which is convenient and appropriate, though not remarkably tasteful or elegant. It is composed of *percale*, is open in front, and loose in the body; it has no collar, but comes nearly to the throat, and is finished round the bust by a full fall of thin jacobine, which forms a kind of full pelerine; it is trimmed all round with a fluted band of jacobine muslin. The sleeves are very

long and loose; they are finished at the hand to correspond with the trimming; it fastens at the throat by a bow of coloured ribbon, and a sash, to correspond, confines it at the waist.

Home dinner dress is, generally speaking, that worn for the promenade; and muslin is more in favour for parties than silk, but not so much so as gauze or crape; the former, in particular, is very much in estimation.

Dress gowns are made low, but not indecorously so: those in gauze or crape are trimmed either with artificial flowers, embroidery in coloured silks, or draperies of the same material as the gown, which are looped either with pearls, knots of ribbon, or flowers. Short sleeves are universally worn in full dress.

Our present style of hair-dressing is very bad: the front hair is disposed in thick curls, which nearly cover the forehead, and have a formal heavy appearance: the hind hair is more tastefully arranged; it is disposed in plaits and bows, which are brought moderately high. We still retain our *penchant* for head-dresses of hair; but flowers are not so universally worn in full dress as when I wrote last, feathers being now almost as generally adopted; and in many instances the hair is adorned with pearls only. I saw the other night at the house of a very dashing *élégante*, a head-dress more than usually striking, and one which I thought as novel as it was elegant. A garland of short marabouts intermixed with diamond stars was placed very far back upon the head; and a wreath of white roses, formed of the down



of the feather, was arranged among the front hair, so as to be only partly visible, and to have the appearance of restraining its luxuriance. I must once more return to the promenade costume, for I see that I have forgotten to tell you, that white gauze veils are very much in fashion

The colours most in estimation

at present are, azure lilac, lavender, and rose colour "Always rose colour!" methinks I hear you say: it may indeed, my dear friend, be termed the national hue of this lively people; and that it may always be the colour of my Sophia's future days, is the truest wish of her

EUDOCIA.

PLATE 9 — A RUSSIAN DROSCHKI.

We inserted in our number for January last (p. 13), a notice of a gift received by his present Majesty from the Emperor of Germany it consisted of a four-wheeled carriage, called a *droschki*, with Ackermann's patent moveable axles.

The annexed engraving is made from a drawing of a vehicle in many respects similar, and also called a *droschki*, received by his Majesty very recently from the Emperor of Russia. The chief point of dif-

ference between this carriage and that sent by the Emperor of Germany is, that the former only accommodates one person in the body; but the shape, as will be seen, is peculiarly elegant, and the whole is of the most excellent workmanship. It is to be remarked, that although carriages of this convenient description are rare in Great Britain, yet in Russia they are extremely common, and are used by all classes, from the Emperor himself down to the humblest citizen.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications.

OF THE EDUCATION OF MADAME DE STAEL, AND HER EARLY YEARS.

(From *Sketch of the Character and Writings of Madame de Staël*, by Madame NECKER DE SAUSSURE.)

IN consequence of her mother's system of education, Mademoiselle Necker thus at the same time studied assiduously, heard many conversations on subjects beyond her years, and was present at the representation of the best theatrical pieces. Her pleasure as well as duties all exercised her understanding; and nature, which itself

gave her a fondness for this, was seconded in every way. Intellectual faculties of great energy, thus acquired a prodigious increase. In 1781, when the *Compte rendu* was published, Mademoiselle Necker wrote a very remarkable anonymous letter to her mother, who soon discovered her by its style. She was a writer from the earliest youth.

She composed eulogies and portraits. At fifteen she made extracts from the Spirit of Laws, with remarks. Abbé Raynal wished to prevail on her to write something on the revocation of the edict of Nantes for his great work. This inclination for writing was not encouraged by Mr. Necker, which nothing but her decided excellence could have induced him to pardon, for he was naturally averse to female authors.

The sensibility of this lady was equally quick. The praise of her parents filled her eyes with tears: of Madame Huber she was passionately fond: at the sight of a person of celebrity, her heart would palpitate. What she read too, over the selection of which Madame Necker, more severe than vigilant, did not always preside, produced an extraordinary impression on her. She has since said, that the carrying away of *Clarissa* was one of the events of her youth. Nature had given Madame de Staël, with great susceptibility, something of seriousness and gravity, which already appeared in her compositions, as well as in her literary tastes. "What pleased her," says Madame Rilliet, "was what made her shed tears."

So many stimulants, such powerful incentives, where, for the securing of happiness at least, a curb is wanting, gave a wonderful activity to the moral being; but the physical being suffered from this, and her lessons in particular exhausted powers too strongly excited. Long continued attention was always fatiguing to Madame de Staël, and the depth of her attainments on difficult subjects is so

much the more surprising. A singular sagacity carried her forward to the goal, without her being perceived in the career.

The health of the young lady, now fourteen, declining daily, Dr. Tronchin was called in. He excited alarm, prescribing an immediate journey into the country, the society of Madame Huber, and to pass the day in the open air, relinquishing all serious study.

On this occasion, Madame Necker was equally vexed and disappointed. This new plan overset all hers. Her ambitious views for her daughter were great, and to renounce the vast acquisition of knowledge was, in her opinion, to renounce all distinction. She had not that pliability which enables us to vary our means; and being no longer able to promote the progress of her daughter in her own way, she ceased to consider it as her own work.

The liberty thus given to the mind of Mademoiselle Necker, however, was precisely what enabled it to take so high a flight. With her a life entirely poetical succeeded to a life of study, and the abundant nutriment all flowed to the imagination. She wandered amidst the thickets of St. Ouen, with her friend, and the two young ladies, clothed as nymphs or muses, recited verses, composed poems, or wrote plays, which they immediately acted.

Another happy consequence of this want of employment to Mademoiselle Necker was, that she could avail herself of all the leisure of her father. Seizing every opportunity of being with him, she found extraordinary advantages, as well

as pleasure, in his conversation. Mr. Necker was daily more struck with his daughter's wit, and never was this wit more pleasing than with him. She soon perceived, that his mind required to be unbent and amused; and she assumed a thousand forms, tried everything, hazarded every thing, to obtain from him a smile. Mr. Necker was not prodigal of commendation, his looks were more flattering than his words; and he found it more amusing, as well as more necessary, to point out what was amiss than what was meritorious. His raillery was close at the heels of the slightest fault; no false pretensions, no exaggeration, nothing erroneous of any kind, could pass unnoticed. "I am indebted to the incredible penetration of my father," Madame de Staël has often said, "for the frankness of my character, and the artlessness of my mind. He unmasked affectation of every kind, and in his company I acquired the habit of thinking that every one saw clearly into my heart."

These conversations, from which Madame Necker was not excluded, but the nature of which was altered by her presence, could not be perfectly agreeable to her. She possessed in a high degree the admiration, the confidence, and even the love of her husband; yet her daughter was better suited than she to a certain pointedness and unexpected turn, occasionally observed in the conversation of Mr. Necker. The young lady possessed the mental qualities of her mother, with many others in addition. Madame Necker would have wished that her daughter should have pleased by no other qualities than what she

herself possessed, and she pleased precisely by those that were most dangerous to her happiness. Madame Necker was tempted to deprecate a success obtained contrary to her advice, while this success seemed to bear testimony against the propriety of that advice itself.

Besides, Mademoiselle Necker was guilty of a thousand giddinesses. Carried away by her vivacity, she was incessantly committing faults; and, while her mother considered little things as appendages of great ones, trifles were of no consequence in her eyes. To avoid any appearance of disobedience, she would place herself at a little distance behind her father; but soon some man of wit would separate from the circle, then another, then a third, and a noisy group would form around her. Mr. Necker would smile involuntarily at something smart that caught his ear, and the original point of discussion was altogether interrupted.

No jealousy, unconnected with the afflictions of her husband, could possibly enter into the exalted mind of Madame Necker. If her daughter had surpassed her in her own sphere of excellence, she would have enjoyed her success, which would have appeared the consequence of her own. She would have thought her husband loved her in her daughter. But there was nothing here she could claim for herself; everything seemed to spring from nature; and while Mr. Necker was enraptured with a mind without a model, as well as without an equal, she experienced impatience and vexation, and a little disapprobation concealed rivalry from her view

As to her, there was but one road to her approbation. I remember, when the fame of Madame de Staël was quite new to me, I expressed to Madame Necker my astonishment at the prodigious distinction she enjoyed. "It is nothing," answered she, "absolutely nothing to what I would have made of her!" This answer struck me forcibly, because it referred solely to the qualities of the mind, and expressed the most perfect conviction. The extreme gentleness of Mademoiselle Necker's disposition was striking when her mother reproved her. Perhaps, proud of her success with her father, and every man of eminence, she did not attach sufficient value to the approbation of Madame Necker, and did not exert herself sufficiently to obtain it; but her respect for her mother was always profound, and openly expressed. Endowed from infancy with the gift of those lively and discreet repartees, that infringe no duty, and wound no truth, she never uttered a syllable that in the slightest degree placed her mother in a disadvantageous light.

I shall add but a few words more of Madame Necker, for her influence over her daughter terminated here. This influence was of two kinds. From the parent were transmitted to the daughter an ardent mind, strong feelings, an enthusiastic love of the beautiful and sublime, an acute taste for wit, for talents of all kinds, for every sort of eminence. On the other hand, altogether involuntarily no doubt, she impelled her daughter to contrast herself with her. Mademoiselle Necker had suffered from the

restraint imposed upon her by her mother; and while she was sensible that she possessed many talents and virtues, it seemed to her, that every thing would go right, if all effort were avoided. She fancied she could become, by the mere movement of a good heart, by the happy impulse of a mind well born, every thing that her mother had been made by dint of reason and guidance; and she was desirous of being the representative of natural endowments, because her mother was that of acquired qualities.

This intention, which unquestionably was but half-formed, still influenced too long the judgment of Madame de Staël. Her admiration for virtues of spontaneous impulse was too exclusive, and reduced too much to a system. Natural qualities are the most amiable, no doubt; but to what purpose should we exalt them? Are men to be stimulated either to be proud of what they are, or to despair of what they might become? And what upon earth is more worthy of esteem than a virtuous will?

Madame de Staël herself acknowledged this, when her ideas were matured by reflection, and particularly when religion, better understood, and more strongly felt, displayed things to her in a truer light. Thus every passing year taught her to feel more justly the merit of Madame Necker. "The longer I live," she once said to me, "the better I understand my mother, and the more my heart inclines towards her."

We may then figure to ourselves Madame de Staël, in the period of early youth, advancing with that confidence in life, that, promised

her nothing but happiness; too benevolent to suppose the existence of hatred, too fond of talents in others to have any suspicion of envy. She praised genius, enthusiasm, inspiration, and was herself a proof of their power. The love of glory, that of liberty, the natural beauty of virtue, the choice of tender sentiments, by turns furnished subjects for her eloquence. Yet, let it not be supposed that her head was always romantic: she held the reins of her imagination, without suffering its fire to run away with it. Accordingly, in a country where raillery is so much to be dreaded, ridicule found it difficult to reach her. She rose above the region in which it displays itself.

It is true, before she had yet established her place in society, attempts were made to mislead the public opinion of her. It was not difficult to detect her at fault. It was told, that on such an occasion she had infringed some established custom, offended against etiquette, or disturbed the gravity of an occurrence. Accordingly, an awkward courtesy; a gown-trimming a little deranged when she was presented at court; her bonnet left behind in her carriage one day when she went to Madame de Polignac's, were subjects of amusement for all Paris. But she herself caught up these anecdotes, and related them with infinite grace. No malevolence could stand against her goodness; and she had always a singular tact in seizing the answer to be made, to blame not expressed. When she appeared most deeply engaged in conversation, she distinguished her adversaries

at a glance, disconcerted them, captivated them, or demolished them with a side wind. She never grew serious, never was irritated; and if the dispute threatened to become grave, she at once had recourse to jocularly, and a happy turn delighted every body. In fine, an attempt to disconcert her would have gained no applause. The whole audience was in her favour; she interested while she amused; and whoever had defeated her, could not hope to supply her place.

A man of letters, one of her friends, has thus delineated her in an unpublished portrait, from which I will give a few extracts. Having seen little of her myself during her early youth, I will shew the effect she produced in society. The piece assumes the character of a translation from a Greek poet.

"Zulima is but twenty years old, yet she is the most celebrated of the priestesses of Apollo. She is the favourite of the deity; her incense is the most agreeable to him, of her hymns he is most fond. Her voice calls him down from heaven, when she pleases, to adorn his temple, and to mingle with mortals.

"From the midst of these sacred virgins (the choir of priestesses), on a sudden advances one, whose remembrance will never be effaced from my heart. Her large black eyes sparkle with genius; her hair, of the colour of ebony, falls in waving ringlets down her shoulders; her features are rather strongly marked than delicate, and appear to announce something beyond the common destiny of her sex. Such should we paint the Muse of poetry, a Clio, or a Melpomene. 'There she is! there

she is!' resounded on all sides, as she appeared; and not another breath was heard.

"I had formerly seen the Pythoness of Delphi, I had seen the Cumean Sibyl: they were frantic; their motions were convulsive; they appeared less filled with the presence of a god, than devoted to the Furies. The young priestess was animated without being altered, and inspired without intoxication. Her charm was free; and whatever she had of supernatural appeared her own.

"She began to sing the praises of Apollo, accompanying her voice with the sounds of a lyre of ivory and gold. Neither the words nor the music were prepared. By the celestial fire of composition that exalted her countenance, by the profound and serious attention of the people, it was evident, that her imagination created them both; and our ears, at once ravished and surprised, knew not which to admire most, the facility or excellence of the production.

"Soon after, she laid down her lyre, and discoursed to the assembly on the grand truths of nature, the immortality of the soul, the

love of liberty, the charm and danger of the passions.....

"On listening to her merely, you would say, that several persons, several minds, several courses of experience, were embodied in one: on contemplating her youth, you would ask, how she could have contrived to exist before she was born, and have a precognition of life.....

"I listen to her, I behold her with transport, I discover in her features charms superior to beauty. What a variety of expression in her countenance! What gradations in the tone of her voice! What a perfect unison between her ideas and words! She speaks, and, if her words do not reach my ears, their cadence, her gestures, her looks, are sufficient to enable me to comprehend them. She is silent for a moment; her last words resound in my heart, and I read in her eyes what she has not yet said. She is silent altogether; the temple rings with applause, her head modestly inclines, her long eyelashes descend on her eyes of fire, and the sun remains covered for us!"

THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

(From HAZLITT's *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays.*)

THIS is that Hamlet the Dane, whom we read of in our youth, and whom we seem almost to remember in our after-years; he who made that famous soliloquy on life, who gave the advice to the players, who thought "this goodly frame, the earth, a sterile promontory, and this brave o'erhanging firmament, the air; this majesti-

cal roof fretted with golden fire, a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours;" whom "man delighted not, nor woman neither;" he who talked with the grave-diggers, and moralized on Yorick's skull; the school-fellow of Rosencraus and Guildenstern at Wittenberg; the friend of Horatio; the lover of Ophelia; he that was mad and sent

to England; the slow avenger of his father's death; who lived at the court of Horwendillus five hundred years before we were born, but all whose thoughts we seem to know as well as we do our own, because we have read them in Shakspeare.

Hamlet is a name; his speeches and sayings but the idle coinage of the poet's brain. What then, are they not real? They are as real as our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet. This play has a prophetic truth, which is above that of history. Whoever has become thoughtful and melancholy through his own mishaps or those of others; whoever has borne about with him the clouded brow of reflection, and thought himself "too much i' th' sun;" whoever has seen the golden lamp of day dimmed by envious mists rising in his own breast, and could find in the world before him only a dull blank with nothing left remarkable in it; whoever has known "the pangs of despised love, the insolence of office, or the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes;" he who has felt his mind sink within him, and sadness cling to his heart like a malady, who has had his hopes blighted, and his youth staggered by the apparitions of strange things; who cannot be well at ease, while he sees evil hovering near him like a spectre; whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought; he to whom the universe seems infinite, and himself nothing; whose bitterness of soul makes him careless of consequences, and who goes to a play as his best resource to shove off, to a second remove, the evils of life by a mock representation of them—this is the true Hamlet.

We have been so used to this tragedy, that we hardly know how to criticise it any more than we should know how to describe our own faces. But we must make such observations as we can. It is the one of Shakspeare's plays that we think of oftenest, because it abounds most in striking reflections on human life, and because the distresses of Hamlet are transferred, by the turn of his mind, to the general account of humanity. Whatever happens to him, we apply to ourselves, because he applies it so himself as a means of general reasoning. He is a great moralizer; and what makes him worth attending to is, that he moralizes on his own feelings and experience. He is not a commonplace pedant. If Lear shews the greatest depth of passion, Hamlet is the most remarkable for the ingenuity, originality, and unstudied developement of character. Shakspeare had more magnanimity than any other poet, and he has shewn more of it in this play than in any other. There is no attempt to force an interest: every thing is left for time and circumstances to unfold. The attention is excited without effort; the incidents succeed each other as matters of course; the characters think and speak and act just as they might do, if left entirely to themselves. There is no set purpose, no straining at a point. The observations are suggested by the passing scene—the gusts of passions come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind. The whole play is an

exact transcript of what might be supposed to have taken place at the court of Denmark, at the remote period of time fixed upon, before the modern refinements in morals and manners were heard of. It would have been interesting enough to have been admitted as a by-stander in such a scene, at such a time, to have heard and seen something of what was going on. But here we are more than spectators. We have not only "the outward pageants and the signs of grief," but "we have that within which passes show." We read the thoughts of the heart, we catch the passions living as they rise. Other dramatic writers give us very fine versions and paraphrases of nature; but Shakspeare, together with his own comments, gives us the original text, that we may judge for ourselves. This is a very great advantage.

The character of Hamlet is itself a pure effusion of genius. It is not a character marked by strength of will or even of passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as a man can well be; but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility—the sport of circumstances, questioning with Fortune, and refining on his own feelings, and forced from the natural bias of his disposition by the strangeness of his situation. He seems incapable of deliberate action, and is only hurried into extremities on the spur of the occasion, when he has no time to reflect, as in the scene where he kills Polonius; and again, where he alters the letters which Rosencraus and Guildenstern are taking with them to Eng-

land, purporting his death. At other times, when he is most bound to act, he remains puzzled, undecided, and sceptical, dallies with his purposes, till the occasion is lost, and always finds some pretence to relapse into indolence and thoughtfulness again. For this reason he refuses to kill the king when he is at his prayers, and by a refinement in malice, which is in truth only an excuse for his own want of resolution, defers his revenge to some more fatal opportunity, when he shall be engaged in some act "that has no relish of salvation in it."

He is the prince of philosophical speculators, and because he cannot have his revenge perfect, according to the most refined idea his wish can form, he misses it altogether. So he scruples to trust the suggestions of the ghost, contrives the scene of the play to have surer proof of his uncle's guilt, and then rests satisfied with this confirmation of his suspicions, and the success of his experiment, instead of acting upon it. Yet he is sensible of his own weakness, taxes himself with it, and tries to reason himself out of it.

Still he does nothing; and this very speculation on his own infirmity only affords him another occasion for indulging it. It is not for any want of attachment to his father, or abhorrence of his murder, that Hamlet is thus dilatory, but it is more to his taste to indulge his imagination in reflecting upon the enormity of the crime, and refining on his schemes of vengeance, than to put them into immediate practice. His ruling passion is to think, not to act; and any vague pretence that flatters this propensity instant-

ly diverts him from his previous purposes.

The moral perfection of this character has been called in question, we think, by those who did not understand it. It is more interesting than according to rules; amiable, though not faultless. The ethical delineations of "that noble and liberal casuist" (as Shakespeare has been well called) do not exhibit the drab-coloured quakerism of morality. His plays are not copied either from "The Whole Duty of Man," or from "The Academy of Compliments." We confess, we are a little shocked at the want of refinement in those who are shocked at the want of refinement in Hamlet. The want of punctilious exactness in his behaviour either partakes of the "licence of the time," or else belongs to the very excess of intellectual refinement in the character, which makes the common rules of life, as well as his own purposes, sit loose upon him. He may be said to be amenable only to the tribunal of his own thoughts, and is too much taken up with the airy world of contemplation, to lay as much stress as he ought on the practical consequences of things. His habitual principles of action are unhinged and out of joint with the time. His conduct to Ophelia is quite natural in his circumstances. It is that of assumed severity only. It is the effect of disappointed hope, of bitter regrets, of affections suspended, not obliterated, by the distractions of the scene around him. Amidst the natural and preternatural horrors of his situation, he might be excused in delicacy from carrying on a regular courtship. When "his father's

spirit was in arms," it was not a time for the son to make love in. He could neither marry Ophelia, nor wound her mind by explaining the cause of his alienation, which he durst hardly trust himself to think of. It would have taken him years to have come to a direct explanation on the point. In the harassed state of his mind, he could not have done otherwise than he did. His conduct does not contradict what he says when he sees her funeral:

"I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers

Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum."

Nothing can be more affecting or beautiful than the queen's apostrophe to Ophelia on throwing flowers into the grave:

"Sweets to the sweet, fare well!

I hop'd thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife:

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd,
sweet maid,

And not have str w'd thy grave."

Shakspeare was thoroughly a master of the mixed motives of human character, and he here shews us the queen, who was so criminal in some respects, not without sensibility and affections in other relations of life. Ophelia is a character almost too exquisitely touching to be dwelt upon. Oh, rose of May! oh, flower too soon faded! her love, her madness, her death, are described with the truest touches of tenderness and pathos. It is a character which nobody but Shakspeare could have drawn in the way that he has done, and to the conception of which there is not even the smallest approach, except in some of the old romantic ballads. Her brother, Laertes,

is a character we do not like so well: he is too hot and choleric, and somewhat rodomontade. Polonius is a perfect character in its kind; nor is there any foundation for the objections which have been made to the consistency of this part. It is said that he acts very foolishly, and talks very sensibly. There is no inconsistency in that. Again, that he talks wisely at one time, and foolishly at another; that his advice to Laertes is very sensible, and his advice to the king and queen on the subject of Hamlet's madness very ridiculous. But he gives the one as a father, and is sincere in it; he gives the other as a mere courtier, a busybody, and is accordingly officious, garrulous, and impertinent. In short, Shakspeare has been accused of inconsistency in this and other characters, only because he has kept up the distinction which there is in nature, between the understandings and the moral habits of men, between the absurdity of their ideas and the absurdity of their motives. Polonius is not a fool, but he makes himself so. His folly, whether in his actions or speeches, comes under the head of impropriety of intention.

We do not like to see our author's plays acted, and least of all Hamlet. There is no play that suffers so much in being transferred to the stage. Hamlet himself seems hardly capable of being act-

ed. Mr. Kemble unavoidably fails in this character from a want of ease and variety. The character of Hamlet is made up of undulating lines; it has the yielding flexibility of "a wave o' th' sea." Mr. Kemble plays it like a man in armour, with a determined inveteracy of purpose, in one undeviating straight line, which is as remote from the natural grace and refined susceptibility of the character, as the sharp angles and abrupt starts which Mr. Kean introduces into the part. Mr. Kean's Hamlet is as much too splenetic and rash, as Mr. Kemble's is too deliberate and formal. His manner is too strong and pointed. He throws a severity, approaching to virulence, into the common observations and answers. There is nothing of this in Hamlet. He is, as it were, wrapped up in his reflections, and only *thinks aloud*. There should therefore be no attempt to impress what he says upon others by a studied exaggeration of emphasis or manner; no *talking at* his hearers. There should be as much of the gentleman and scholar as possible infused into the part, and as little of the actor. A pensive air of sadness should sit reluctantly upon his brow, but no appearance of fixed and sullen gloom. He is full of weakness and melancholy, but there is no harshness in his nature. He is the most amiable of misanthropes.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

R. ACKERMANN has in the press, *engraved by a Convict, from drawings by Captain Wallis, with descriptive letter-press, in folio. This*

work, as the *first* specimen of the fine arts produced in that youthful but rapidly improving colony, cannot fail to excite the peculiar interest both of the professional man and the amateur.

The author of "*Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*" is preparing another work, which will shortly appear, in eight monthly parts, under the title of *Doctor Syntax in Search of a Wife*; with twenty-four designs by Thomas Rowlandson, Esq. Each part to contain three coloured engravings, and thirty-two pages of poetical letter-press.

Mr. Accum has in the press, a *Treatise on Domestic Chemistry*, containing concise instructions for preparing good and wholesome home-made bread, beer, wine, vinegar, pickles, preserves, and various other articles employed in domestic economy; in four parts. Part I. will be published next month.

Ready for publication, *Collections relative to Claims at the Coronation of several Kings of England*, beginning with King Richard II.; being curious and interesting documents, derived from authentic sources. This work may be considered as a valuable appendage to Taylor's "*Glory of Regality*," or Thomson's "*Coronations of England*."

In the press, and shortly will be published, *Tabella Cibaria*, the Bill of Fare, a Latin poem; with notes, observations, and directions relating to the pleasures of gastronomy, and the mysterious art of cookery.

Speedily will be published, in one vol. 8vo. *Devonia*, a poem in five cantos; descriptive of the most interesting scenery, natural and

artificial, in the county of Devon; interspersed with historical anecdotes and legendary tales; by the Rev. G. Woodley, of St. Mary's, Scilly.

Part II. of *Select Biography of eminent Men*; containing the life of Bernard Gilpin, with a portrait, and that of Bishop Latimer, will be ready in the course of the month.

The Cottager's Manual for the Management of his Bees, for every month in the year, both on the suffocating and depriving system; by Robert Huish, author of the "*Treatise on the Management of Bees*," secretary to the Apiarian Society, &c.

A Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Liverpool, First Lord of the Treasury, on the present distressed State of Agriculture, and its Influence on the Manufactures, Trade, and Commerce of the United Kingdom, will appear in a few days.

Amyntas, a Tale of the Woods, from the Italian of Torquato Tasso, by Leigh Hunt, is in the press.

A Catalogue of Old Books in the Ancient and Modern Languages, and various Classes of Literature, for the year 1820; comprising an extensive collection of rare and useful articles, collected by Longman and Co. will be published before the end of the month.

Shortly will be published part II. of an engraved Series of *Picturesque Views in Paris and its Environs*; consisting of Views on the Seine, Public Buildings, Characteristic Scenery, &c. &c. from original drawings by Mr. Frederick Nash. The work will be printed on royal 4to. and consist of fifty engraved views, to be executed in

the first style of art. Each part will consist of five prints, with descriptive letter-press, in English or French, at the option of the purchasers.

The admirers of the science of botany have long lamented the want of Galpine's *Synoptical Compend of British Plants*; a new edition is ready for publication, being much enlarged and corrected by a distinguished member of the

Linnean Society. The chief addition is the introduction of the class *Cryptogamia*. This beautiful pocket volume is arranged after the Linnean system, and contains the essential characters of the genera, the specific characters, English names, places of growth, soil and situation, colour of the flowers, times of flowering, duration, and references to figures, at one view, in parallel columns.

Poetry.

LAUNCESTON CASTLE:

From "Cornubia:" a poem, in five cantos; descriptive of the most interesting Scenery, natural and artificial, in the county of Cornwall: interspersed with Historical Anecdotes, and Legendary Tales. By the Rev. G. WOODILY.

Now where the holy edifice* appears,
A lofty hill, abrupt, its bosom rears;
And, by the terrors of its awful frown,
Commands, while it defends, the vassal town.
On its tall brow, with wide-extending sweep,
Majestic, though in ruins, low'rs the keep
Of that vast fortress, which, in days of yore,
What time the Romans sought Cornubia's shore,

The rugged Britons rear'd, with patriot aim
To check their inroads, and to blot their fame.

Tow'r within tow'r in savage might ascends,
And o'er the mound their gloomy shade extends;

Whilst, at its base, in isolated forms
(Gnaw'd by the tooth of time, or cleft by storms),

Huge mould'ring walls, on crazy arches bas'd,

Nod their grey tops, and threat th' adjacent waste.

The pond'rous mass, now sinking to decay,
Still shews such great and terrible display
Of British perseverance, leagued with toil,
And firm resolve to guard the natal soil,
That well might Rome's proud legions stand aghast

To view its strong defence, and circuit vast:
And long shall memory, with fond delight,
Dwell on the traces of its former might;

* Launceston church.

While admiration, with untiring eye,
Pores o'er each vestige that lies mould'ring by;

And genius, noting with poetic ken
The boasts of distant days, and lofty men,
Recall the time, when Cornwall's native lords,

In feudal pomp, here spread their festive boards;

And charm'd each pause of war, these walls among,

With wassail revelry, and bardic song!

SONNET,

Written after attending the Funeral of a Friend.

By J. M. L.

One more is mingled with the silent dead!

One spirit more has sought the realms of bliss!

I pause at friendship's grave with solemn dread,

And something whispers, *Thou must come to this!*

Momentous truth inspires the thought of fear—

Soon I may follow to that realm of peace,
Where joy fills all the everlasting year,
Where worldly bliss and worldly woe shall cease!

No warning may attend the awful hour

When death spreads round his dark unearthly gloom:

Prepared, or unprepared, the grisly pow'r
Alike consigns his victim to the tomb.

Grant then, great God, my soul may ever be
Ready to quit this form, and fly to thee!

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. X.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1820.

Nº. LVII.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and essays from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for Selections, will be acceptable.

We have received several articles in reply to Sempronia, who, in our last Number, somewhat paradoxically objected to the employment of young ladies with their needle. Our object in inserting the letter was, not to make proselytes, but to promote controversy; and the effect has been just what we desired. We shall give another reply next month, and shall then leave Sempronia to defend herself.

We request the continuance of the favours of the author of Parisian Sketches. No. XII. has not yet come to hand.

We acknowledge our obligations to the author of the Essay on Dulness. His style is agreeable, but we have been obliged to make a few alterations in his phraseology.

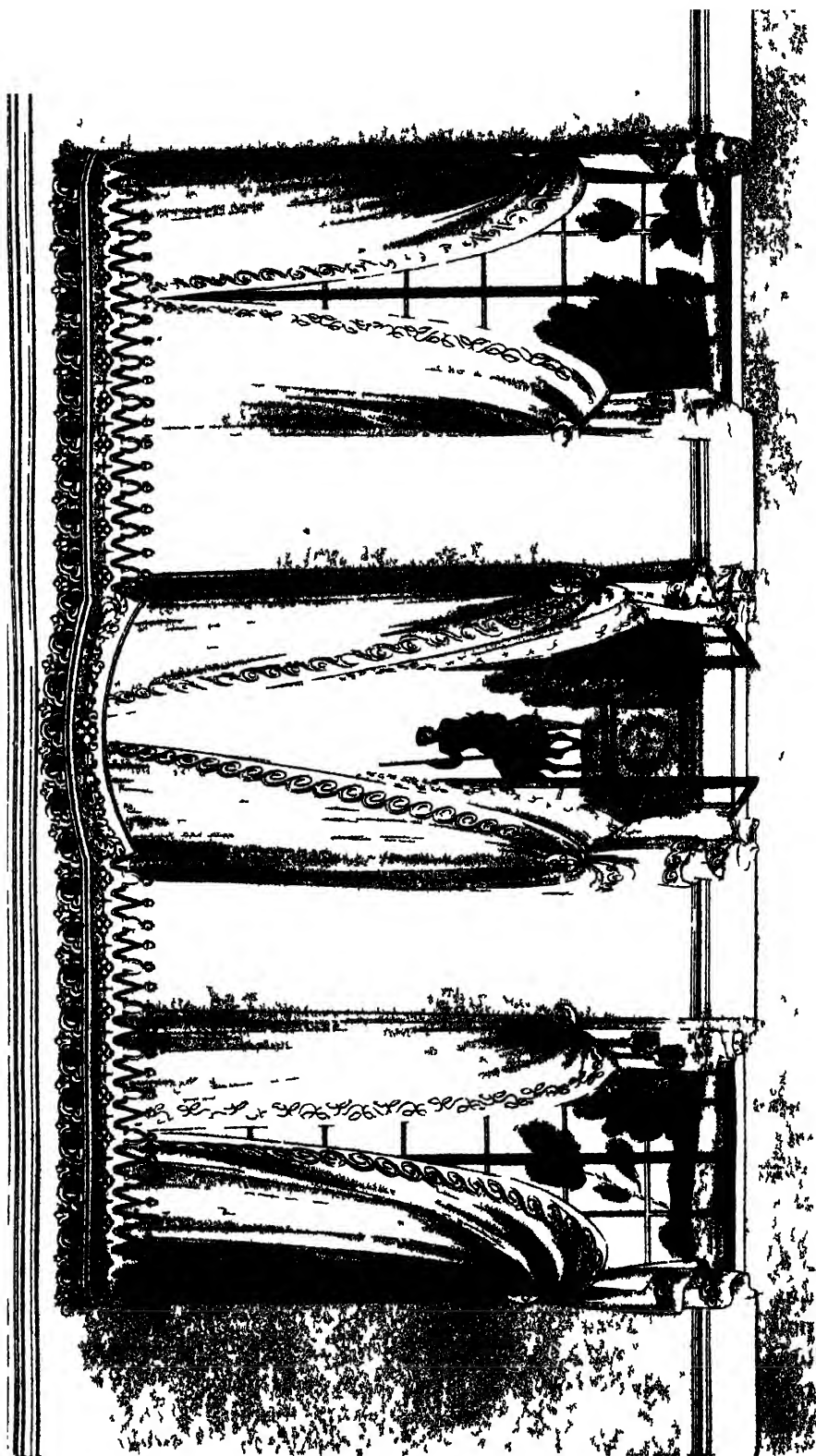
The Beau of 1720 compared with the Beau of 1820, is rather too stale a subject for our pages, though it is pleasantly treated. We shall be glad, however, to see the same parallel drawn with regard to the other sex; we do not recollect that such an attempt has yet been made.

S. B. R. came too late for insertion this month.

Q. in the Corner is somewhat too laborious about trifles, but we shall endeavour to find a place for him.

On Playing-Cards, an essay, if possible in our next.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New York, Havre, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s per Annum, by Mr. THOMSON, of the General Post-Office, at No 91, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, London, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s per Annum, by Mr. THOMSON, of the General Post-Office, at No 91, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 6, 9, or 12 months.



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HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from p. 63.)

PLATE 13.—A BATH.

AMONG the decorative buildings employed for the embellishment of gardens, the bath should not be neglected, for its important usefulness demands a place wherever pure water can be obtained; and the agreeableness of bathing, without its salubrity, might well procure to the bath a higher degree of patronage than it has yet received in this and its neighbouring country: but during many years, the difficulties of dress, consequent on the fashion of wearing powder in the hair, were inimical to its use: this impediment being removed, it is probable that baths will be employed by us as common and frequent sources of innocent

pleasure, as well as for medical relief.

Bathing among the Romans was held in very high estimation, so much indeed, that it is said Rome itself at one time contained eight hundred and fifty-six public baths; and the emperors endeavoured to conciliate the people by the erection of such buildings. Those of Paulus Æmilius, Titus, and Dioclesian, ranked amongst the noblest edifices of the empire.

The use of the tepid bath is now so much prescribed, and the means of imparting heat to water is so simple and perfect in its application, that the warm bath ought to accompany the cold one.

MISCELLANIES.

ON DULNESS.

UNSPEAKABLY happy is the writer who is so far penetrated and inspired by his subject, that he is able to communicate his matter feelingly, and to convey not only his ideas, but his very soul and affections, through the channel of words and sentences. I now meditate an essay upon dulness: and have caught the lucky minute; for I declare, upon the faith of an author, that though I have written for almost every magazine and periodical work which has been published during the last twenty years, I never was so dull in all my life: I therefore promise myself great success in the present undertaking; for it stands to reason, that he must be the most valuable writer upon the anti-sublime,

Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself the said dull thing he draws.

"Dulness," according to Aristotle, "is a soporific habit, diffused through the whole frame, and determining the fingers to describe certain figures and characters impregnated with its essence: it is generally inherent in the writer, and transferred from him to the performance, and so on to the reader; for a heavy author exactly resembles the torpedo or cramp-fish, which communicates a numbness to every animal that approaches it. Sometimes this quality arises from the subject, and is thence infused into the writer." And he concludes with saying, that "the work will be most complete, when the author and his subject, acting reciprocally, reflect a mutual drowsiness, and nod one at the other." This I have found remarkably true whenever I have had to relate the story of an apparition or a murder, or the speech of a dying criminal, when every thing conspires so perfectly to promote this calm attempered state, that my thoughts flow on, without the least impediment or molestation, in an even methodical track of dulness. It is absolutely necessary we should know, that there is a certain decorum and propriety to be observed even in being dull; and that it is much more suitable to some occasions than to others. I cannot explain myself better than by the following instance. As sure as ever Mr. --- mount the pulpit, his audience fall asleep; yet nobody wonders, because it is so natural both to the place and the occasion, and happens according to the common course of things: but if the same worthy gentleman attempts a performance of that kind which the French call *spirituelle*, and it has exactly the same effect upon the public as his weekly labours, every body will allow that this is much more out of character than if he had been preaching at the time. Some kind of writings are expected to be more or less heavy in proportion as the mutual action of the author and his subject is more or less complete; and they are frequently applied with success, to

encourage the approaches of the drowsy god whenever he is a little shy of paying a visit to his waiting suppliants. But a heavy writer, who makes an unfit choice of a subject for the exercise of his dulness, puts it out of his power to do good to the community in the only way in which his genius qualifies him to be serviceable; for nobody cares to purchase a romance or a piece of humour by way of opiate, while so many other cheap and useful treatises are to be had for that purpose. I was always happy enough to know my own talent; and though I have been often solicited to write adventures, novels, and apologies for lives, I could not in conscience undertake any thing of that nature. My ambition never rose beyond the bounds of a magazine or a twelve penny pamphlet; and I have generally seen the fruit of my labours satisfactory. However, when they have not happened to be equally successful, I have the pleasure of reflecting, that it was no fault of mine. They were always calculated for the public good, to bring about, to the best of my poor abilities, the repose and quiet of my fellow-creatures. I send forth this, which perhaps may be my last present to the public, hoping they will accept it with their usual candour, and heartily desirous that it may be of some small service to them in the same way. I have only one request to make, that whoever desires to reap the advantage of it, will take up this very part about eleven or twelve at night, and if it does not answer his intention, I promise never to write another line while I breathe.

Among the principal causes of dulness in works of humour and entertainment, I reckon a great affectation of wit; and this equally, whether the wit be overstrained or misplaced. Plain thoughts pass very well in their natural dress, and neither greatly please nor disgust us; but it is a general and very true remark, that lace and embroidery never fail to set off the clown and illustrate his awkwardness. The grand error of such writers is, to think that every thing they say must shine; and thus they become intolerably dull, through a foolish design of pleasing too much. I never knew a man in my life who was over-officious to oblige, but his ceremony was ten times more troublesome than downright rudeness.

I own that I am somewhat singular in my taste, but too much wit is naturally more offensive to me than too little, especially where it is not of the most plain and intelligent sort, and appears rather pressed into the service than to come a perfect volunteer. I will give my reasons why I think, of the two cases, a defect of this quality is so much preferable to its excess. Though some whimsical philosophers has defined us risible animals, yet we are so constituted in this imperfect state, that we cannot laugh always; and I will never pardon the author who appears to have such an unnatural design, which I consider as nothing less than an attempt against my life, seeing this exercise has often been attended by dangerous consequences. All prudent good-natured writers have considered the weakness of our nature, and contrived

to throw in passages at certain intervals, which the reader may peruse without immediate danger, and rest from the agitation of his sides; but the author who neglects this necessary precaution, finds himself disappointed in another way, and his schemes defeated; as all such wicked and monstrous contrivances should be: for nature, which, after any violent exercise, inclines us to repose, no thanks to the consideration and discretion of such writers, steps in to our aid; and in all sound healthy constitutions, when the risible faculties are exhausted, something of that soporific habit which I mentioned above is superinduced, and a state of calm insensibility succeeds; so that we travel without feeling the least emotion through whole chapters, which we are morally certain the author must have written in a high laugh. From this want of sympathy, a quarrel generally ensues between the author and his readers, and the epithets of dull and stupid are very liberally cast about on both sides; and it is not determined to this day, to whom the appellation in strict justice belongs. This confirms me in an opinion which I have long entertained, that the ill success of modern writers is chiefly to be ascribed to a repletion of wit, as most disorders in the human body are thought to be owing to a redundancy of some peccant humours; and I do most earnestly recommend it to them, as they hope for the public blessing, in imitation of Mr. Bays, to try what bleeding and purging will do for them before they set about any future performance.* A genius of the last

age (upon what authority I know not) has decreed that wit is nearly allied to madness, and many have run mad upon it to shew their parts; but I insist that there is a real and a close connection between wit and dulness, and that nothing is easier than to pass from one to the other. It is sometimes, and upon certain subjects, quite unavoidable, thro' the imperfection of thought and expression, and because the passage to the finest sentiments seems often to be through rough and unpleasant roads. Unless some genius should arise to give us a more correct map of this absurd region, for the convenience of travellers fix precisely the trophies of wit, and define the boundaries of either frigid climate; till then it is the business of a great writer to be dull with discretion, which will always distinguish him from the herd of scribblers; for there is a secret in this not to be penetrated by the vulgar.

It is very absurd to swell a work of humour to any considerable magnitude; not only because it is an affront to this serious age at any time to trespass too far upon their precious moments, but because length is a natural enemy to wit and humour, and infallibly destroys it. And the success of such performances more than of any other depends upon their novelty, variety, and sprightliness; the first of which necessarily passes away in a continued work, and he must be more than mortal who does not fail in one of the other two: and, which I believe to be scarcely possible, when, in two pieces of unequal size, the merit of both is equal throughout, the bulk of the larger

is always an unfortunate circumstance in its way. For this reason I discouraged my friend Jack Spintext in the design which he had of publishing a history of his birth, education, and diverting adventures, in ten volumes folio. He paid me a visit one morning very full of his project, and of the profit he expected to derive from it. "You know," said he, "if I get but a hundred pounds by every volume, there will be a good thousand, with which I design to purchase an annuity, retire into the country, and defy the malice and censure of the world for the rest of my days." He would have gone on much longer, when I cut him short in the following manner:

"Brother (a name we authors go by among ourselves) have you lost your senses? Who do you think will ever (read I did not say, for I knew he gave himself no concern about that)—but who do you think will ever purchase such a long tedious story, in which you have wiredrawn every atom of your existence?" This I solemnly declare was said to him in the fullness of my heart, and without the least view to prejudice his reputation or fortune; and when, at the same time, he offered me a very handsome consideration if I would undertake to correct the press: a circumstance I mention to shew how disinterestedly I acted in the affair, and to justify this part of my

conduct to the world, because I understand it has since been imputed to envy, and some baser motive.

It is one reason which may be given among many others, of the perpetual ill success of all continuations, second and third parts, that coming after the first, they have always the misfortune to be stale. Was the author less lively, or the public less disposed to be diverted, that the continuation of the *Adventures of an old Woman* did not take last year as was expected? Neither of these perhaps might be the case; but it was not in the nature of things, that a continuation should please. Polygon, when you command a particular dish at a friend's house, should you think it handsome to have the same set before you for two or three days following? Leave off keeping open house, Polygon; or if you are determined to invite your friends, by all means buy a fresh joint: for though your mutton is as good as any in Leadcnball market, nobody likes to dine upon it every day in the week. It is a privilege only indulged to periodical writers, to return upon the public at stated seasons with the same entertainment. But even here there should not be too much of that dainty called wit, which, being of the nature of a sweetmeat, must be distributed in small quantities, or it necessarily cloy.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE VATICAN LIBRARY.

So many and such celebrated presses having been established in every part of Italy, as they contributed to the cultivation of the

fine arts by multiplying the copies of valuable books, so they rendered it more easy not only to sovereigns, but even to many private persons,

to form numerous libraries, and also to increase those which had already been established.

Among these, the Vatican, particularly by the labours of Sixtus IV. who had magnificently rebuilt and opened it for the public benefit, was the most famous in the beginning of the 16th century. However, the most valuable part of it consisted in MSS. which, by those who were entrusted with the direction of it, had been sought after more than printed books; as well on account of their value being so high that private persons could not so easily purchase them, as because the said MSS. were of great advantage to the press, both for the new works which were published, and for the lights which contributed to correct and meliorate the editions of books. For this same reason the succeeding Roman pontiffs continued the researches after MSS. We have no account of Julius II. which can inform us he was solicitous to augment this library; and we only read in Bembo's Life, that a very ancient MS. in ciphers, or abridged characters, which were happily deciphered by Bembo himself, was sent to him from Dacia. But his name, however, must not here pass unnoticed, because he formed another library for the greater convenience of the popes themselves, which was very valuable, not so much for the number as for the choice of the books, and for the ornaments of paintings, and of marbles, which he added to it. We are indebted for this account to a letter of Cardinal Bembo to the same pontiff, dated the 20th of January, 1513.

In the mean time the Vatican had in Leo X. successor to Julius, a pontiff devoted to increase and ever disposed to improve it. It is well known how much he endeavoured, and how many treasures he lavished, in order to send men of learning into the most remote countries to collect new MSS. nor can we wonder the additions to that library were so great during his pontificate. Fausto Sabeo, who was the librarian in Leo's time, and in that of six other pontiffs, in one of his epigrams addressed to the same pope, asserts, that he was himself sent by him among distant and barbarous nations in order to collect new MSS.

The magnificence and splendour of this pontiff would have raised still higher the renown of the Vatican, if he had lived longer, or if his successors had imitated him. But Adrian VI. considered all books which were not sacred as heathen profaneness; and Clement VII. though a pontiff of an elevated mind, lived in times too unhappy, and having entangled himself in the wars of other princes, he exposed Rome to the horrid pillage of 1527, which was most fatal to the Vatican library, since many books became a prey to the ignorance and fury of the barbarous besiegers, as Schelhornio proves, with the testimony of Risnero, who was witness of it. — Fausto Sabeo, in a letter in which he introduces the library, pointing out to Clement the unhappy state to which it was reduced, represents it to us in the most lamentable condition; and informs us at the same time, that the pontiff, being then obliged to think about more

weighty matters, did not care at all about it.

Paul III. who, with a wiser resolution, kept neuter in the wars of other princes, and valued above all others the title of common father, was enabled to restore, at least in a great measure, the devastations which the preceding wars had caused to Rome. Hence the Vatican library also flourished to a certain degree under this pontiff, who, among other things, added to it a Greek and a Latin writer, whose duty was, not only the care of the MSS. but also the task of copying those which might be impaired by age, or otherwise damaged. By Marcellus II. had he enjoyed a longer pontificate, this library might have been greatly benefited. During his very short reign, he turned his mind towards it, appointing two additional revisers or correctors of books, whom he meant afterwards to employ in the execution of his design of establishing a Greek and Latin press in the same library, in order to print the unpublished works which were preserved in it. Pius IV. appointed two correctors of Greek books, and ordered besides, Onofrio Panvinio and Francis Avanzati to search diligently for MSS. in any language, comprehending also the Oriental languages, in order to enrich the Vatican library. Pius V. and Gregory XIII. were not less solicitous to increase it. The former gave orders to transport from Avignon 158 volumes of letters, and of the bulls of those popes who had till then resided there: the latter presented it with many of his own books, partly in MS. and partly printed. But all

this appeared little to the pontiff Sixtus V. who, among the prodigious and magnificent works which he undertook during his short pontificate of only six years, also rebuilt the Vatican library in a more majestic style, and entrusted the care of it to the famous architect Dominic Fontana, who seconding the wishes and the liberality of Sixtus, completed it in the short space of one year.

The description of this grand edifice, and of the very rich ornaments of every kind added to it, together with the order in which the shelves and the books are disposed, may be seen in the discourses on the Vatican library of Muzio Panza, printed in 1590, and in the works of Rocca, which were published the following year, and in the preface to the first volume of the catalogue of Oriental MSS. of the same library. These writers have there given an account of the librarians and keepers of it, which proves how anxious the popes were to entrust the care of it to very learned men. Among the first, after Julian of Volterra, we find that Julius II. elected on the 17th July, 1510, Thomas Fedro Inghirami as a librarian; and after his death, which happened the 4th of September, 1516, Philip Bervaldo jun. was chosen by Leo X. Philip survived only two years, and was succeeded in Sept. 1518, by Zenobio Acciajuoli, a Dominican, who died the 27th of July in the following year. Hierom Aleandro succeeded him the same day, and continued in the situation till 1528, when, on being made a cardinal, he gave up his employment, which was conferred on Augustin Ste-

unco, of the congregation of the regular canons of St. Salvador. After his death in 1548, Paul III. ordered, that for the future the place of librarian to the Roman church should, according to ancient custom, belong to a cardinal; and the first whom he selected was Marcellus Cervini, who was afterwards succeeded by Robert de Nobili, Alphonso Caraffer, Mark Antony, Amulio, Guglielmo Sir-
 leto, Mark Antony Colonna, and Cæsar Baronio. Among the keepers, to pass over some who were less celebrated, we find principally Lorenzo Parmenio of St. Genesio, who held the employment from 1511 till 1522, which was the last year of his life; and Fausto Sabeo, who was born at Chiari, in the territory of Brescia, and was appointed by Leo X. and who lived till 1559.

SPANISH LITERATURE.

MR. EDITOR,

IN a former article I have endeavoured to shew the absurdity of supposing, that Spaniards, taken as a nation, are deficient either in depth of understanding, or in brilliancy of fancy; that because for the last two centuries, tyranny and ignorance, supported by popish authority, have enjoyed an almost uninterrupted reign in that kingdom, the Spaniard is incapable of those generous actions which dignify a noble and exalted mind. The brilliant flame which once spread its radiance throughout Europe, and illumined the whole world, has been indeed reduced to an insignificant spark; but the fire has never been yet extinguished, and it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when Spain will resume her former station, and become an ornament among the European powers.

Entertaining these views of this most interesting subject, it gives me, and must afford every lover of literature, satisfaction, to observe the new publication of a portion of the ancient and modern Spanish drama, in which the productions

of Lope de Vega and Cervantes, of Moreto, Calderon, and other celebrated dramatists, are noticed. This work appears to the public under the title of "Teatro Hespagnol," and is the more acceptable, because at the decline of Spanish literature, an unsuccessful attempt was made to accomplish the object which has been now in a great measure effected. La Huerta, a man of considerable knowledge and literary talent, commenced a publication of this nature, for the purpose of vindicating the honour of Spanish literature from the strictures of its adversaries. Lord Holland, in his account of the life and writings of Lope de Vega, has noticed this work, and says, that in this work the author exposes, with some humour, a few oversights of Voltaire and others, in their remarks on Lope de Vega and Calderon; and he proves very satisfactorily the imperfection of several translations from them. But, like many injudicious defenders of Shakspeare, he was not contented with exhibiting the beauties of his author, and with correcting the mistakes,

and exposing the ignorance of his opponents. Instead of combating the injustice of that criticism which would submit all dramatic works to one standard of excellence, he most unwarrantably arraigned the models themselves as destitute of all poetic merit whatever. Thus was the cause of his countrymen more injured by his intemperance as a critic, than benefited by his labours as an editor. Few were disposed to judge favourably of performances whose panegyrist thought it necessary to maintain, that the *Athalie* should have been confined to the walls of a convent, and that the *Tartuffe* was a miserable farce, without humour, character, or invention.

Castilian poetry may be divided into four distinct periods: The first from its early dawn till the reign of John II.; the next from that king to the days of Charles V.; the third from that emperor down to Philip IV.; and the last, down to the Austrian monarch Charles II. Thus its first state may be compared to its infancy, the second to its juvenile days, the third to its vigour and manhood, and the fourth to its old age and decline. To enumerate the various minor poets who lived in the commencement of this era, would be a tedious and useless task; tedious, because of their infinite number; and useless, because if given, it would afford little information, and by a reference to the *Bibliotheca Hispana* of Don Nicolas Antonio, the curious reader would find a full and tolerably accurate list of them. Perhaps, however, it will not be considered an unnecessary deviation from the

path to be pursued, if a short notice is given of the principal measures which were adopted by the best Spanish poets. The analogy between the Latin and Spanish verse is particularly observable in many instances, but it is from the Troubadours and Italians that the Spaniards have chiefly borrowed. The *soneto*, the *madrigal*, *cancion*, *tercelo*, and *octava rima*, may all be considered as having originated from this latter source. The Spaniards have, however, several varieties of metre peculiar to themselves; such are the *redondilla mayor* and *menor*, and the trochaic metre used in their ballads. They employ two kinds of rhyme—the *consonante*, and the *asonante*, introduced in the 16th century. In the early days of their poetry verses of four, five, six, and eight syllables were frequently found. The verses of twelve syllables are termed *de arte mayor*, and were used by Alfonso in his poem of *Las Quereñas*. Verses ending with an echo were invented by Juan de la Encina; those called *esdrújulo* were first used by Cayrasco de Figueroa; and Vicente Espinel is said to be the inventor of the verses called after him, *espinelas*. Blank verse is of great antiquity in Spain, and Spaniards seem as sensible of its dignity and majesty, as those who boast of being the countrymen of the great John Milton. In 1547 Alonzo de Fuentes of Seville published a poem in blank verse, at the time when Tressino first introduced it into Italy.

In the early history of Spanish poetry, a singular satirist has escaped the research of Don Nicolas

Antonio, and most other biographers, until discovered by Don Lewis Velasquez. This is Juan Ruiz, arch-priest of Hita, whose works are in manuscript in the library of Toledo. This poem describes a contest between the time of *eating meat* and *Lent*, wherein the former is defeated on Ash-Wednesday, and remains in a dejected state until Holy Week, when entering the lists, he sends a challenge to *Lent* by *Don Breakfast*, fixing the time of combat on Easter Sunday. *Lent*, not thinking himself obliged to receive a challenge from one whom he has vanquished, makes his escape on Holy Thursday. The work is not destitute of poetical invention, and seems to be a violent satire on the times, abounding with moral reflections, as well as lively descriptions of the vices of some of the principal personages of the court. At the same time, the poet seems to laugh in his easy chair, and might have furnished a model for Rabelais. From the freedom with which the arch-priest painted the vices of the times, he may be called the Petronius of Spain.

In the second epoch, the Castilian Muse began to assume a loftier flight. Juan de Mena introduced an elegance and sweetness of expression peculiar to himself. His most celebrated piece is his "La-

byrintho," in three hundred *octavas*; whence it is called "Las tres Cientas." George Manrique polished and embellished the language with more easy rhyme. Lopez de Mendoza, Marquis of Santillana, disembarassed it from the fetters of couplets, and first introduced the versification of the Italians. The marquis lived in the time of Henry IV. son to John II. By order of King John, he drew up a collection of moral proverbs for the instruction of Prince Henry. He likewise made a collection of ancient proverbs, which were reprinted, with other curious pieces of Spanish literature, in 1737, by Don Gregorio Mayans. Juan de la Encina succeeded the marquis, and shewed that the Spanish language was equal to the power of the drama: he followed the example of the Marquis of Villena in translating the Latin poets. His principal poem is called "Triunfo de la Fama." He also wrote in prose "Arte de Poesia Castellana," dedicated to Prince John. Both these works he completed between the age of 14 and 25, as appears from the collection of his works printed at Saragossa in 1516.

The third period, or golden age, of Spanish poetry, including the 16th century, will be noticed in the next article.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

SIR,

I SHOULD be extremely obliged to you if you could advise me how to get rid of a gentleman who is determined upon being my intimate friend, whether I will or

not. I chanced to meet this person, Mr. Stickfast, some time ago at the house of a gentleman, with whom, as I afterwards found, he had but a very slight acquaintance. The conversation turned upon the

French language; I was complaining of the difficulty I found in acquiring the proper accent, and Mr. Stickfast immediately informed me, in very obliging terms, that he had been so long in France that he was generally taken for a Frenchman, and that he would be very happy to pass an hour or two with me occasionally, for the purpose of conversing in that language, by which means he did not doubt that I should soon acquire the accent. I of course expressed myself obliged, and as he proposed to come the next morning, I invited him to breakfast.

"What, my friend," cried he, on entering, "do you breakfast in the English fashion? That is a very bad plan; you must reform it, if you are desirous to speak French well. It is astonishing how fast one gets on in the pronunciation by conversing freely at table; and what can one find to say over mere bread and butter? Now a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, on the contrary, sets one's tongue running directly."

"I should think that a heavy meal was more likely to impede than to help conversation," cried I.—"By no means," replied he hastily; "I assure you, that I never converse with such ease and fluency as while I am eating heartily." At these words my wife looked significantly at the table, which, to say the truth, was plentifully covered with tea, coffee, eggs, and different kinds of bread. "Oh, my dear madam," cried Mr. Stickfast, translating her glance, "this is all very well as garnish to the more solid part of a breakfast! But perhaps you have nothing but cold ~~meat~~ in the house; if so, we can

make a shift with that for the present.* Some cold roast beef was accordingly brought, and Stickfast ate very heartily of it, though he took care to declare between every mouthful, that a breakfast could hardly be called a meal unless one had two or three nice little French dishes. At last the repast, which I must observe our visitor lengthened to an unconscionable time, was concluded. "*Allons, mon ami*," cried he to me, "let us begin;" and begin he did, for he chattered for half an hour almost incessantly. I did contrive to be sure now and then to edge in a *oui* or *non*, for he never permitted me to get farther. As to catch any thing of the accent, it was impossible, from the rapidity with which he dashed on, even to understand what he said.

At last he paused, seemingly out of breath, and asked me in English, whether I did not feel myself somewhat exhausted. "Exhausted!" cried I, "with what?"—"With talking," replied he gravely: "I assure you I am quite tired; and as I am sure you must be so too, we had better have a glass of wine; it will enable us to go on with spirit."

I ordered a bottle immediately, but protested my inability to partake of it so soon after breakfast. Stickfast assured me I was wrong, that a glass or two would give a flow to my ideas, and by setting me talking freely, would enable him to correct the faults of my pronunciation. I was beginning in French a defence of my abstemiousness, which he interrupted by bursting into an eulogium upon French wines; and he continued to

give me an account of all the different sorts he had drunk in the southern provinces, until he recollected, just as he had emptied the decanter, that he had an engagement, and he hurried away, making an unsolicited promise to come again soon.

You will readily believe, Mr. Adviser, I was not very anxious for a repetition of his visit, but there is absolutely no shaking him off. He either darts in without giving the servant time to say I am not at home, or else he tells him that he must pay his respects to my wife; or if she too is denied, he runs up stairs under pretence of writing a note; and when once he gains admission, there is no chance of his going out till he has breakfasted, dined, or spent the evening.

He played me a trick a short time ago, which occasioned me to be in hot water for a week afterwards. My wife was out, and it was uncertain whether she would return to dinner; I intended, if she did not, to go to the theatre immediately after I had dined. To my great mortification, just before dinner Stickfast made his appearance. I apologized for not asking him to stop, by saying I was just going to dinner, and had an engagement directly afterwards.—“Nothing can be more lucky for me,” cried he; “I am engaged to dinner; but I know I shall be too late, so as yours is ready, I can partake of it without detaining you a moment.”

As I know that he is always an unconscionable time at table, I thought I would get rid of him if I could. “Unfortunately,” cried I, “Mrs. T. is out, and has the key

of the wine-cellar. I don’t mind for myself, but I can’t think of asking you to make a dinner without wine.”—“*N’importe*,” cried he, “I will make a shift for once. But really, my dear fellow, you manage matters very badly; you should never give the key of your wine-cellar out of your own possession. But now I think of it, we can remedy this mischance: there is an excellent tavern just by.” I did not choose to hear these words, and we proceeded to the dining-room. Just as the dinner was over, and Stickfast had taken up his hat to go, my wife entered. “My dear madam,” cried he, immediately re-seating himself, “we have been wishing for you this hour. My poor friend has scarcely been able to swallow a morsel of dinner for want of a glass of wine; but I assure you he behaved admirably; he never once grumbled at your having by mistake carried off the key of the cellar: so by way of reward for his patience, you must really order us up some now.”

My wife, who, between ourselves, exercises more than her share of authority in the family, was equally astonished and enraged at being charged with an exertion of power, which, to do her justice, she has never attempted to make; but the more strongly she denied the fact, the more pertinaciously he insisted upon it. I was forced at last to stop his mouth by pretending that I had found the key, which of course led to the ordering some wine, which he had the complaisance to stay and drink by himself, for I quitted the room on pretence of my engagement, and my wife was too angry to remain with

him. As soon as he was gone, she transferred the weight of her resentment to me, and all my endeavours to pacify her were for some days in vain. At last she has signed my pardon, on condition that I shall never let Stickfast enter my house again. I am very willing to keep him out, if I could do it without absolutely ordering the door to be shut in his face, which, I must own, troublesome as the fellow is, I am loth to do. If, Mr. Adviser, you can suggest any other method of getting rid of him, you will

very much oblige your humble servant,
S. T.

I have inserted this letter, because I think that my correspondent has drawn Mr. Stickfast in colours which cannot be mistaken : I advise him therefore to send this number of the *Repository* to Stickfast himself; and if, after that, he presumes to repeat his visits, I think Mr. T. need not any longer scruple to order his servant to inform him that he is not to be admitted.
S. SAGEPHIZ.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

No. XI.

HISTOIRE D'UN HONNÊTE HOMME.

J'en ai déjà touché l'argent : il est en sûreté j'ai quarante mille francs. Si ton ambition veut se borner à cette petite fortune, nous allons faire bouche d'honnêtes gens.

LE SAGE, *Turcaret.*

IN one of my former sketches I have endeavoured to shew the real characters of too many whom the world honours with the title of *honnêtes gens*; yet who, according to the laws of morality and religion, ought deservedly to be the objects of our abhorrence, or at least of our contempt. Egotism has, however, rendered every thing relative. Reputation itself borrows a principal part of its *éclat* from the advantageous situation in which those may happen to be placed whose credit it becomes the interest of others to support; there does not exist the man whose character his enemies may not succeed in defaming, or whose villany his friends may not veil from the public eye. In Paris, reputation may easily be changed by removing from one habitation to another. What then would be the result in the event of

a change of country? The past would be blotted out. The wretch, laden with wealth and ignominy, in flying from the scenes which witnessed his crimes, would leave shame behind him at the frontiers; and the bearer of testimonials to his virtue and honesty in the shape of bank-notes, would boldly associate with men of integrity and honour in a country where he felt assured his real character was unknown.

This is not exactly the case with the person whose history I am about to lay before my readers, but such a train of reflections would naturally recal him to mind. George Thibaut had received from nature one of those weak characters susceptible alike of every impression whether good or evil, which passively suffer themselves to be elevated to virtue or degraded to

vice by circumstances; and when they have deservedly incurred reproach for their errors, think it a sufficient justification to allege the correctness of their intention. A legible hand-writing and plodding habits had recommended him to several of the inferior stations in a public office; but as his abilities were narrow, and he had no powerful patrons, his promotion was always uncertain. Reckoning upon the permanency of his situation, Thibaut had married an amiable and sensible, but portionless young woman. Nevertheless, by a laudable economy he had hitherto kept above want; his wife had presented him with two lovely children, who improved in mind and person as they grew up, in spite of all obstacles, and she had just lain in of a third when poor George received his dismissal. The new director of his department thought it necessary to signalize his appointment by a compliance with the popular cry of the day. "Retrenchment" was the fashion; with one stroke of his pen he involved a hundred deserving persons in misery and distress, and internally feeling the injustice and cruelty of such a measure, he announced it as irrevocable; an excellent mode of getting rid of complaints and expostulations.

Despair can never bring relief: George did not suffer himself to be discouraged; he applied to all whom he thought his friends, and at length found one in a large contractor for government stores, who had amassed an immense fortune, and wanted a secretary to copy his letters. He required a person able to write his own language correct-

ly, so as to be capable of supplying his place in corresponding when necessary, one who would not object to remain in his office from eight o'clock in the morning till nine in the evening; and he offered to any person who possessed all these qualifications 1800 francs (£75) a year, with a promise of augmenting his salary if he found him deserving. George suited him entirely; and the contractor having learned that he had been dismissed and was in distress, took advantage of his misfortune, and obliged him to come for a month upon trial without remuneration.

George's new master had been many years in the service of the Count de Leyrac, and was actually in hopes of succeeding to the post of valet de chambre when the Revolution took place. His master quitted France; Germain remained behind. His industry left no path untried, and one continued series of success crowned his exertions; he purchased furniture, took leases of the vacant hotels, contracted for the demolition of the chateaux of the nobility, and was soon considered one of the richest capitalists in Paris. To prove himself worthy of his good fortune, his extravagance was boundless; his manners lost their former rusticity; fashionably rude to his old benefactors, he was supple and cringing to his present ones: the women found his magnificent parties delightful; the men agreed that he was really almost deserving of his wealth; and by degrees, he had become accustomed to that consideration which riches invariably command in whatever way

may have been acquired. Germain, whose assumed name I shall not mention for private reasons, had attained the summit of prosperity, when a trifling accident threatened to overthrow the edifice he had reared with so much toil and pains.

Not contented with the immense profits he derived from his contracts with government, Germain, become more insatiable in proportion as his treasures increased, had amused himself from time to time by falsifying his accounts: his ingenuity had found out the secret of doubling the number of the signatures of some of the principal officers of government; and the treasury, which seldom calls in question the correctness of a contractor's accounts, had paid for a few articles, which, by mere forgetfulness on his part, were never supplied. If Germain had been prudent enough to stop at these first essays of his ingenuity, nothing would have been discovered; but he was so indiscreet as to go on, and whether his hand grew careless by habit, or the facility with which he found his accounts were passed made him more negligent, certain it is, that at last suspicions arose, at which he became seriously alarmed.

Twelve hundred thousand livres per annum form a vast mass of pre-~~sumptive~~ ^{positive} evidence in favour of an accused person, perhaps one of the strongest proofs of innocence that can be adduced in the eyes of justice. Germain knew this well, and his terror was consequently not of long duration. However, having learned that an accusation had been preferred against him, and that it

was in contemplation to arrest him, investigate his accounts, and compel him to a private restitution of his ill-gotten profits, he resolved to provide against any such disagreeable result. With this view, he sounded several of his clerks, and not succeeding, applied to George. He knew the distressed situation of his secretary, his domestic embarrassments, and the poverty which threatened him; and after a preparatory conversation of some length, he gave Thibaut to understand that it depended upon himself to ameliorate his own destiny, and that of his wife and children. Without wholly explaining himself, he insinuated that a great sacrifice would be required, the reward for which would be proportionably liberal. The words tribunal, justice, imprisonment, escaped from his lips; and desiring George to return to his family for the rest of the day, he put into his hands a copy of *les Codes*, recommending him to read over attentively pages 617 and 618. As soon as he reached home, Thibaut opened the book, and at the marked pages it treated on the punishment decreed for those guilty of the crime of forgery in public or private accounts. A sudden light broke upon the bewildered George; he saw the precipice before him, and recoiled from it with horror.

Thibaut had shut the book; he reopened it mechanically; his eyes involuntarily glanced over the paragraph; he read it a second time, and again a third time, then closing the book, he walked up and down the room, repeating the clauses to himself. The ragged clothing of his family met his view, and a sigh

escaped him in comparing them with those of the family of M. Germain. His wife, habituated and resigned to every privation as regarded herself, could not behold her children want without tears. "So very little would make us all happy," said she.—"So little!" exclaimed Thibaut, and rushed out of the house without uttering another word.

At the door he met a poor creature whose honesty was unquestioned, yet who was actually starving: this miserable end, which seemed alike impending over Thibaut and his little ones, made him shudder. Some paces farther on, he was nodded to by a bankrupt in his carriage. Every one seemed to shun the first; every one, on the contrary, courted the notice of the second. This difference could not escape Thibaut's observation. Whilst he was leaning against the wall absorbed in these reflections, he was accosted by a friend, from whom he learned, that the splendid equipage belonged to a man who had purchased by five years' residence in Sainte Pelagie, the right of defrauding his principal creditor. On his return home, he was astonished to find that his wife had received a visit from M. Germain, who had expressed a lively interest in her welfare, and whose generous sensibility had not confined itself to mere verbal assurances of friendship.

George passed a wretched night, agitated by a thousand conflicting thoughts. In the morning, having weighed well all the advantages and disadvantages of the two lines of conduct before him, he formed his resolution, and hastened to the

house of his master, who was anxiously expecting him. As soon as the latter perceived Thibaut, he ran to meet him; took him by the hand, and, after having compelled him to partake of an elegant and sumptuous breakfast, demanded what he had decided upon. "To serve you," replied George.—"Indeed!"—"I have read the penal code with attention, and I am perfectly aware of the punishment I incur by taking upon myself the errors which you have committed in your accounts."—"Errors! an excellent word."—"Ten years' imprisonment and hard labour will be my sentence."—"It may, however, possibly be mitigated; we shall be able to bring forward or invent circumstances which may induce the judges to remit one half. You are twenty-seven years of age; at thirty-two you will re-enter the world with recommendations from your inspectors, and a debt of gratitude due from me, which can never be repaid."—"On the latter alone I build my hopes."—"Go on."—"I have a wife and three children."—"Lovely creatures; I saw them yesterday, and I promise you never to forsake them."—"I demand then first, that you shall settle upon my wife 10,000 francs (400 pounds) a year, and give each of my children 20,000 crowns; the money to be deposited to-morrow with a solicitor whom I shall name."—"But, my dear friend, this is too exorbitant."—"Besides this, you shall give me 100 louis for the expenses of my trial, &c."—"That is something more reasonable."—"A thousand crowns after my sentence is passed, in order to mitigate the rigour of

its execution."—"Is that requisite?"—"And 1000 louis on my committal to prison, to enable me to effect my escape, and procure a passage on board some vessel to the United States, whither I shall immediately repair with my family."—"Really, my dear Thibaut, you cannot be in earnest: all this amounts to nearly 400,000 francs."—"I save your honour and reputation."—"True, but in conscience you ask too much."—"Only imagine me in your situation."—"I can conceive all the disagreeables of it: to see oneself brought to trial and condemned, it is doubtless very distressing; but you know when one's conscience is clear, the opinions of other people are of no very material consequence: besides, you take the worst side of the question; we may find means to evade the laws, some flaw in the indictment, or the absence of a witness: I shall spare no expense, I assure you. Come, come, you must lower your demand: besides, you are not a little compromised in this business yourself; you have kept my books. I do not say this to intimidate you, but I really think it would be a good thing for you if you got 200,000 francs by such a trifling affair: many people would be glad to be in your place. I should myself, if I were as destitute as you are; but unfortunately I have acquired wealth, and this is too great a sacrifice." Thibaut smiled contemptuously, and then assuming a more serious tone, signified to his master, that his resolution was fixed, and that no arguments could induce him to alter it. The latter tried in vain to shake

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his determination; he exaggerated the chances of an acquittal, of which he knew very well there was no hope; but at length seeing that he could not make a better bargain, he was obliged to accede to George's terms, in order to screen himself from the punishment he so justly merited.

At the end of a few days, suspicion was artfully directed to Thibaut: he was arrested, tried, and found guilty. Every one execrated his perfidy, and pitied the worthy contractor for having been so unfortunate as to place confidence in such a villain. He answered the condolences of his friends by expressing his compassion for his unhappy clerk, and acquired the greatest praise for his generous benevolence in publicly bestowing on poor Thibaut the hundred louis previously agreed upon between them.

George's wife and children quitted France before the conclusion of a trial, the issue of which could not be doubted; they took with them the price of their husband's and father's disgrace, and changing their name, settled at Philadelphia.

At the expiration of six months, George rejoined them at that city. No one has ever suspected his adventures: he lives there very retired, educating his children, whom he has protected from poverty and seduction, in principles more solid than those he himself received; and has made himself equally beloved and respected by his irreproachable conduct. So true is it that there are men in the world to whom nothing but a little more

U .

wealth is wanting to render them deserving of the title of *honnêtes gens*. Such is the anecdote, which may possibly afford amusement and instruction to my readers. With the exception of the names, which I have altered, it is no fiction.

AUGUSTUS AND CECILIA.

MRS. MEREDITH and Mrs. Howard had been friends from their childhood; they were married at the same time, and became mothers on the same day; the first of a son, and the latter of a daughter. The former was born blind, and this circumstance so afflicted his mother, who had great sensibility, that her friends feared she would not survive her *accouchement*. Providence, however, ordered it otherwise; she recovered, to devote herself with the fondest and most incessant care to her duties as a mother. Her little Augustus grew up healthy, lively, and intelligent; his beauty was the admiration of every body, and his misfortunes and amiable temper rendered him an object of interest to all who knew him.

Mrs. Howard, the attached and tender friend of his mother, had felt for Augustus, from the moment of his birth, an affection that was almost maternal. She had secretly resolved, that if Heaven deprived him of his mother, she would supply her place. Her daughter and Augustus were almost constantly together: the little Cecilia, who was naturally of a tender and compassionate disposition, soon became sensible of the misfortune under which her beautiful play-fellow laboured, and she endeavoured, by all the kind attentions which she could shew him, to alle-

viate it. As the children grew up, they became warmly attached to each other, and the parents on both sides saw with pleasure the growth of an affection, which promised to form their mutual happiness.

During the infancy and childhood of Augustus, every means had been tried to restore him to sight, but in vain. He had nearly attained his twentieth year, when an oculist, who has since become very celebrated in his profession, was just beginning to be talked of. Mr. Meredith applied to him, but with little hope: to his surprise and joy, he declared that he did not despair of procuring for his son the blessing of sight. One may easily conceive the transports with which the lovers and their fond parents heard this declaration, but the delight of Cecilia was not unmingled with pain; she looked forward with apprehension to the moment in which Augustus would have the power to compare her with others of her sex. Cecilia was not handsome, and she knew it: she, however, possessed graces often more attractive than mere beauty, but this she did not know. Naturally modest and humble, she estimated herself in all respects below her deserts; and when she thought of all that nature had done for Augustus, she could not help fearing that he would be disgusted

with her want of those personal charms, which he himself so eminently possessed.

She could not conceal these apprehensions from her lover, who tried every argument that affection could suggest to banish them, but in vain. He even offered to give up the chance of gaining the blessing of sight, but this Cecilia would not listen to. "No, my dear Augustus," cried she: "all I can, or all I ought to ask, is, that you will deal with me sincerely. If, when you have seen how homely I am in comparison with others, your heart should revolt from our intended union, do not conceal from me your change of sentiment: I could resign you a thousand times more readily, than I could bear the thought of being an obstacle to your happiness."—"Talk not thus, my dear apprehensive Cecilia," said Augustus; "you can never be an obstacle to that happiness which you, and you alone, can form."

The operation was crowned with success; Augustus recovered his sight, and for some days he seemed to exist in a delirium of pleasure. Astonished and enchanted with the different objects which he saw, Cecilia was still the one who interested him the most; it was from her that he sought an explanation of all he wanted to know; in short, without her he would not enjoy even his new-found pleasures. The apprehensions of Cecilia were lulled to sleep, and she began to listen to his pleadings for an early day, when a trifling incident destroyed her hopes of happiness.

They met at an evening party a

young lady whose charms were then the theme of universal admiration; the moment Augustus saw her, he exclaimed, "How beautiful!" The exclamation pierced the heart of Cecilia: it was not a mean jealousy of superior attractions which seized her; it was a fear that the charms, which she herself acknowledged to be transcendent, had robbed her of the heart of Augustus: never before had he expressed himself in such a tone of rapture; his eyes during the whole evening followed the lovely stranger, and he returned home pensive and abstracted.

No sleep visited that night the eyes of Cecilia; the exclamation of Augustus, and the tone in which it was delivered, haunted her incessantly. She watched him closely the following day; she saw, or fancied she saw, that his thoughts appeared occupied, and that his manner to herself was changed. In a few days she learned that he visited at the house of Mrs. Copeland, the mother of the young beauty; and from that moment she felt convinced that she had lost his heart.

This blow was more than she could support: from the first dawn of reason, he had been the object dearest to her in the world, and the habit of being constantly together had rendered his society a want which she could not supply: true, she knew that honour and conscience would not permit him to desert her; but could she bear the thought of accepting his hand unaccompanied by his heart? No; she felt that, to secure his happiness, she must resign him; and this cruel thought preyed upon

her mind, and by degrees poisoned the springs of life.

The parents of Augustus were surprised and offended at finding that he no longer urged his union with Cecilia; his father spoke to him upon the subject. Augustus had till then striven to disguise from himself his passion for Miss Copeland, but his father's remonstrance forced him to open his eyes. The conflict in his mind was severe, but principle triumphed. He hastened to beg that Cecilia would name the day for the consummation of his happiness. She evaded complying with his request, and though he complained of her cruelty, she read but too truly in his countenance the joy that he felt at her refusal. Only hearts tender and faithful as her own can conceive the shock which this annihilation of all her hopes gave her. From that hour she drooped, and it soon became evident that she was hastening to the grave. Her parents and Augustus were almost distracted at her situation, though wholly unsuspecting of its cause. The physicians urged her to try the effects of a milder climate; but this, notwithstanding the entreaties of her friends, she steadily refused, on the plea, that she was convinced, from internal evidence, no benefit would accrue to her health from the change.

One evening when Augustus called, he found her apparently much better, and this favourable change induced him to urge the experiment of travelling: for some time she evaded a reply, but when she could no longer do so, she begged he would not make a request, with which it was impos-

sible for her to comply. Hurt at the determined air with which these words were pronounced, Augustus replied warmly, "Till now, Cecilia, I thought you loved me: I have deceived myself; for if you did, you would not refuse to try to live for my sake." Overcome by these words, she answered, in a flattering tone, "Why should I wish to live, when, if I did, I could not make you happy?"

The truth flashed in a moment upon the mind of Augustus; he beheld her before him sinking into the grave, the uncomplaining victim of his involuntary perfidy. No language can paint the agony which this sad conviction gave him: he threw himself at her feet; he called heaven and earth to witness, that he abjured from that moment every sentiment inimical to her happiness; that his whole heart was hers, and that in life or death he would be hers alone.

His looks, his tones told Cecilia that she was not deceived; a ray of joy and hope lighted up her countenance. She extended her hand. "O Augustus," cried she, "this moment overpays all! I am happy!" Augustus sprang to clasp her to his heart; she sank a lifeless corpse into his arms: the sudden burst of rapture had released her pure spirit, and it was gone forever.

Augustus still survives: he religiously kept his promise; no other woman has replaced Cecilia in his heart; her image is ever present with him, and often and deeply does he regret, that by giving way to a sentiment which conscience and gratitude ought to have checked, he caused the death of her whose life had been spent in acts of love to him.

FOOTE'S ACCOUNT OF HIS "PATRON."

It may not be unamusing to some of our readers to see Foote's own description of his comedy, called "The Patron," produced at the Haymarket in 1764. It has never been printed in his works, which renders the statement of the plot and the design the more curious.

Account of "THE PATRON," a new Comedy, of three acts, written by Mr. Foote, and now performing at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Bever,	Mr. Death.
His Friend,	Mr. Davis.
Rust,	Mr. Weston.
Puff,	Mr. Hayes.
Dictyl,	Mr. Granger.
Sir Roger Dowla,	Mr. Palmer.
Sir Thos. Lofty and Sir Peter Pepperpot,	} Mr. Foote.
Staytape,	Mr. Brown.
Servants,	{ Mr. Parsons
Juliette,	{ & Mr. Lewis.
	Mrs. Granger.

This piece opens with a conversation between Bever and his friend about Sir Thomas Lofty, a pretended patron of all the polite arts, but at the bottom a man of intolerable vanity and ignorance. Bever is a young fellow lately arrived from Oxford, and recommended by his father to the acquaintance of Sir Thomas, as the properest means of initiating him into the republic of letters; an honour of which the young gentleman is supposed to be not a little ambitious. His visits at Sir Thomas's are attended with the loss of his heart, which Juliette, the knight's niece, captivates in a short

time; but in return she makes him a present of her own, and takes every method she can to give him her hand into the bargain. To effect this, however, she has one considerable difficulty to surmount; her uncle, upon whom her whole dependence is, having promised her to Mr. Rust, a celebrated antiquarian.

The conversation between Bever and his friend is interrupted by the appearance of Sir Peter Pepperpot, a West Indian of great fortune, who is going to feast on a delicious barbecue, and is rating a couple of negroes by whom he is attended, for neglecting to carry his bottle of cayenne.

This gentleman is also a pretended patron of the arts; but nevertheless seems more solicitous about the preservation of the body than the improvement of the mind, his whole discourse turning upon the excellence of turtle; and the last fleet having brought him five, he tells us, that he disposed of two at Cornhill, sent a third to Almack's; and the remaining two being unhealthy, he packed them off to his borough in Yorkshire. "The last indeed," says he, "I smuggled, for the unconscionable rascal of a stage-driver used to charge me five pounds for the carriage; but my coachman having occasion to go into the country, he clapped a capuchin upon the turtle, and carried it down for thirty shillings as an inside passenger: the frolic, however, was near proving fatal, for as Betty, the bar-maid at Hatfield, thrust her head into the coach to know what the compa-

ny chose for breakfast, the turtle snapped her, by the nose, and it was with the greatest difficulty they could disengage her." Sir Peter farther tells them, that his constituents are such connoisseurs in turtle, that they can distinguish the pash from the pec, and leaves them to judge by the consumption how universally it is esteemed: six pounds being, according to him, the stint of an alderman; five the allowance of his wife; and the mayor, the parson, and the recorder being indulged without limication.

Sir Peter has no sooner retired, than Bever and his friend are again interrupted by a quarrel between Dactyl a poet, and Puff a publisher; owing to the latter having refused to purchase a copy of Dactyl's, which is all praise and panegyric. In this altercation, the poet and publisher mutually recriminate. The bard puts Puff in mind, that till he took notice of him, "his shop was nothing but a shed in Moorfields; his kitchen a pan of charcoal, and his bed under the counter:" to which the other replies, by threatening to restrain his hand, and declaring that he would give no more beef and carrots of a morning.

By Juliette's advice, Mr. Bever had flattered Sir Thomas so successfully, that the knight at last professes the greatest friendship imaginable for him, and informs him of what he calls the greatest secret of his life; begging at the same time Mr. Bever's assistance, as the strongest mark of attachment and esteem. Sir Thomas had it seems written a play, which was to be acted that night, under the

title of "Robinson Crusoe," but had transacted every thing with so much secrecy, that nobody suspected him for the author. The manager, however, of Drury-lane, where he says it is to be performed, hearing that every anonymous production was placed to his own account, insisted upon, and obtained a positive promise from Sir Thomas, that he should know the poet's name before the curtain drew up. Sir Thomas's very vanity making him rather apprehensive about the success of his piece, he determined to make Mr. Bever pass for the author, that so, if it happened to fail, the whole disgrace should be laid at that gentleman's door; knowing that if it was well received, nothing would be easier than to whisper the truth, and get the whole reputation transferred to his own. Urged by this motive, he entreats Mr. Bever would oblige him by an acquiescence, with which our young lover, after a considerable struggle within himself, complies. Unhappily for the poor knight, the play is damned before the end of the third act. Dactyl, Puff, and Rust, whom he had sent to support it, very quickly follow his servants with an account of its fate; nor is Bever long after them, but comes back fired with rage and indignation, to make Sir Thomas take the scandal of the play on himself. In vain our patron begs, argues, remonstrates, soothes; Bever tells him he should be gibbeted down to all posterity, with the author of Love in a hollow Tree, and asks if he imagined any family would receive him after so public a disgrace. The knight instantly an-

swers he would ; upon which Bever directly demands his niece, as a recompence for keeping the secret, and bearing the infamy of the piece. Sir Thomas consents, and

joining their hands, says to Juliette,

"Here, take his hand—I owe him much—I know it,
And make the man, although I damn the poet."

HUMAN NATURE IS NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.

"I AM sick of the world, or rather of its inhabitants," said Mr. Villiers one morning, after he had just paid a large gaming debt, which he suspected had been unfairly won. "Man is a compound of folly and villany; and woman—woman is ——." He paused abruptly, but with a look which expressed his feelings more strongly than the bitterest philippic upon the lovely sex could have done.

While Villiers was thus anathematizing mankind, it never occurred to him, that in his transactions with them, he had been used just as he deserved. He always selected his companions either for the estimation they were held in by the world, or because their manners happened to please him. As to their moral characters, he had never taken the trouble to scrutinize them. It is not wonderful, therefore, that his associates should have been frivolous and unprincipled; but it is probable that he would not speedily have discovered they were so, had not a friend, to whom he lent a large sum of money, eloped with a mistress, who, after sacrificing virtue and reputation to her *penchant* for Villiers, sacrificed him also to her inclination for a newer lover.

Upon such grounds, and with such experience of human nature, Villiers condemned mankind in the lump, and determined to avoid

all communication with them. He parted with his town establishment, and retired to a small estate which he had in Wales, where he determined to pass the remainder of his days in seclusion, and to seek only those pleasures which books and the contemplation of the beauties of nature could afford him.

As he had never lived in the country, and had naturally a lively imagination and a poetical turn, he was at first delighted with his solitude, and exulted not a little in the proud consciousness that he was sufficient to himself; but by degrees he began to feel a great want of somebody to whom he could dilate upon the pleasures of solitude; his relish for the beauties of nature became less lively, and his favourite authors lost by repetition the power they had at first possessed of fixing his attention and enlivening his hours: in short, for the first time in his life, he became a prey to lassitude.

As he was strolling one day in a melancholy mood, he met an old harper who was walking along at a brisk pace: the lively expression of happiness in his countenance caught the attention of Villiers, and as the old man saluted him respectfully in passing, he put some silver into his hand, and turning with him, began to ask some questions about his way of life. The old man, who was very sensible and

intelligent, seemed happy in his lot; and described with much vivacity the pleasures of an itinerant way of life. The harper's intercourse with mankind had disposed his mind favourably towards them, and he painted in such glowing colours the kindness and humanity which he always experienced from the lower classes, that Villiers began to conceive the idea of varying his monotonous existence by making a little itinerant excursion.

He walked home ruminating upon a plan, which, he thought, might afford him a few days' amusement, and, at the same time, give him an opportunity of ascertaining whether the poor were as selfish and as hard-hearted as the rich.

As he could play very well upon the flute, he determined to make an excursion as an itinerant musician. "In this character," thought he, "I shall meet at least with a little sincerity. My fine friends always protested, that my performance was exquisite; let us see now whether it will be thought worth a supper and a bed." Accordingly, the next morning he quitted his house, and rode to a small town at some distance from it, where he purchased a dress fit for his frolic, and leaving his horse at an inn, he sallied forth, with his flute in his pocket, in quest of adventures.

His journey commenced auspiciously; the day was extremely fine, and the country through which he wandered so beautiful, that he proceeded with a light heart for several hours; but just as exercise had given him an appetite, and he began to look round in vain for a cottage or a public-house, the wea-

ther changed, the rain poured in torrents, and our adventurer was obliged to plod his weary way till towards the close of the evening, before any human habitation met his longing-eyes.

At last, to his great joy, he drew near a small hamlet; but not being disposed to walk a step farther than he needed, he stopped at a cottage which was at some distance from the rest, and began to play a sprightly air. "We don't want music, good man," said a young woman opening the cottage-door; but at sight of the dripping musician her tone changed. "Poor soul!" said she, in a kind voice, "you are quite wet; come in and dry yourself, but come softly, that you may not disturb my mother."

Villiers did not need a second invitation; he followed her into the cottage: there was a very little fire, but the girl immediately ran to get another log of wood, and a young man, who, on the entrance of Villiers, was seated in the chimney-corner, insisted upon our hero's changing his coat for an old jacket, and forced him into the warm seat.

While Villiers was enjoying with the liveliest relish the comforts of a good fire and a warm room, a middle-aged woman came from an inner chamber. "Mother," said the girl, "this poor man has been in all the rain, so we brought him in to dry himself."—"I warrant he is hungry as well as wet," said the mother; "bring the bread and cheese, child."

The nimble lass soon reached a large brown loaf and a piece of cheese, which she placed before Villiers, who did not require much pressing to fall to with an excel-

lent appetite. The good woman lamented that she had no beer, but Villiers assured her he preferred the pure spring water which her pretty daughter presented to him; and after he had made a delicious though homely repast, he began to think of paying for his entertainment, and took out his flute to play.

"At another time," said the good woman, "this would be a great treat to us, but just now we are in too much trouble to think of pleasure."—"I am sorry to hear that," cried Villiers; "I wish your trouble was any thing that I could assist you in."—"Ah!" cried the poor woman, "no one can assist me; for I have to deal with a hard-hearted creditor, who will, I am afraid, seize my goods to-morrow for debt."

"Mother," cried the young man, "he could not do it if you would only release me from the promise you forced me to give you."

"No, no, William," cried the girl, "it must not be that way. Mother, I would rather a thousand times do what he asks, than let William go for a soldier."

"And I would rather a thousand times," cried the mother, "let him take what I have, than I would suffer either of you to make such a sacrifice."—"These poor children," said she to Villiers, "were shortly to have been married, but misfortunes have come upon us: William can't get work, and the expense of a long illness has brought me very low. A neighbour, who had an inclination for my daughter, lent me some money, but finding that I would not en-

deavour to make her break with William and marry him, he threatens to seize my goods: but let him seize them, we shall still have the shelter of a roof, and Providence will send us some means of support."

William and Nancy reiterated their requests in vain, the good mother was inflexible. Villiers, who was naturally of a humane disposition, was sensibly touched with this scene, and his misanthropy was not a little shaken at thus unexpectedly finding three persons who all gave striking proof that they were neither selfish nor unfeeling.

While he was deliberating on the best method of assisting them without betraying his rank, a gentle tap at the door of the cottage was followed by the appearance of a lovely girl, apparently about eighteen; she was fashionably but plainly dressed. The cottagers started up with an exclamation of surprise; she was beginning to speak, but perceiving Villiers, she motioned the good woman into the inner apartment. They were absent but a few minutes, and immediately on their return the fair stranger vanished. The cottager was in tears, but they were evidently tears of joy. "O my dear children," cried she, "let us thank God, and our blessed Miss Emma! We are out of the power of that cruel man! I have his money here."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed William and Nancy in a breath. "Has Miss Emma given you all that?"

"Yes," replied the mother: "the dear child never knew of our dis-

dress till yesterday. She was very angry with me for keeping it a secret from her mamma; but after all Mrs. Barclay has done, how could I think of asking her? I was almost afraid to take the money from Miss Emma, because I know it is a great deal for her; but the dear creature told me I need not be fearful, for it was her own; and would you believe it, Nancy? would you think it, William? I drew from her at last, that it is the very money, that her uncle Davers has given her to buy a dress for her first ball."

"A dress for her first ball!" repeated Villiers.

"Yes," said the cottager; "she has never been to one yet, but she was to have gone to the assize ball at —, which will be next week, and her uncle, who is very fond of her, gave her five guineas to buy a dress. When she heard of my distress, she immediately asked her mother's leave to give me the money, and Mrs. Barclay consented directly. Was it not very good of them both; and Miss Emma particularly, who is so fond of dancing, and who expected so much pleasure at this ball?"

"And she shall have it, by my soul she shall!" cried Villiers eagerly. "You must return her money," said he to the good woman, who stared at him in silent astonishment, till he explained that he was merely disguised for a frolic, and presented her with more than double the sum which she had just received from the lovely Emma; about whom he felt a curiosity which the good cottager had great pleasure in gratifying, for no subject could be so delightful

to her as the praises of her young benefactress.

She told him that Mrs. Barclay was a widow, and in very moderate circumstances. She lived in a retired manner, and devoted herself wholly to the education of her daughter, who was at once her comfort and her pride. Small as her income was, Mrs. Barclay contrived to do a great deal of good among the poor: her daughter inherited her benevolent disposition. During the long illness of dame Grant, the good woman of the cottage, she had been much indebted to the kindness of both; and Emma, in her frequent visits to the cottage, conceived a liking to the good woman and her daughter, which led her to take a more than common interest in their affairs.

Villiers passed the night in the cottage; he quitted it the next morning, bearing with him the blessings of its grateful inhabitants, to whom he did not reveal his name. He pursued his frolic no farther, but returned home with his thoughts full of what he had witnessed in the cottage, and misanthrope as he fancied himself, he estimated the good action of Emma quite as high as it merited.

"No doubt," thought he, "she will now attend the ball, and it would be pleasant to see an unsophisticated young creature for the first time at an amusement of that kind." He determined therefore to go from mere curiosity. We must, however, observe, that he might have gratified his curiosity without taking ten times more pains with his dress than he had ever done in his life.

He had not been long in the

ball-room before Emma entered, accompanied by her mother. Villiers contrived to gain an introduction to them, and to procure the hand of Emma, who little suspected that her gallant and attentive partner was the poor man whom she had hardly noticed in the cottage. He found her manners as charming as her face—simple, natural, and lively. She was the very being to attract and to secure a heart disgusted, like that

of Villiers, by the general reputation as generally found among fashionable females. In a word, he became convinced there was one woman at least worth having. He was fortunate enough to obtain her; and for the credit of matrimony be it recorded, that their union, which has now lasted ten years, has converted him from a defamer of the sex, into an enthusiastic admirer of their virtues.

ON SURNAMES.

NAMES, called in Latin *nomen*, *quasi notamina*, were first imposed for the distinction of persons, which we now call Christian names; after, for difference of families, which we call surnames, and have been especially respected, as that on which the glory and credit of men is grounded, and by which the same is conveyed to the knowledge of posterity; and every person had in the beginning one only proper name, as Adam, Joseph, &c.

Camden observes, he never could find an hereditary surname in England before the Conquest: the surnames in Domesday-book were brought in by the Normans, who not long before had taken them, but they were mostly noted with a *de*, as John de Babington, Walter de Hugget, Nicholas de Yateman, &c. or Ricardus filius Roberti, &c. and that they were not settled among the common people till about the reign of King Edward II. Surnames are not from *sire*, but because superadded to the Christian name. Places anciently gave names to persons, and not the con-

trary. William, son of Roger Fitz-Valerine, in the time of King Henry I. being born in the castle of Howard in Wales, did from thence assume the name of the place of his birth, and transmitted the same to his posterity. Edward of Caernarvon was so called from the place of his nativity: so Thomas of Brotherton, from the village in Yorkshire wherein he was born; and John of Gaunt, from the city of Gaunt, in Flanders, where he was born.

The custom of taking names from towns and villages in England, is a sufficient proof of the ancient descents of those families who are still inhabitants of the same places. Some took their names from their offices; others from forests; others from woods; others from hills, dales, trees, &c.; others from fishes.

From the alteration of names in early times, it is that at this day many families, who have neglected to keep up their pedigrees, are at a loss to account for the similar bearing of arms, whose names are so widely different, while yet they might all originally be descended

from one and the same common ancestor. * Little, for instance, would any one think to look for the family and arms of Botteville in those of the present Lord Weymouth; and this only, because in the reign of Edward IV. John de Botteville resided at one of the inns of court,

and from thence was named John of Th'Inne (Thynne); and as little would he suspect, that the poor deserted and exposed infant at Newark-upon-Trent, commonly called *Tom among us*, should afterwards be metamorphosed into the great Df. Thomas Magnus,

THE GENEROUS FRIENDS.

(From the Spanish.)

(Continued from page 7.)

"As your majesty has then commanded me, I cannot refuse to disclose the whole of my thoughts to you. I am determined to revenge the gross insult I have received, and I only wait an opportunity to carry my intentions into execution. Every man who is born a Spaniard is responsible for the honour of his lineage and of his country. Your majesty is doubtless well acquainted with the injury I have received, and I am resolved to put the prince to death in a manner equivalent to the offence. I will either sheathe my sword in his bosom, or blow out his brains with a pistol. This is my determination."—"This revenge appears to me to be most severe," replied the king; "but perhaps it is excusable, considering the enormity of the injury which the prince has done you. I am aware that he merits the punishment which you have prepared for him; but suspend it for a short time; do not be too hasty in its execution. All I have to request is, that you will give me time to reflect, and to discover some plan by which satisfaction will be given to both."—"Ah, sir!" I exclaimed, "why did

you force me to divulge my secret? What plan can possibly be imagined which is calculated to give me satisfaction?"—"If," answered the king, "I do not find one which will give satisfaction to both, you will be at liberty to accomplish that which you at first suggested to me. Do not suppose that I am capable of abusing the confidence that you have placed in me. Of this you may rest satisfied, that whatever may be the result, I will not sacrifice your honour."

I went away, reflecting with myself in what manner the king would endeavour to bring about an amicable settlement of the affair. His majesty's first object was to hold a conference with my enemy, and he said to him, "Madrivil, you have offended Don Pompeyo de Castro; are you not aware that he is a gentleman of rank and honour, whom I love, and who has served me well? You ought to give him satisfaction."—"Sir," replied the prince, "if he demands it, I am perfectly ready to give him satisfaction with my sword."—"The satisfaction you ought to give should be very different," said the king. "A noble Spaniard knows

too well the laws of duellists to demand an honourable combat with a coward and an assassin. I can give you no other name; nor can you eradicate the indecency of such a villanous action, unless you offer to your enemy a stick with your own hand, to be laid across your shoulders."—"Holy God!" exclaimed my enemy, "can your majesty be in earnest? Do you require that a man of my rank should humble himself before an inferior, and bear blows with patience from him?"—"Your passion carries you beyond my meaning," replied the king. "I will oblige Don Pompeyo to give me his honour that he will not take the stick. All I require is, that in offering the stick you should ask pardon for the offence you have given to him."—"Sir," answered the prince, "this is requiring too much from me. I had much rather be exposed to the artful machinations of my enemy's resentment."—"Your life is precious to me," said the king, "and I am desirous to avert the melancholy consequences of this affair: I wish to do you a benefit. I shall be the sole witness of this satisfaction, which I absolutely command you to give to this injured Spaniard."

It required all the persuasive powers of the king to induce Radrivil to subject himself to such an humiliation: at length, however, he succeeded. Immediately the king called me to his presence: he related to me the conversation which had passed, and asked me whether I should be contented with this satisfaction. "I answered in the affirmative, and gave my word that I would offer no offensive

language, and that I would not take the stick that would be offered to me." Matters being thus arranged, it was agreed that I and my enemy should meet the king on a certain day at a particular hour. Being assembled in the king's closet, his majesty said to the prince, "Now, sir, acknowledge your error, and sue for pardon." The prince obeyed, and offered me the baton. "Take the stick, Don Pompeyo," said the king to me, "and do not be prevented by my presence from taking revenge for your injured honour. Recollect, however, that you have already given me your word that you would not maltreat the prince." "No, sir," I replied, "it is enough that he has rendered himself liable to receive blows from me. A Spaniard requires no other satisfaction."—"Very well," replied the king, "now that you have received satisfaction, you are both at liberty to take that course which gentlemen on such occasions usually pursue. Measure your swords to terminate the affair."—"This is what I have anxiously desired," said the prince, in an altered tone and hurried manner; for this alone is capable of consoling me for the disgrace which I have suffered."

Having said these words, he retired, bursting with anger and confusion, and two hours afterwards he sent me a challenge. I hastened to the spot, and I found him well prepared to receive me. He was about 45 years of age, and was wanting neither in skill nor courage. It might be said with truth, that it was an equal match between us. "Come on, Don Pompeyo," he said, "and let us terminate our

differences. Both of us have cause to desire it, you for the treatment you have received, and I for the humiliation I have suffered." Having said this, he drew his sword from the scabbard with so much quickness as to afford me no time for reply. He gave me two or three thrusts in less than a second, which, however, I was fortunate enough to parry. My antagonist soon discovered that he was engaged with a man as dexterous as himself in the art of duelling. The result was dubious, when the prince stumbled by accident in the act of defending himself, and fell upon his back. Immediately I saw him upon the ground I requested him to rise. "Why do you grant me this pardon?" he asked. "This unexpected generosity cuts me to the heart."—"If I took advantage of your situation," I said, "my glory would be sullied. The noble heart of a Spaniard disdains such cowardice. Rise, and let us continue the contest."

"No, Don Pompeyo," he cried, "after so noble an action, I cannot lift my sword against you. What would the world say of me if I took advantage of such generosity? I should be justly branded for a coward if I took away the life of him who could have slain me. I cannot, will not fight against you. Your generous conduct has converted into brotherly affection the furious passions which agitated my heart. Don Pompeyo, let us henceforth be united; let us always be friends."—"Ah! sir," he exclaimed, "with what delight do I receive an offer so acceptable! From this moment I swear an eternal friendship, and to give you now a con-

clusive proof of my affection, I swear never again to set my foot in the house of Dona Hortensia."—"I will not suffer the promise," he said; "I devote myself to cede all claim to that lady. It is more reasonable that I should abandon her than you, whose affection for her is greater than mine."—"No, no," I interrupted, "you love her, and I wish to sacrifice all my inclinations to your tranquillity and repose."—"O Spaniard! full of noble and generous feeling," exclaimed the transported Radrivil, and clasped me in his arms, "your nobleness of sentiment has enchanted me! Oh, what remorse do I feel at this moment! what grief and shame does that villanous action towards you present to my mind! The pardon which I sued for before the king now appears to me insufficient to give you satisfaction, and I am desirous of shewing the world the respect I have for you. I have a niece, of whose hand I have the absolute disposal; I offer her to you in marriage. She has a large fortune, is not more than 15 years of age, and she is more beautiful than young."

I returned the warmest thanks to the prince which the honour of being allied to his family inspired, and a few days afterwards I was married to his niece. All the court congratulated the prince that he had made the fortune of a gentleman whom he had previously covered with ignominy; and my friends were rejoiced at the happy result of an affair which promised so melancholy a termination. At this very moment I am living in peace and happiness at Warsaw. My wife loves me, and I am equal-

ly fond of her. Her uncle gives me every day fresh proofs of his respect for me; and I can assure you, without ostentation, that I am up- on the very best terms with his majesty. As a proof of his esteem, he has entrusted me with a most important negotiation at Madrid.

ANSWER TO "SEMPRONIA ON NEEDLE-WORK."

MR. EDITOR,

A CORRESPONDENT of yours, who signs herself "Sempronia," has, in your last Number, endeavoured, with more ingenuity I think than truth, to deter your fair readers wholly from the exercise of the needle, on the double, or rather triple, ground of its being detrimental to their mental improvement, and to their domestic happiness; and also because, by practising it, they deprive those females who depend on their industry for a livelihood of a part of their subsistence.

With your leave, Mr. Editor, we will examine how far these charges are just. I apprehend that no person, who considers the subject impartially, will say, that a moderate use of the needle can be detrimental to mental improvement. A young woman cannot spend her whole time either in the practice of accomplishments, or the acquirement of knowledge; that portion of it for which she has no ostensible employment, may not only be innocently but even profitably devoted to her needle: while her fingers are employed her mind need not be idle; she may amuse herself with reflecting upon what she has read; she may retrace the lessons of the moralist or the philosopher; indulge in the delightful visions of the poet, or recall to her memory a series of historical events, while she plies the steel bar. Should the truth of this assertion

be questioned, I need only appeal to any female of a lively imagination, whether she cannot indulge in whatever train of thought she chooses while she is employed in any kind of plain needle-work.

With respect to the injury which this sort of employment does to domestic happiness by unfitting women to be the companions of their husbands or fathers, I conceive this charge is quite as unfounded as the other. Women are not necessarily less cheerful, less communicative, less disposed to converse on literary subjects; because they are embroidering a frill, or stitching a wristband. I can assert, from my own experience, that conversation is not more trifling or languid in those houses where the ladies of the family work, than in those where they do not. If we look at the female literary world, we shall find that those ladies who were and are esteemed its brightest ornaments, did not disdain the use of the needle. Who would think of questioning the companionable talents of Mrs. Trimmer, Mrs. Chapone, or Mrs. Carter? Yet these ladies looked upon needle-work as a necessary part of female occupation: the latter, who was as simple and unpretending as she was learned, says in one of her letters, that she was making a set of skirts at the time she was engaged in her celebrated translation of Epictetus.

Now, sir, for the last charge.

Before we are called upon to contribute our mite towards the subsistence of others, we must consider what we can spare from the immediate wants of our own family. This circumstance seems to have entirely escaped your correspondent, who, in her rage for banishing needle-work, makes no allowance for the situation of a large, alas! too large, portion of the community; I mean those families who are, from the pressure of the times, obliged to retrench in every possible way. Can Sempronia maintain, that it is not the duty of the mistresses of such families to do all they can in the task of making their income suffice for their wants: she tells them indeed, that instead of saving money, they had better earn it. It is a pity she has not pointed out how; there are many I believe who would gladly make the experiment. But the fact is, and Sempronia must know it, that as society is at present constituted, a female who wishes to be considered a gentlewoman has few or no opportunities of earning money, although she may have many of saving it: one of these is by her needle; for the mistress of a family, whose circumstances oblige her to economize, can certainly contrive to save every year, by her needle-work, a sum, which though in itself trifling, may nevertheless be of considerable consequence to her.

A young married woman of my acquaintance furnishes me with an example of this, which I cannot resist giving to your readers. She was brought up by a housewifely mother, one of those women who consider it a crying sin to be a mo-

ment unemployed: in compliance, however, with the fashion of the times, and the wishes of her husband, she suffered her daughter to receive a liberal education; but she took care also that a complete knowledge of needle-work should form a part of it. My young friend, when a girl, had more than once deplored the drudgery, as she thought it, which she was obliged to go through; and when she became a wife, she gaily declared, that her labours of the needle were at an end.

During the first three years which passed after her marriage, she had no occasion to resume them; but in the beginning of the fourth, some losses which her husband sustained considerably abridged their income, at the same time that their family was increased by the birth of twins.

It was then that my friend felt the truth of her mother's axiom, "a penny saved is a penny gained:" the situation of her husband, and the cares of her family, combined to prevent her from earning money, and had she not known how to save it, herself and husband must have suffered much more than they did by their change of fortune. As it is, her unremitting industry has softened the blow; and I believe if Sempronia were to see her, as I sometimes do, sitting in an evening alternately conversing with and listening to her husband while he reads aloud, she would admit, that a sempstress is not always an insipid companion.

"Every sort of knowledge," says the inimitable Miss Edgeworth, "has its use." Your correspondent Sempronia says, it is not

necessary that women should be accustomed to the use of their needle, because there is a probability that they will be supported by the persons whom they marry. She forgets that there is also a probability they may never marry at all; and certainly the latter contingency ought to be provided for, by giving them such knowledge as might enable them to gain a subsistence. I confess I have often wished that I could, for the benefit of women so circumstanced, turn some scores of idle strapping fellows out of the different shops in which females could just as well officiate. I am surprised that Sempronia, with all the zeal she expresses for the welfare of this class of women, should gravely argue against their filling the places now occupied by men. I certainly would not have them encroach upon the privileges of the latter; I would not, though Sempronia seems to think it might be done, put them into the offices of attorneys, nor teach them those occupations which might be deemed above their capacities, or too robust for their sex; but assuredly they should have the entire management of lace, ribbons, cambric, and every thing else which appertains to the dress of their sex. We should no more be disgusted with the sight of men whom nature intended to follow the plough or carry a musket, measuring muslin or descapting on the beauties of silk.

That men should be suffered to deprive the weaker sex of those occupations for which nature seems expressly to have designed them, is an evil which has been exposed by abler pens than mine; and if

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Sempronia really wishes to effect a change for the better in the condition of this industrious class of females, she may promote her object much more effectually by pointing out in detail the hardships which they endure from this practice, than by railing at an employment which, when not carried to excess, is always harmless, and often useful.

In the various objections which your correspondent makes to needle-work, either as an employment or as an amusement, she never informs us what she would have substituted in its place. I am afraid that if she did succeed in banishing it, she would have no great cause to triumph, for the time now occupied with it would probably be much less innocently employed in cards and scandal.

As to the injury which needle-work does to trade, I apprehend it can be very little: my situation gives me opportunities of seeing a good deal of the attire of women of fashion; and for the ease of your fair correspondent's mind, I here leave with truth to assure her, that she will not find ladies of rank now, as formerly, decked in the work of their own hands. the fact is, the passion for needle work is pretty nearly extinct in the higher classes; it may be the resource of an idle hour, but it certainly never forms a serious employment.

I am afraid, sir, you are by this time inclined to wish that I had, by preferring the needle to the pen, saved you the trouble of reading this long letter. I can only apologize by saying I am an old woman, consequently privileged to be tedious; and as this is my first

Y

appearance in print, and I will promise never to offend in this way again, I hope for your forgiveness, and am, sir, your very humble servant,

OLIVIA OLDMODE.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 14.—VIEW OF SESTO.

SESTO is a pretty town, situated at the southern extremity of Lake Major, near the mouth of the Tessin. The hills which command Arona, gradually decreasing in height, discover a great extent of the chain of the Alps, in the centre of which rises Mont Rosa, which rivals Mont Blanc in height, and the summit of which has never yet been attained.

Mont Blanc rises 2465 toises above the level of the sea, and

Mont Rosa 2430. At the foot of the last mountain are situated the gold-mines of Macugnana.

The traveller crosses the Tessin in a boat to reach Sesto: a bridge, which remains to be constructed, will unite the two parts of the road; that which leads to Milan for a distance of ten leagues traverses the fertile plains of Lombardy, and passes through the towns of Somma, Gallarate, and Leniano, ornamented by beautiful villas.

DR SYNTAX.

To place the name of this distinguished traveller at the head of an article, is of itself enough to attract the attention of all our readers to it.

The eighth and last number of his "Second Tour in Search of the Picturesque" is now completed; and the extracts we have already furnished in the course of the publication, will shew that it is in no respect inferior, and in some particulars, perhaps, even superior to the first volume containing the First Tour of Dr. Syntax: they would also be sufficient to establish how much above comparison the productions of the real Dr. Syntax are with the spurious imitations palmed upon the public, if we could suppose that any of the dull trash fraudulently printed under his name had reached the hands of our subscribers.

In an "Introduction" accompanying the last number now before us, the humorous and original author mentions the pieces that have in truth proceeded from his pen, and thus so far puts an end to further deception. We are happy to add, however, and our friends will learn with pleasure, that the Adventures of the amusing Doctor are not yet concluded, and that his "Search for a Wife" will be produced early in the autumn, which affords even a wider field for humorous description and character than his preceding labours. The fact is, that the writer of these works, being now in his eightieth year, establishes without further evidence, that he must possess an inexhaustible fund of native wit and pleasantry, which even the advance of the infirmities of age has not been able to diminish or subdue. To this

circumstance, and to the base attempts to take advantage of his well-earned reputation, he adverts under the assumed name of his hero in the following quotation :

The Doctor in warm lodging seated,
And hope of being kindly treated
With solace both of bed and board,
Which smiling promise could afford,
His busy cogitation ran
Upon some pleasant gen'ral plan,
Which might be prudent he should take
For int'rest or diversion sake,
Or, his intention nothing loth,
As he might gratify them both.
Free from restraint, with purse well lin'd,
And by no serious claim confin'd,
With no one call upon his time,
From sober prose or sprightly rhyme,
The breakfast o'er, he pick'd the room,
And thus laid out the days to come,
Which were allotted him to stay
In this grand scene of grave and gay ;
What he should first begin to do,
And which inviting way pursue.
—Thus he in contemplative mood
The carpet's gaudy surface trod,
And, with hand lifted to his eye,
Burst into this soliloquy :

" I shall not count each fleeting year
Since fav'ring Fortune call'd me here,
And gave me more than humble claim
To a fair literary name,
Which, though it seems I should not boast,
I must preserve from being lost ;
And as I've heard that various arts,
Which a base servile press imparts,
Do their delusive tricks employ,
And give the name which I enjoy
To pettifogging works, which I
Must view, as from a critic's eye,
With contempt and contumely.
—It is a duty which I owe
To all the readers who bestow
Their kind smiles on my rhyming toil,
And well repay my midnight oil ;
Who patronise my labours past,
And may protect me to the last :
Nay, well I know it is not long
They'll have to cheer my evening song ;

The wintry note must soon be o'er
That's faintly warbled at fourscore.
But 'tis my duty, I repeat,
Thus to unfold the foul deceit,
Nor let a spurious Syntax claim
Their favour to a pilfer'd name ;
To set as his their works afloat,
Which real Syntax never wrote ;
Nay, such as, in ill fortune's spite,
The real Syntax could not write.
These scribes, I'll fail not to expose,
Who, foes to truth and learning's foes,
Do in one artifice agree,
To father their poor works on me.
To speak out, there is no concealing
This is downright dishonest dealing,
And honest tradesmen will condemn
The foul, audacious stratagem*."

The Doctor ceas'd ; then seiz'd his pen,
To tell his friends at Sommerden,
Of all his hist'ry that was past
Since he had written to them last ;
That a calm settlement in town
Did his long ling'ring journey crown ;
And that in fourteen days to come,
He would address his face t'wards home.

It was our intention when we commenced this article to have given a portion at least of a most laughable incident contained in the seventh number of the Second Tour, where great and ridiculous confusion arises out of a mistake of the person of Dr. Syntax, who accidentally met with a striking resemblance of himself in the person of a certain curate ; but want of room compels us to omit it for the present. One of the last scenes of the new volume occurs at a dinner of the Literary Fund at the Freemasons' Hall, in the course of which the hero treats the assem-

* Without continuing the subject in awkward verse, I shall beg leave to state in honest prose, that "The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque," "The English Dance of Death," and "The Dance of Life," with this volume, are the only works in the same style by the same author.

bled company with an extemporaneous speech. It is thus introduced:

The day soon came when Bookworm's call

Summon'd him to Freemasons' Hall.
A numerous company appear'd,
The several toasts were loudly cheer'd;
And after he had calmly heard
Displays of various eloquence,
Replete with warm and manly sense,
From loyal lips and noble mind,
In gen'ral praises Syntax join'd:
At length he felt his bosom fir'd,
And with the love of art inspir'd,
He rose, his modest silence broke,
And thus the zealous Doctor spoke:

SYNTAX.

"I, who am seldom call'd to stray
From life's retir'd and secret way;
I, who presume not to impart
The progress or the rules of art;
I, who with weak and erring hand
The pencil's humblest powers command;
I, who, with timid mind, expose
My undigested thoughts to those,
Whose elevated genius sways
The rising arts of modern days,
Have but one object to pursue
In thus addressing me to you.
'Tis not improving art to teach,
A subject far beyond my reach;
But suited to my rank and state,
On those high powers to dilate,
Which the ingenuous arts possess
In favouring human happiness;
In strengthening the moral sense
By their impressive influence,
While they the improving power impart
To quicken and to mend the heart:
To personate, by powers combin'd,
Pictures of virtue in the mind;
And soften, when well understood,
Manners, till then unform'd and rude*.
Horace has said, well known in story,
Who liv'd in height of Roman glory,

And was at once the bard and sage
Of the renown'd Augustan age,
When the fine arts in radiance shone,
As Rome imperial had not known,
And, ere the Vandal bade them cease,
Were rising up to rival Greece:
To this bright wit it did appear,
That what alone we list'ning hear,
Does not so soon affect the heart,
As does the eye by works of art*.

"I shall not strive to state the measure

Of the secure refining pleasure,
Which the productive arts can give,
And we may ev'ry day receive;
'Tis not for my weak voice to stray
Into that boundless, glowing way,
Where arts of the remotest age
May on the canvas charm the sage;
Present in figure, form, and fashion,
The grand events of ev'ry nation,
And shew each hero known in story,
Amid the blaze of mortal glory;
Can 'neath the dreary realms of frost
Give to the eye the sunny coast,
And the most distant scenes display
Of ev'ry country's various day;
Can decorate the plaster'd wall
Of my embower'd, humble hall,
With alpine heights and icy vales,
Where the fierce snowy blast prevails,
While the big mountain torrent's course,
Falling with impetuous force,
Does the astonish'd channel fill,
Making a river of a rill.
Nay more, the scenes of human strife,
Of transient, variegated life,
The ocean's or the tented view
Of Trafalgar and Waterloo.
Nor these alone, the poet's fire
Does the bold artist's hand inspire,
And shews, as we the thought pursue,
The painter and the poet too.
But I must leave these powers of art
To those who can their charms impart;
Who can with truth and nature tell
The secrets which they know so well.

-Ingenuas deducisse fideliter artes,
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.

Ovid.

* Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

Hor. Ars. Poet.

"If then the arts are thus endued
 With such a power of doing good,
 What have they not a right to claim
 Of smiling ease and honest fame?
 And much it doth my heart delight
 To view th' exhilarating sight
 Of numbers, who, in art's proud growth,
 I bless just Heav'n, enjoy them both.
 They with their pow'ful pencil teach,
 And to the eye their doctrines preach,
 When, from the eye, the moral art
 Steals into and improves the heart.
 Thus do their generous minds embrace,
Without reserve, Art's pining race;
 Whether the victim of disease,
 Or fortune's eccentricities;
 Or weaken'd by the slow decay
 That wastes the mind and form away.
 —Oh! 'tis enough an artist grieves,
 And strait the warm relief receives.
 Are Art's young offspring in distress?
 Here is a power prepar'd to bless.
 No narrow, cold exception's made*,
 No stated limits that invade
 Th' expansive wishes to apply
 The cheering aids of charity:
 For you direct its noble aim
 To all, 'mid Fortune's frowns, who claim,
 From weeping Art, a well-known name.
 —The tot'ring easel naked stands,
 No eye the pallet's tints commands,
 The pencil's fallen from the hands,

* There are two Societies for the Relief of Artists. The one here alluded to embraces artists, their widows and orphans, without exception: it is called the Artists' General Benevolent Fund; and Mr. John Young, of the British Institution, is its Honorary Secretary. The other confines its benefit solely to its own members and subscribers.

Whose nerves have felt the palsied stroke,
 While penury reviews the shock
 With tearful eye, that doth not know
 A termination to its woe.
 Ye wretched, come, and dry the tear,
 Behold the termination here!
 And, oh! may Heaven, with ray divine,
 Illuminate the work benign;
 And, year to year, may be renew'd
 The added power of doing good!
 —Thus may the arts of Britain's isle
 Beneath a nation's bounty smile!
 Thus we may hope, when all protect,
 When talent need not fear neglect,
 That native genius will increase,
 And British arts may rival Greece.
 —Thus I presume to blend at least
 The artist and the Christian priest;
 And with a twofold zeal pierce,
 In this united character,
 My prayers to the Almighty Power,
 To bless this righteous festal hour!
 And having thus my blessing given,
 I leave the rest to fav'ring Heaven."

Thus Syntax pleaded mercy's cause;
 While the hall echoed with applause.

In the conclusion of his Second Tour, the Doctor presides at a marriage feast of one of his friends; and it is not impossible that this circumstance put him in mind of the fitness of providing himself with a second mate, the discovery of whom is to form the subject of a new volume, for the appearance of which we shall look with great interest.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LVII.

Then, like the Sibyl's leaves,
 O scatter them abroad! — DRYDEN.

I HAVE received a very sensible, well-written letter, whose object it is to attack some of those principles which this collection of maxims is calculated to inculcate. A difference of opinion is certainly to be allowed, and truth is often elicited from it. But my correspondent is more ingenious than just, and I shall for the present

leave my readers to judge for themselves. F — T —.

Of all the pernicious customs to which the unthinking opulent are subject, that of suffering tradespeople to languish at your door, or in your anti-room, is one of the most insolent and prejudicial.

Content yourself in making purchases with less than the exact return, rather than to be eternally disputing for more.

On the other hand, it is unjust to yourself and your connections, to allow of glaring impositions.

There is no practice more mean and trifling, than that of displacing, unfolding, and trespassing on useful occupations, by comments on merchandise you have resolved previously not to buy.

If you really do not find that which you have sought for, if you shall have been obliged to take up the time and disappoint the hopes of humble industry, endeavour to shew your regret by the acquisition of some trifle you may not instantly want.

But above all, do not attempt to depreciate a work of real merit, either because your faculties deny your acquirement of it, or that it corresponds not with your ideas of perfection.

If your choice and taste meet with approbation, let those who have executed your designs in furniture, dress, or equipage, share the praise and profit of the world's opinion, by a circulation of their talents.

You will consult your own interest in treating the persons with whom you have any business to transact with due politeness.

Weigh in the scale of humanity the inclemencies of weather, the fatigue of distance, those may be exposed to suffer whom you shall employ.

Lay aside your dignity and a parade of opulence for a moment sometimes, to place yourself in that inferior station which Providence has been pleased for wise ends to have separated you from, and exempted from its humiliation, for a very, very short space.

To be punctual to your engagements, and civil in your intercourse, with every degree, will derogate neither from riches, beauty, nor knowledge.

Nothing which is blended with the good of society should be treated with indifference; in no other light than that of decency and modesty, at public diversions, seek to be conspicuous.

Avoid coming late into a theatre or an assembly: your right to disturb an audience, however secured by personal advantage, may be disputed you very disagreeably at some period or other.

Loud speech and affected laughter must ever be censured, ill-bred towards superiors, and troublesome to the public.

There are who seek diversions, yet carry thither a discontented countenance: have the courage to express satisfaction at what is designed to please.

Refuse not to join with general praise of those whose talents have been devoted to the entertainment of the public.

Though your single suffrage may prove of little weight, yet added to that of the multitude, will at least imply a humane intention.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Beware of bestowing public applause but by attention and smiles: it is the province of the other sex to declare their sentiments by acclamation.

If your birth or connections shall bring you often into the presence of the still greater, observe a due respect, but avoid low adulation.

Let no gracious familiarity from the indulgence of superiors take you off your guard, or prevent a momentary omission of attentive duty: these are scarcely ever forgotten, and seldom pardoned.

Permit no foolish insinuations, or ill-bred examples, ever to involve you in the disgrace of improper behaviour in public or in private.

To be exact to the rules of good breeding is, in the eye of fools of fashion, deemed awkwardness and ignorance: sustain these interpretations without emotion, and persist intrepidly, with your usual politeness, to keep impertinence at a distance.

If an uncommon portion of favour fall to your share, shew you merit the distinction by your moderation.

Be certain you will hereafter be called to a strict account of the use you shall have made of those advantages Providence shall have bestowed upon you.

Should that hand which gave, take away, let the recollection of your worthy employ of power or riches while in possession of them console you for the privation.

Suffer no degree of elevation to engage you too far in the exertion of power: those whom you are compelled to refuse will longer remember the disobligation, than

those whom you shall have gratified the benefit conferred on them.

Avoid warmth on political subjects, however clear your judgment: your sex is a bar to such intercourse.

Party fascinates the eyes and prejudices the understanding even of men; but partialities in our sex will be attributed to want of education and want of discernment.

It is nothing unusual to see young persons flattered by others, into a persuasion of their power to influence in matters utterly beyond their sphere.

A beauty, with some share of talents, is apt to persuade herself, that her arguments will prove as irresistible as her eyes, and that teasing will lose the appearance of importunity in those of an admirer: if she gain success but once, she will soon be convinced how dangerous the repetition will prove.

Obstinacy in dispute becomes habitual: beware of it; it will insensibly degenerate into passion; and passion degrades a woman.

If present at altercations among your friends, and you shall be appealed to, avoid making a decision, certain of creating an enemy in the condemned person.

If you shall be subdued rather than convinced by argument, retain no sullen remembrance of your defeat.

If, on your return from society, you find you have resisted the first impulse of your temper, by checking the impatience of answer, your silence will afford you a pleasant remembrance.

In mixed conversation do not

engross more than a small portion of it.

Let not your vivacity carry you too far even in the line of truth.

There are many who will better bear an injury than an interruption.

Do not take upon you the task of correcting the vanity of others: it is a delight mixed with some degree of malice.

Avoid the introduction of your knowledge into general conversation, according to the just but vulgar term, by the head and shoulders.

Embark not too far on subjects you do not completely possess.

Adapt your discourse to that of your company: an affected superiority is seldom the attendant on a refined understanding.

Discard no one, nor any innocent mode of being or acting, because not adopted by your circle of acquaintance.

Too oft it happens that the motive for engaging constantly with any one set is derived from pride, and risks or to offend, or to be offended, by the excluded.

If you wish to persuade and convince, do not prescribe or dictate: an innate love of liberty, among all degrees, will infallibly excite the spirit of revolt against all dictatorial sentiments.

Curiosity is a foible, I fear not unjustly attributed to our sex: while it remains merely as a guide in the road of instruction, it is useful; but when stretched into an impertinent inquiry, it is odious.

bitual questioner rarely waits for an answer.

it proceeds from a suspicion of your indiscretion.

You cannot inflict a juster punishment on the mistrustful or malicious, than to resist your wish for explanation of mysterious insinuations.

Intermix no peevishness with your answer to idle and improper questions. a distant complaisance will sooner protect you against repeated attacks of that nature, than impatience.

Endeavour to correct a disposition to absence of mind; its effects are various, some amusing, some ridiculous, but all unprofitable.

Absence of mind has, in some instances, been contracted from a desire of imitating persons whose fame in other respects has veiled their errors.

By permitting your reflections to carry you from your society, you expose yourself to very hazardous mistakes.

From the moment you cease to be present to your company, you may lose sight of their connections, misfortunes, or defects, and become cruelly personal by unheeded observations and recitals.

At the close

by an unguarded sally, make the earliest atonement you can.

Do not even allow yourself to exaggerate in praise or in censure.

Truth is sometimes outrun by

an ambition to shine: this throws the speaker into the superlative, and leaves reality behind.

F— T—.

THE ORIGIN OF WAKES AND FAIRS.

BEFORE a building could be used for divine offices, it was required to be consecrated by the bishop, formally sequestered from all secular application, and dedicated to the purposes of public devotion; and every church at its consecration received the name of some particular personage, who was celebrated in the written annals or the traditionary history of Christianity, and whose name had been admitted into that great roll of ecclesiastical fame, the Calendar of the Church. This custom was practised among the Roman Britons; and they had the church of St. Martin at Canterbury, and that of St. Michael in Manchester. It was also continued among the Saxons, and the Saxon churches in York, London, and Manchester, were distinguished by the names of St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Mary; and in the council which was held at Cealchythe in 816, the name of the denominating saint was expressly required to be inscribed on the altars, and also on the walls of the church, or a tablet within it.

The feast of this saint became of course the festival of the church; and the connection between the church and saint being enhanced by the fancifulness of superstition, and the former supposed to be under the patronage of the latter, the parishioners would naturally consider the day of their spiritual

guardian with particular respect, and celebrate it with peculiar festivity. This conduct would as naturally be encouraged by the civil and ecclesiastical governors, because it substituted innocent and christian festivals in the room of the impious and idolatrous anniversaries of heathenism. The common people, who, generally in all countries, are as much attached to the festivals, as they are devoted to the principles, of any religion, finding their annual feasts return as before, and being now able to join in them without guilt, would be the sooner weaned from their idolatrous attachments; and this would be the natural operation of the affections equally on the continent and in the island, and equally among the Britons and Saxons. Thus at the first commencement of Christianity among the Jutes of Kent, and with a view to promote the conversion of them and the rest, Gregory prudently advised what had been previously done among the Britons: Christian festivals to be instituted in the place of the idolatrous, and the suffering-day of the martyr whose relics were reposed in the church, or the day on which the building was actually dedicated, to be the established feast of the parish. Both were appointed and observed, and they were observed and appointed as distinct festivals. Bishop Kennet indeed, in

his sensible account of our wakes, has invariably confounded them, and attributed to the day of dedication what is true only concerning the saint's day. But they were fully distinguished at first among the Saxons, as appears from the laws of the Confessor, where the *dies dedicationis* or *dedicatio* is repeatedly discriminated from the *propria festivitas sancti*, or *celebratio sancti*; and they remained equally distinct to the Reformation, the dedication-day in 1536 being ordered for the future to be kept on the first Sunday in October, and the festival of the patron saint to be celebrated no longer.

But the former could never have been observed by the people with the same regard as the latter: that was merely a feast commemorative of the church's commencement; and this was one previously kept by the nation in general, and the day of their own saint in particular. Thus, therefore, in a high strain of pre-eminence over the other, was actually denominated the church's holiday, or its peculiar festival; and whilst this remains in many parishes at present, the other is utterly annihilated in all: so that the learned and sensible antiquary who has been mentioned before, actually knew nothing of its distinct existence, and absolutely confounded it with this.

Thus instituted at first, the day of the tutelar saint was observed, most probably by the Britons, and certainly by the Saxons, with great devotion; and the evening before every saint's day, in the Saxon-Jewish method of reckoning the hours, being an actual part of the day, and therefore, like that,

resigned to the duties of public religion; as they reckoned Sunday from the first to commence at the sunset of Saturday, the evening preceding the church's holiday would be observed with all the devotion of the festival. The people actually repaired to the church and joined in the services of it and they thus spent the evening of their greater festivities in the monasteries of the north as early as the conclusion of the seventh century. In that of Rippon, and on the anniversary of Wilfrid particularly, we see the bishops, abbots, and numerous trains of attendants, all convened at the monastery in order to celebrate the day, and all assembled the evening before it at the prayers of the church; and these services were naturally denominated, from their late hours, *væccan* or wakes, and vigils or eves. That of the anniversary at Rippon, as early as the commencement of the eighth century, is expressly denominated the vigil; but that of the church's holiday was named the *væccan* or church wake, the church vigil or church eve: and it was this commencement of both with a wake which has now caused the days to be generally preceded with vigils, and, the church holiday particularly to be denominated the church wake. So religiously were the eve and festival of the patron saint observed for many ages by the Saxons, even as late as the reign of Edgar, the former being spent in the church and employed in prayer; and the wake, and all other holidays in the year, were put upon the same footing with the octaves of Christmas, of Easter,

and of Pentecost; and any persons repairing to the celebration of the day were, as all ordinarily resorting to the church, under the immediate protection of the king, and consequently free from arrests in their way to and return from it.

When Gregory recommended the festival of the patron saint, he also recommended something more adapted to gain a general reception than religious acts and exercises. He advised that the people should be encouraged on the day of the festival to erect booths of branches about the church, and to feast and be merry in them with innocence; and as the authority of Gregory would certainly cause the encouragement to be given, so the smallest would be effectual. Nor would such churches only as had previously been heathen temples, but all immediately have the day of their guardian saint observed with this open festivity. As the people had all been idolaters, the reason would be equally forcible for one parish as another; and the strong tendency of the common people to every sensitive enjoyment, would make the practice universal. In every parish, on the returning anniversary of the saint, little pavilions were constructed of boughs; and the immediate neighbourhood of St. Michael's and the church-yard of St. Mary's resounded with the voice of hospitality and the notes of merriment.

But few persons are ever to be intrusted to feast, and fewer are to be allowed to meet in numbers together. There is a contagious viciousness in crowds; though each individual of them by himself

would act with a religious propriety, yet all together they act with irreligion and folly. The fire imperceptibly runs from breast to breast, each contributes to swell the tide of spirits beyond its proper bounds, and wickedness and absurdity enter at the breach that is made in reason; and this viciousness is always augmented in its force when the grosser spirits, that are merely the result of feasting, mingle and ferment the tide. The feasting of the saint's day was soon abused; and it seems to have been greatly so before the reign of Edgar, as the intemperance of the festival was then creeping even into the vigil, and even mixing with the offices of religion. In the very body of the church, when the people were assembled for devotion, they were beginning to mind diversions and introduce drinking; and so gross an abuse of the eve could have stolen in only from the licentiousness of the festival. The growing intemperance would gradually stain the service of the vigil, until the festivity of it was converted, as it now is, into the rigour of a fast. These days would be less obnoxious day itself, because they did not intrude within the church and profane the prayers; but they were certainly greater, and went on increasing in viciousness and folly, until they too justly scandalized the Puritans of the last century, and numbers of the wakes were disused entirely. Our own has been long discontinued: it was not abolished in 1536 by the law of Henry VIII. which appears to have had little or no influence on the general practice; it was put down

by a particular and local order in 1579, and forgotten in the long and rigid reign of Puritanism that was then commencing: and Henry Earl of Derby, Henry Earl of Huntingdon, William Lord Bishop of Chester, and others of high commission under Queen Elizabeth, assembled at Manchester in 1579; issued orders against pipers and minstrels playing, making and frequenting ales, or bear-baitings, on the Sunday, or any other day of the week, in time of divine service or sermons; and prohibited for the future all superfluous and superstitious ringing, common feasts and wakes. But the wake of the neighbouring parish of Eccles is celebrated to the present day, and a considerable number of people resort to it annually from all the adjoining parishes.

This custom of celebrity in the neighbourhood of the church on the days of particular saints, was introduced into England from the continent, and must have been familiar equally to the Britons and Saxons; being observed among the churches of Asia in the sixth century, and by those of West-Europe in the seventh; and equally in Asia and Europe, equally on the continent and in the island, these celebrities were the causes of those commercial marts which we denominate fairs. The people resorted in crowds to the festival, and a considerable provision would be wanted for their entertainment. The prospect of interest invited the little traders of the country to come and offer their wares, and the convenience of the accommodation

promoted a vigorous sale among the people; and other traders were induced, by the experience of these, to bring in different articles, and hope for an equal sale. Thus, among the many pavilions for hospitality in the neighbourhood of the church, various booths were erected for the sale of commodities. In large towns, surrounded with populous districts, the resort of the people to the wake would be great, and the attendance of traders at the celebrity numerous; and this resort and this attendance constitute a fair. Basil expressly mentions the numerous appearance of traders at these festivals in Asia, and Gregory notes the same custom to be common in Europe; and as the festival was observed on a *feria*, or holiday, it naturally assumed to itself, and as naturally communicated to the mart, the appellation of *feria*, or fair. The same among the Saxons, the French, the Germans, and the Britons, *fæger*, *foire*, *feyer*, and *fair*, the word was derived from the same source in all these nations, the one ecclesiastical language of West-Europe at this period; and several of our most ancient fairs appear to have been actually held, and have been actually continued to our time, on the original church holidays of the places; as that on the festival of St. Peter, at St. Peter's church in Westminster; another on the feast of St. Cuthbert, at St. Cuthbert's in Durham; and a third on the holiday of St. Bartholomew, at St. Bartholomew's in London.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Palinodia a Nice, in thirteen vocal Duets, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated by permission to H. R. II. the Duke of Sussex, by J. F. Danneley. Duetto 2do. Pr. 2s. (R. Harm. Institution.)

THE nature of this publication having been stated in our preceding Number, we at once proceed to the notice of the second duet in this series. The key is E minor in the first movement, and G major in the next. The minor motivo is interesting and tastefully conceived, but the extended figure upon "E ver'" seems to us too long, especially when we consider the termination by a consonant. The same observation applies to the subsequent passage "Che mas herai." Such syllables as "mas" will not bear dragging through two long bars. The change of motivo and tempo at "Ma cangiono colore" is well placed, the subject itself graceful, and the ideas propounded in its development (p. 3) have our approbation, both in respect of conception and arrangement, except in the last line, in which the accompaniment labours through a very crude sort of harmony. In the choral-like termination (p. 5) we observe some select thoughts, but we doubt whether their complexion is not too mournful for the text. Indeed, with some few exceptions, the tinge of the whole duet is too sombre, and its progress rather too languid.

The favourite Air "My native land, good night," sung by Mrs Ashe, composed, and arranged for the Pi-

ano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, by F. J. Klose. Pr. 3s. (Chappell and Co.)

The title should have stated, that this is Mr. Klose's air above-mentioned, *with variations* for the piano-forte and flute. There is an introduction of considerable interest, only it plays rather truant with the key, which is F, while the greatest part of the introduction dwells upon A minor.

The variations are conceived in a very good style; they are fluent, and fall kindly under the fingers: the flute, too, has an opportunity of shewing its powers, although the arrangement has been so contrived that the piano-forte may supply the absence of the flute. Among the several variations, No. 2. distinguishes itself by the apt application of crossed hands. In No. 3. the passages are devised with much neatness; and in No. 4. the flute is particularly effective. No. 5 is a pretty polacca; only its termination is not *alla polacca*. The coda in var. 7. is spirited, and altogether made up of select ideas.

"Oh! farewell, dearest fair-one," a Ballad, written by D. A. O'Meara, Esq. adapted, with new Symphonies and Accompaniments, to a favourite Irish Melody, by J. Davy. Pr. 1s. 6d. (Wheatstone, Strand)

There is something peculiarly sweet and affecting in the Irish melody to which this text has been adapted, and the choice of the key (E major) adds to the good effect of the ballad. The symphonies and the harmonic arrangement of Mr. Davy, too, are devised with

considerable taste, so that nothing is wanting to render this ballad truly interesting.

A Venetian Boat-Song, written, and arranged for three Voices, by D. A. O'Meara, Esq. Pr. 2s. 6d. (Whcatstone, Strand.)

The air to which this little trio has been fitted, is one of those few melodies which at once take possession of the hearer's heart. Its pure simplicity proclaims it to be a child of nature, the invention, probably—not of an unmusical being certainly—but of one little initiated, in the professional mysteries of the art. Perhaps, indeed, such a melody, so sweet, so placid, so innocent, is beyond the power of the learned contrapuntist. We have heard the tune often, and in different shapes, even as a quadrille, and we are still in love with it. As a glee, under which dress it appears on the present occasion, it has likewise strong claims on our predilection, and we have every reason to be satisfied with both the general effect and the special arrangement of the parts.

A Series of Caledonian Airs, with Variations for the Piano-forte, by J. F. Burrowes. No. VII. Pr. 2s. 6d. (Goulding and Co.)

The Scotch air, "The Highland Laddie," serves as a theme for

these variations, which we do not hesitate to pronounce capital; although we feel an unconquerable antipathy to the unripe concluding cadences of the subject, in the fifth of the key, which, in truth, make no conclusion at all. After the decisive opinion already given on the merits of these variations, it would be needless to say more; and yet we can hardly refrain from advert- ing to the coda, which is excellent: it presents some "grand effects," and combines tasteful expression with luxuriant brilliancy.

The Coronation Waltz for the Piano-forte, composed by W. Grosse. Pr. 1s. 6d. (Philipps and May- hew, Old Bond-street.)

Mr. Grosse's loyalty omits no opportunity to contribute the com- poser's mite towards commemorat- ing the passing events of national interest. In the present instance, his pen has been dedicated to fu- turity, so that there will be full time to be perfect in his composi- tion against its being wanted. The waltz is agreeable, and its succes- sive parts are imagined in fanciful diversity. The last of them, the coda, terminates the ceremony in a curious but loyal manner; the procession being made to waltz home to the tune of "God save the King."

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications.

THE EARLY LIFE OF A POET.

(From COLERIDGE's *Biographia Literaria*.)

IN 1794, when I had barely pass- ed the verge of manhood, I pub- lished a small volume of juvenile poems. They were received with a degree of favour, which, young as I was, I well knew was bestow-

ed on them not so much for any positive merit, as because they were considered buds of hope, and promises of better works to come. The critics of that day, the most flattering, equally with the severest, concurred in objecting to them, obscurity, a general turgidness of diction, and a profusion of new-coined double epithets*. The

* The authority of Milton and Shakespeare may be usefully pointed out to young authors. In the *Comus* and earlier poems of Milton there is a superfluity of double epithets; while in the *Paradise Lost* we find very few, in the *Paradise Regained* scarce any. The same remark holds almost equally true of the *Love's Labour Lost*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Venus and Adonis*, and *Lucrece*, compared with the *Lea*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *Hamlet* of our great dramatist. The rule for the admission of double epithets seems to be this: either that they should be already denizens of our language, such as blood-stained, terror-stricken, self-applauding; or when a new epithet, or one found in books only, is hazarded, that it at least be one word, not two words made one by mere virtue of the printer's hyphen. A language which, like the English, is almost without cases, is indeed in its very genius unfitted for compounds. If a writer, every time a compounded word suggests itself to him, would seek for some other mode of expressing the same sense, the chances are always greatly in favour of his finding a better word. "*Tanquam scopulum sic vites insolens verbum*," is the wise advice of Cæsar to the Roman orators, and the precept applies with double force to the writers in our language. But it must not be forgotten, that the same Cæsar wrote a grammatical treatise for the purpose of reforming the ordinary language by bringing it to a greater accordance with the principles of logic, or universal grammar.

first is the fault which a writer is the least able to detect in his own compositions; and my mind was not then sufficiently disciplined to receive the authority of others, as a substitute for my own conviction. Satisfied that the thoughts, such as they were, could not have been expressed otherwise, or at least more perspicuously, I forgot to inquire, whether the thoughts themselves did not demand a degree of attention unsuitable to the nature and objects of poetry. This remark, however, applies chiefly, though not exclusively, to the *Religious Musings*. The remainder of the charge I admitted to its full extent, and not without sincere acknowledgments to both my private and public censors for their friendly admonitions. In the after editions, I pruned the double epithets with no sparing hand, and used my best efforts to tame the swell and glitter both of thought and diction; though in truth, these parasite plants of youthful poetry had insinuated themselves into my longer poems with such intricacy of union, that I was often obliged to omit disentangling the weed, from the fear of snapping the flower. From that period to the date of the present work I have published nothing, with my name, which could by any possibility have come before the board of anonymous criticism. Even the three or four poems printed with the works of a friend, as far as they were censured at all, were charged with the same or similar defects, though I am persuaded not with equal justice: with an *excess of ornament*, in addition to *stretched* and *elaborate diction*. (See the criticisms on

"The Ancient Mariner," in the *Monthly and Critical Reviews* of the first volume of the *Lyrical Ballads*.) May I be permitted to add, that, even at the early period of my juvenile poems, I saw and admitted the superiority of an austerer and more natural style, with an insight not less clear than I at present possess. My judgment was stronger than were my powers of realizing its dictates; and the faults of my language, though indeed partly owing to a wrong choice of subjects, and the desire of giving a poetic colouring to abstract and metaphysical truths, in which a new world then seemed to open upon me, did yet, in part likewise, originate in unfeigned diffidence of my own comparative talent. During several years of my youth and early manhood, I revered those who had reintroduced the manly simplicity of the Grecian and of our own elder poets, with such enthusiasm, as made the hope seem presumptuous of writing successfully in the same style. Perhaps a similar process has happened to others; but my earliest poems were marked by an ease and simplicity, which I have studied, perhaps with inferior success, to impress on my later compositions.

At school I enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though at the same time a very severe master. He* early moulded my taste to the preference of Demosthenes to Cicero, of Homer and Theocritus to Virgil, and again

* The Rev. James Bowyer, many years head-master of the grammar-school Christ Hospital.

of Virgil to Ovid. He habituated me to compare Lucretius (in such extracts as I then read), Terence, and above all the chaster poems of Catullus, not only with the Roman poets of the, so called, silver and brazen ages, but with even those of the Augustan era; and on grounds of plain sense and universal logic, to see and assert the superiority of the former, in the truth and nativeness both of their thoughts and diction. At the same time that we were studying the Greek tragic poets, he made us read Shakspeare and Milton as lessons; and they were the lessons too which required most time and trouble to *bring up*, so as to escape his censure. I learned from him, that poetry, even that of the loftiest and, seemingly, that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own, as severe as that of science; and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more, and more fugitive causes. In the truly great poets, he would say, there is a reason assignable, not only for every word, but for the position of every word; and I well remember, that availing himself of the synonymes to the Homer of Didymus, he made us attempt to shew, with regard to each, *why* it would not have answered the same purpose, and *wherein* consisted the peculiar fitness of the word in the original text.

In our own English compositions (at least for the last three years of our school education) he shewed no mercy to phrase, metaphor, or image, unsupported by a sound sense, or where the same ~~sense~~ might have been conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer

words. Lute, harp, and lyre, muse, muses, and inspirations, Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hippocrene, were all an abomination to him. Infancy I can almost hear him now exclaiming, "Harp? harp? lyre? Pen and ink, boy, you mean! Muse, boy, muse? Your nurse's daughter, you mean! Pierian spring? Oh! aye! the cloister pump, I suppose!" Nay, certain introductions, similes, and examples, were placed by name on a list of interdiction. Among the similes, there was, I remember, that of the manchineel fruit, as suiting equally well with too many subjects: in which, however, it yielded the palm at once to the example of Alexander and Clytus, which was equally good and apt whatever might be the theme. Was it ambition? Alexander and Clytus!—Flattery? Alexander and Clytus!—Anger? drunkenness? pride? friendship? ingratitude? late repentance?—Still, still Alexander and Clytus! At length, the praises of agriculture having been exemplified in the sagacious observation, that had Alexander been holding the plough, he would not have run his friend Clytus through with a spear, this tried and servicable old friend was banished by public edict *in secula seculorum*. I have sometimes ventured to think, that a list of this kind, or an *index expurgatorius* of certain well known and ever returning phrases, both introductory and transitional, including the large assortment of modest egotisms, and flattering illeisms, &c. &c. might be hung up in our law-courts, and both houses of parliament, with great advantage to the public, as an important saving of

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national time, an incalculable relief to his Majesty's ministers, but, above all, as insuring the thanks of country attornies, and their clients, who have private bills to carry through the house.

I had just entered on my seventeenth year when the sonnets of Mr. Bowles, twenty in number, and just then published in a quarto pamphlet, were first made known and presented to me by a school-fellow who had quitted us for the University, and who, during the whole time that he was in our first form (or in our school language, a Grecian,) had been my patron and protector. I refer to Dr. Middleton, the truly learned and every way excellent Bishop of Calcutta.

It was a double pleasure to me, and still remains a tender recollection, that I should have received from a friend so revered the first knowledge of a poet, by whose works, year after year, I was so enthusiastically delighted and inspired. My earliest acquaintances will not have forgotten the undisciplined eagerness and impetuous zeal with which I laboured to make proselytes, not only of my companions, but of all with whom I conversed, of whatever rank, and in whatever place. As my school finances did not permit me to purchase copies, I made, within less than a year and an half, more than forty transcriptions, as the best presents I could offer to those who had in any way won my regard; and with almost equal delight did I receive the three or four following publications of the same author.

Though I have seen and known enough of mankind to be well

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aware, that I shall perhaps stand alone in my creed, and that it will be well if I subject myself to no worse charge than that of singularity; I am not therefore deterred from avowing, that I regard, and ever have regarded, the obligations of intellect among the most sacred of the claims of gratitude. A valuable thought, or a particular train of thoughts, gives me additional pleasure, when I can safely refer and attribute it to the conversation or correspondence of another. My obligations to Mr. Bowles were indeed important, and for radical good. At a very premature age, even before my fifteenth year, I had bewildered myself in metaphysics, and in theological controversy. Nothing else pleased me. History, and particular facts, lost all interest in my mind. Poetry (though for a school-boy of that age, I was above par in English versification, and had already produced two or three compositions which, I may venture to say, without reference to my age, were somewhat above mediocrity, and which had gained me more credit, than the sound, good sense of my old master was at all pleased with); poetry itself, yea novels and romances, became insipid to me. In my friendless wanderings on our *leave-days** (for I was an orphan, and had scarce any connections in London), highly was I delighted if any passenger, especially if he were dressed in black, would enter into conversation with me; for I soon found the means

* The Christ Hospital phrase, not for holidays altogether, but for those on which the boys are permitted to go beyond the precincts of the school.

of directing it to my favourite subjects:

Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.

This preposterous pursuit was, beyond doubt, injurious both to my natural powers and to the progress of my education. It would perhaps have been destructive, had it been continued; but from this I was auspiciously withdrawn, partly indeed by an accidental introduction to an amiable family; chiefly, however, by the genial influence of a style of poetry, so tender, and yet so manly, so natural and real, and yet so dignified and harmonious, as the sonnets, &c. of Mr. Bowles. Well were it for me, perhaps, had I never relapsed into the same mental disease; if I had continued to pluck the flower, and reap the harvest from the cultivated surface, instead of delving in the unwholesome quicksilver mines of metaphysic depths. But if in after time I have sought a refuge from bodily pain and mismanaged sensibility in abstruse researches, which exercised the strength and subtlety of the understanding without awakening the feelings of the heart; still there was a long and blessed interval, during which my natural faculties were allowed to expand, and my original tendencies to develop themselves—my fancy, and the love of nature, and the sense of beauty in forms and sounds.

The second advantage which I owe to my early perusal and admiration of these poems (to which let me add, though known to me at a somewhat later period, the *Lewsdon Hill* of Mr. Crow,) bears

more immediately on my present subject. Among those with whom I conversed, there were, of course, very many who had formed their taste, and their notions of poetry, from the writings of Mr. Pope and his followers; or to speak more generally, in that school of French poetry, condensed and invigorated by English understanding, which had predominated from the last century. I was not blind to the merits of this school, yet as, from inexperience of the world, and consequent want of sympathy with the general subjects of these poems, they gave me little pleasure, I doubtless undervalued the *kind*, and with the presumption of youth withheld from its masters the legitimate name of poets. I saw that the excellence of this kind consisted in just and acute observations on men and manners in an artificial state of society, as its matter and substance; and in the logic of wit, conveyed in smooth and strong epigrammatic couplets, as its *form*. Even when the subject was addressed to the fancy, or the intellect, as in the "Rape of the

Lock," or the "Essay on Man;" nay, when it was a consecutive narration, as in that astonishing product of matchless talent and ingenuity, Pope's translation of the *Iliad*; still a *point* was looked for at the end of each second line, and the whole was as it were a *so-riles*, or, if I may exchange a logical for a grammatical metaphor, a *conjunction disjunctive*, of epigrams. Mean time the matter and diction seemed to me characterized not so much by poetic thoughts, as by thoughts *translated* into the language of poetry. On this last point, I had occasion to render my own thoughts gradually more and more plain to myself, by frequent amicable disputes concerning Darwin's Botanic Garden, which, for some years, was greatly extolled, not only by the *reading* public in general, but even by those whose genius and natural robustness of understanding enabled them afterwards to act foremost in dissipating those "painted mists" that occasionally rise from the marshes at the foot of Parnassus.

(*To be continued.*)

ARCTIC ZOOLOGY.

(From SCORESBY'S *Arctic Regions*.)

[ERRONEOUS opinions have been entertained respecting the whale (the *Balaena Mysticetus*) having been of a much larger size in former times than now: from a comparison of the preceding accounts of all credible witnesses, the author says:]

Hence I conceive we may satisfactorily conclude, that whales of as large size are found now, as at any former period since the Spitz-

bergen fishery was discovered; and I may also remark, that where any respectable authority affords actual measurements exceeding 70 feet, it will always be found that the specimen referred to was not one of the *Mysticetus* kind, but of the *B. Physalis* or the *B. Musculus*, animals which considerably exceed in length any of the common whales that I have either heard of, or met with. When fully grown, there-

fore, the length of the whale may be stated as varying from 50 to 65, and rarely, if ever, reaching 70 feet; and its greatest circumference from 30 to 40 feet. It is thickest a little behind the fins, or in the middle, between the anterior and posterior extremes of the animal; from whence it gradually tapers in a conical form towards the tail, and slightly towards the head. Its form is cylindrical from the neck to within ten feet of the tail, beyond which it becomes somewhat quadrangular, the greatest ridge being upward, or on the back, and running backward nearly across the middle of the tail. The head has somewhat of a triangular shape. The under part, the arched outline of which is given by the jaw-bones, is flat, and measures 16 to 20 feet in length, and 10 to 12 in breadth. The lips, extending 15 or 20 feet in length, and 5 or 6 in height, and forming the cavity of the mouth, are attached to the under jaw, and rise from the jaw-bones at an angle of about 80 degrees, having the appearance, when viewed in front, of the letter U. The upper jaw, including the crown-bone, or skull, is bent down at the extremity, so as to shut the front and upper parts of the cavity of the mouth, and is overlapped by the lips in a squamous manner at the sides. When the mouth is open, it presents a cavity as large as a room, and capable of containing a merchant-ship's jolly-boat, full of men, being 6 or 8 feet wide, 10 or 12 feet high (in front), and 15 or 16 feet long. The fins, two in number, are placed between one-third and two fifths of the length of the animal, from the snout, and about two feet behind the angle of the mouth. They are 7 to 9 feet in length, and 4 or 5 in breadth. The part by which they are attached to the body is somewhat elliptical, and about 2 feet in diameter; the side which strikes the water is nearly flat. The articulation being perfectly spherical, the fins are capable of motion in any direction; but, from the tension of the flesh and skin below, they cannot be raised above the horizontal position. Hence the account given by some naturalists, that the whale supports its young by its fins, on its back, must be erroneous. The fins, after death, are always hard and stiff; but, in the living animal, it is presumed, from the nature of the internal structure, that they are capable of considerable flexion. The whale has no dorsal fin. The tail, comprising, in a single surface, 80 or 100 square feet, is a formidable instrument of motion and defence. Its length is only 5 or 6 feet; but its width is 18 to 24 or 26 feet. Its position is horizontal. In its form it is flat and semi-lunar; indented in the middle; the two lobes somewhat pointed, and turned a little backward. Its motions are rapid and universal; its strength immense. The eyes are situated in the sides of the head, about a foot obliquely above and behind the angle of the mouth. They are remarkably small in proportion to the bulk of the animal's body, being little larger than those of an ox. The whale has no external ear; nor can any orifice for the admission of sound be discovered until the skin is removed.

On the most elevated part of the head, about 16 feet from the anterior extremity of the jaw, are situated the blow-holes, or spiracles, consisting of two longitudinal apertures 6 or 8 inches in length. These are the proper nostrils of the whale. A moist vapour, mixed with mucus, is discharged from them when the animal breathes; but no water accompanies it, unless an expiration of the breath be made under the surface.

The mouth, in place of teeth, contains two extensive rows of "fins," or whalebone, which are suspended from the sides of the crown-bone. These series of fins are generally curved longitudinally, although they are sometimes straight, and give an arched form to the roof of the mouth. They are covered immediately by the lips attached to the lower jaw, and inclose the tongue between their lower extremities. Each series, or "side of bone," as the whalcfishers term it, consists of upwards of three hundred laminae; the longest are near the middle, from whence they gradually diminish away to nothing at each extremity. Fifteen feet is the greatest length of the whalebone; but 10 or 11 feet is the average size, and 13 feet is a magnitude seldom met with. The greatest breadth, which is at the gum, is 10 or 12 inches. The laminae, composing the two series of bone, are ranged side by side, two-thirds of an inch apart (thickness of the blade included), and resemble a frame of saws in a saw-mill. The interior edges are covered with a fringe of hair, and the exterior edge of every blade, excepting a few at each extremity

of the series, is curved and flattened down, so as to present a smooth surface to the lips. In some whales, a curious hollow on one side, and ridge on the other, occurs in many of the central blades of whalebone, at regular intervals of 6 or 7 inches. May not this irregularity, like the rings in the horns of the ox, which they resemble, afford an intimation of the age of the whale? If so, twice the number of running feet in the longest lamina of whalebone in the head of a whale not full grown, would represent its age in years. In the youngest whales, called *Suckers*, the whalebone is only a few inches long; when the length reaches 6 feet or upwards, the whale is said to be *size*. The colour of the whalebone is brownish black, or bluish-black. In some animals, it is striped longitudinally with white. When newly cleaned, the surface exhibits a fine play of colour. A large whale sometimes affords a ton and a half of whalebone. If the "sample blade," that is, the largest lamina in the series, weigh 7 pounds, the whole produce may be estimated at a ton; and so on in proportion. The whalebone is inserted into the crown-bone, in a sort of rabbet. All the blades in the same series are connected together by the gum, in which the thick ends are inserted. This substance (the gum) is white, fibrous, tender, and tasteless. It cuts like cheese. It has the appearance of the interior or kernel of the cocoa-nut.

The tongue occupies a large proportion of the cavity of the mouth and the arch formed by the whalebone. It is incapable of pro-

trusion, being fixed, from root to tip, to the fat extending between the jaw-bones. A slight beard, consisting of a short scattered white hair, surmounts the anterior extremity of both jaws. The throat is remarkably straight.

Two paps in the female afford the means of rearing its young. The milk of the whale resembles that of quadrupeds in its appearance. It is said to be rich and well-flavoured.

Immediately beneath the skin lies the *blubber* or fat, encompassing the whole body of the animal, together with the fins and tail. Its colour is yellowish white, yellow, or red. In the very young animal it is always yellowish-white. In some old animals, it resembles in colour the substance of the salmon. It swims in water. Its thickness all round the body is 8 or 10 to 20 inches, varying in different parts as well as in different individuals. The lips are composed almost entirely of blubber, and yield from one to two tons of pure oil each. The tongue is chiefly composed of a soft kind of fat, that affords less oil than any other blubber: in the centre of the tongue, and towards the root, this fat is intermixed with fibres of a muscular substance. The under jaw, excepting the two jaw-bones, consists almost wholly of fat; and the crown-bone possesses a considerable coating of it. The fins are principally blubber, tendons, and bones; and the tail possesses a thin stratum of blubber. The oil appears to be retained in the blubber in minute cells, connected together by a strong reticulated combination of tendinous fibres. The

blubber, in its fresh state, is without any unpleasant smell; and it is not until after the termination of the voyage, when the cargo is unstowed, that a Greenland ship becomes disagreeable.

Four tons of blubber, by measure, generally afford three tons of oil; but the blubber of a sucker contains a very small proportion. Whales have been caught that afforded nearly thirty tons of pure oil; and whales yielding twenty tons of oil are by no means uncommon. The quantity of oil yielded by a whale generally bears a certain proportion to the length of its longest blade of whale-bone.

A stout whale of 60 feet in length is of the enormous weight of seventy tons; the blubber weighs about thirty tons; the bones of the head, whalebone, fins and tail, eight or ten; carcase thirty or thirty-two.

The flesh of the young whale is of a red colour; and when cleared of fat, broiled, and seasoned with pepper and salt, does not eat unlike coarse beef; that of the old whale approaches to black, and is exceedingly coarse. An immense bed of muscles surrounding the body, is appropriated chiefly to the movements of the tail.

The number of ribs, according to Sir Charles Giesecké, is thirteen on each side. The bones of the fins are analogous, both in proportion and number, to those of the fingers of the human hand. From this peculiarity of structure, the fins have been denominated by Dr. Flemming, "swimming paws." The posterior extremity of the whale, however, is a real tail; the

termination of the spine, or *os coccygis*, running through the middle of it almost to the edge.

The whale seems dull of hearing. A noise in the air, such as that produced by a person shouting, is not noticed by it, though at the distance only of a ship's length; but a very slight splashing in the water, in calm weather, excites its attention and alarms it. Its sense of seeing is acute. Whales are observed to discover one another, in clear water, when under the surface, at an amazing distance. When at the surface, however, they do not see far. They have no voice; but in breathing or *blowing*, they make a very loud noise. The vapour they discharge is ejected to the height of some yards, and appears at a distance like a puff of smoke. When the animals are wounded, it is often stained with blood; and, on the approach of death, jets of blood are sometimes discharged alone. They blow strongest, densest, and loudest when "running," when in a state of alarm, or when they first appear at the surface, after being a long time down. They respire or blow about four or five times a minute.

The usual rate at which whales swim, even when they are on their passage from one situation to another, seldom exceeds four miles an hour; and though, when urged by the sight of any enemy, or alarmed by the stroke of a harpoon, their extreme velocity may be at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour; yet we find this speed never

continues longer than for a few minutes, before it relaxes almost to one half. Hence, for the space of a few minutes, they are capable of darting through the water with the velocity almost of the fastest ship under sail, and of ascending with such rapidity as to leap entirely out of the water. This feat they sometimes perform as an amusement apparently, to the high admiration of the distant spectator; but to the no small terror of the inexperienced fishers, who, even under such circumstances, are often ordered, by the foolhardy harpooner, to "pull away" to the attack. Sometimes the whales throw themselves into a perpendicular posture, with their head downward, and rearing their tails on high in the air, beat the water with awful violence. In both these cases the sea is thrown into foam, and the air filled with vapours: the noise, in calm weather, is heard to a great distance; and the concentric waves produced by the concussions on the water, are communicated abroad to a considerable extent. Sometimes the whale shakes its tremendous tail in the air, which, cracking like a whip, resounds to the distance of two or three miles.

When it retires from the surface, it first lifts its head, then plunging it under water, elevates its back like the segment of a sphere, deliberately rounds it away towards the extremity, throws its tail out of the water, and then disappears.

FASHIONS.



LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 16.—COTTAGE DRESS.

A ROUND dress, composed of drab-coloured bombazine: the skirt is of a moderate width; it is finished at the bottom by a full plaiting of peach-coloured satin ribbon, above which is a simple but tasteful trimming of the same material; it is arranged in puffs of different forms, which are placed alternately. The body is cut low; the waist of the usual length; the back moderately wide, tight to the shape, and a good deal sloped at the sides. The bust is ornamented with a twisted band of white and peach-coloured satin. Plain long sleeve, of an easy width, finished at the hand by a rouleau en f, also of satin to correspond. A peasant's apron of the same material as the gown finishes the dress; it is very tastefully trimmed with a narrow rouleau composed of peach-coloured satin laid on in waves; the point of each wave is finished by a satin rosette to correspond. The bust is partially shaded by a peach-coloured handkerchief, which is tied carelessly round the throat. Head-dress, a cottage-hat; the crown resembles a man's: the brim is of a moderate size; it is broader in front than behind, and is bent down a little over the forehead: the brim and the top of the crown have a slight edging of peach-coloured satin. A band of rich ribbon to correspond encircles the bottom of the crown; a full bow is placed on one side, and strings, which are put rather far back, fasten it under the chin.

PLATE 17.—BALL DRESS.

A slip composed of pale pink satin, finished at the bottom with a light wreath of artificial cornflowers mixed with ears of ripe wheat; this is surmounted by a trimming composed of pearls embroidered in ornaments, which resemble a little the shape of the prince's plume; they are scattered irregularly, and do not come high: the effect of this trimming is striking and novel. The robe is composed of white lace; it is open on the left side, is edged with pearls, and is looped all round with knots of pearl and bouquets of field-flowers, which are placed alternately. The *corsage* is of moderate length, tight to the shape, and a little peaked behind; the bust is ornamented with a stomacher composed of pink satin, richly decorated with pearls. The form of this stomacher is very novel: it is the entire width of the bust in front, and is sloped down on each side in such a manner as to form the shape of the bosom very symmetrically; it terminates in two small tabs. A little bouquet of roses ornaments the left shoulder. Short sleeves, composed of white lace over pink satin; they are slashed in the Spanish style. The hair is dressed moderately high behind; it is fastened up in bows intermixed with braids. The front hair is very little displayed; it is parted on the forehead, which is left almost bare, and disposed in a few loose ringlets, that fall very low on each side of the face. The

head-dress is composed of flowers; a wreath of roses, placed low on the forehead, goes round the head, and is surmounted by a half-garland, composed of fancy flowers, placed on the crown of the head. Neck-lace and ear-rings, pearl. White kid gloves, and white corded silk shoes.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON
FASHION AND DRESS.

The melancholy event of her Royal Highness the Duchess of York's death, which took place early in August, has caused a delay in the autumnal fashions. The court mourning ordered for her Royal Highness was, in consideration, we presume, for the interests of trade, of a shorter continuance than the public expected: it commenced on the 13th of August, and will terminate on the 3d of September. The materials ordered by the Lord Chamberlain were, for dress, black silk, with plain muslin, long lawn, crape, or love hoods; black silk shoes, black glazed gloves, and black paper fans. For head-dress, black or grey unwatered tabbies. The mourning changed to black silk, with white gloves and ornaments, on the 29th; and on the 31st, to black silk with coloured ribbons, and white and silver or gold stuffs with black ribbons.

The mourning was ordered only for the court, but it was nevertheless general with all persons who had any pretensions to fashion.

Fal. X. No. LVII.

We cannot indeed wonder at this, when we reflect upon the character of the lamented Duchess, who united to manners the most condescending and amiable, every virtue that could adorn her exalted station. Though deprived for a considerable time before her death, by the state of her health, of almost every enjoyment of existence, yet her pure and beneficent spirit was to the last unremitting in the practice of that benevolence which had marked her whole life.

The mourning has been distinguished in general by the display of more taste, than the sombre livery of woe usually admits of; the mixture of black and white has been very general. In the commencement, the trimmings were almost all white; after the first change, we noticed many bodies composed of a mixture of black silk and white crape, with white crape sleeves; the skirts were black silk, with very deep and full trimmings of white crape. *Ruches*, flounces, and *bouillonnés*, seemed equally in favour. White ornaments in the hair were also very general. Pearls and flowers seemed equally in request. In some instances, we noticed wreaths composed of marabout down, but they were not very general.

As few orders have yet been given for the dresses which are to succeed the mourning, we must speak of the approaching change principally from conjecture. The month of September is in general a blank in the annals of fashion; the changes which take place are in fact characterized only by simplicity. Our fair fashionables, in leaving the metropolis for a time,

bid also a temporary adieu to the cares of the toilet, and in attiring themselves with elegant simplicity and graceful negligence, they frequently appear more lovely, than when armed for conquest in all the pride of dress.

Washing silks and coloured muslins are likely, we understand, to be a good deal worn in dishabille: the latter began to be in general estimation just as the mourning commenced: they were sprigged with worsted in a very small pattern, and ornamented with flounces, usually worked in a light wreath at the edge, to correspond in colour with the sprigs of the dress. The bodies were high, and made in general to fasten behind.

A dress *corsage* has recently appeared, which, we think, is very likely to be worn in colours: it is an intermixture of satin and lace; the satin is disposed in the form of a brace; it crosses behind, with a full rosette in the middle of the back: the upper part of the bust is composed entirely of lace; it is formed in the corset style, that is to say, with a little fulness; a double row of narrow blond falls over the bust, and is headed by a chain of very narrow ribbon of two co-

lours plaited together. The sleeves are composed of lace; they are very full, but the fulness is confined and formed into puffs by deep points of satin, which reach from the top of the shoulder to the bottom of the sleeve, where each point terminates with a button, composed either of silk or pearl. The points are edged with very narrow blond.

The hair is now dressed with great simplicity, and much lower than we remember it for some seasons back, very little display being made either of the front or hind hair. We still see youthful and middle-aged *belles* appear *en cheveux*; *toques* are rarely worn, and turbans only by those ladies who are very far advanced in life. The cottage dress which we have given in our print, will, we flatter ourselves, appear to our fair readers a becoming and appropriate home costume for the present season: it has been made for a lady whose taste in dress is generally considered as unrivalled.

Drab colour, pale pink, peach-blossom, pomona - green, poppy, violet, and straw-colour, are most likely to be in favour during the ensuing month.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, August 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

As your court mourning for the late amiable and lamented Duchess of York is to be of such a short duration, I need not enter into any detail of the mourning worn by Englishwomen of fashion here for her Royal Highness. Her loss, as you may suppose, was sin-

cerely regretted, and the last mournful tribute of respect to her memory universally paid by all our countrywomen of any distinction. She was indeed deservedly popular, if the practice of every gentle and feminine virtue can render a woman so.

There is a good deal of variety in the materials adopted at present

by the fair Parisians in promenade dress: notwithstanding the warmth of the weather, silk is particularly worn, but it is less in request than muslin: coloured muslins are very fashionable; some are of a little diced pattern, others striped; but the most tonish is of a sort which, I think, you used to call Japan muslin; it is striped to resemble lace. Pink, blue, and lilac are the favourite colours of these dresses.

The waists of dresses are I think, upon the whole, a little shorter than when I wrote last; but to say the truth, it is so little as to be scarcely perceptible: I have, however, the pleasure to tell you, that we have completely left off our peaked bodices, and I hope sincerely we shall not resume them.

High dresses are now most in favour for the promenade; but, as the weather is still very warm, they are worn without any other covering than a lace shawl, or a muslin *canezon*: the latter is a Spencer which has only epaulettes, and it is made tight to the shape; the back very much sloped on each side, so as to be narrow at the bottom of the waist: a collar moderately high behind, but very shallow in front, stands up round the throat; it is finished by a full frill of muslin disposed in large deep plaits; a double fall of muslin to correspond goes round the bottom of the waist; and the epaulettes consist of a double flounce of muslin, which is also plaited to correspond.

High dresses, made of *gras de Naples* or levantine, are always worn without any covering: they are made a little in the habit style;

the body buttons up the front, and the collar, which is very shallow, falls over. The sleeve is almost tight to the arm; it is surmounted by an epaulette formed of a large rouleau of silk, which is divided into puffs by narrow bands of silk placed lengthwise. The bottom of the waist is finished by a full double flounce, and the bottom of the sleeve always corresponds with the trimming of the skirt.

Our style of trimming at present is less varied than I almost ever remember it. Flounces have just now superseded every thing else; they are disposed, it is true, in different ways, but there is still a sameness in their appearance, which offends the eye; because whether they are put on straight or in waves, they are always formed into large deep plaits.

Gowns are no longer trimmed very high; a great many are ornamented with three flounces of a moderate width, which are put pretty close to each other; these flounces are adorned at the edge with three or four narrow coloured bands, not the work of the needle, but of the loom: the colours most in favour for these bands are, lilac, pink, blue, and citron: the last is, however, less fashionable than the three former.

Other dresses have six or perhaps eight very narrow flounces, set on so close to each other, that at a distance they resemble a *ruche*. A triple flounce, disposed in a serpentine direction, is also fashionable; and one sometimes sees rows of puckered muslin placed perpendicularly between two double flounces: this is the deepest sort of

trimming that is worn, as the puckered muslin is nearly a quarter of a yard in depth."

I must now speak to you of our *chapeaur*, the materials for which are various, and in general appropriate: white and coloured gauze, crape, silk tissues of different descriptions, white straw, and white cotton straw, are all in favour. Bonnets have altered a little in shape since I wrote last; the crowns are something lower, and the brims stand still more out from the face: they are still worn long, and rounded at the corners. The edge of the brim is finished by a trimming composed of gauze, blond, or sometimes silk disposed in *nolies' mouths*, or else a double bias fold of gauze. A small rouleau of satin frequently forms the trimming of the edge of the brim. I have noticed also, within these few days, a good many hats adorned only with a very narrow binding of satin. White straw, or white cotton straw, is seldom any trimming at the edge of the brim.

A great number of gauze and crape hats are ornamented with narrow bands of straw placed across the brim; they are laid on at a distance of not quite an inch from each other, and there are sometimes as many as twenty. The crown of the hat is frequently adorned with a drapery of the same material as the *chapeau* is composed of; it is a square piece, the four corners of which are laced down to the sides of the crown: it is finished with straw, to correspond with the brim.

Rose colour, lilac, and blue are all fashionable for *chapeaux*; but white is upon the whole a much greater number of white than of coloured

hats. Any of the colours I have just mentioned may be used to trim white *chapeaur*, but lilac is, I think, upon the whole most prevalent. Feathers have now disappeared; flowers and ribbons are the only ornaments of hats; and the former are terribly at war with Nature, for where you meet with one flower of the hue which she has given to it, you see at least half a dozen of a colour totally opposite; as for instance, blue roses, or citron-coloured lilies. The flowers most in request are, tulips, daisies, pinks, lilac, honeysuckle, roses, lilies, and the whole tribe of field-flowers. fancy flowers are also as much worn as any of the others.

Chapeaux are now ornamented in a less redundant style than usual: the gardener's nosegay has disappeared; a moderate-sized bouquet is substituted in its stead: wreaths, which are made very full in front of the crown and smaller behind, are also worn; and crowns, partly composed of flowers, partly of *coques* of ribbon, are in high estimation; as are also garlands, or wreaths of red and white roses mingled together.

Morning home dress forms also our promenade costume; that worn for dinner, or for social evening parties, is frequently composed of the same materials: the form at present most prevalent is the *robe à la vierge*, which I think I must have described to you before, as being made tight to the shape, to fasten behind, and to display very little of the bust. Nothing can be more simple than this dress, nor more becoming to a fine figure: the skirt is nearly tight to the arm; it has an epaulette, and is finished



HALF DRESS.



BLACK AND WHITE BORDER

at the bottom by a narrow lace set on almost plain. I should have said, that the bust is also ornamented to correspond.

Those ladies who prefer low gowns wear frocks, which are always fastened behind; they are cut in general so as to slope a little on each side of the bosom: the sleeves are frequently eased either with ribbon or cord. Long sleeves are universal, except in grand costume.

Flounces are as much worn in half and full dress as in dishabille. The materials for full dress are at this moment very light and appropriate: gauze of different kinds, crape and tulle over white satin, or white sarsnet of the richest texture, are all in request. The flounces which decorate the bottom of the skirt are sometimes of the same material, edged with narrow ribbon; but we see as often flounces of tulle or blond lace upon gauze dresses: those of crape are always trimmed with the same material.

Our style of hair-dressing has not varied since I wrote last, but

flowers are now more worn than feathers in full dress. Many of our youthful *élégantes* ornament their hair with knots of ribbon, which fasten a part of the front-hair in bows behind; while the remaining part is divided into two or three tresses, which are wound round the head in a serpentine direction. The ribbon is always the colour of the hair. This style of head-dress is never adopted but by very young ladies.

Toques begin to be partially worn in full dress; the few that have lately appeared are of silver gauze, or of rich white silk spotted with silver: they are made something higher than formerly; and those made in gauze are disposed in full folds across the top of the crown; a band of silver net goes round the bottom of it; sometimes it is ornamented with a silver flower, at others a fulness of silver gauze fancifully disposed in front.

Rose-colour, blue, lilac, and citron, are the fashionable hues.

Farewell, dear Sophia! Believe me always your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 15.—WINDOW-DRAPERY.

CURTAIN-cornices are now adopted in great variety, and will probably very soon supersede the late fashion of suspending draperies by poles and detached ornaments. The annexed design represents draperies to three windows, surmounted by a fanciful continued cornice, embracing them all; this is a little elevated, and arched in the centre, to form a canopy and

throne-like character, and commence a vista; where a statue is placed to increase the effect.

The carved work of the cornice is gilt, and a gold-edged valance, formed of Merino cloth and velvet, completes its lower surface. The curtains are of pink silk or figured chintz, finished by an embossed scroll border, and the sub-draperies are of white muslin.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE unexampled favour shown by the public to the *First Tour of Dr. Syntax*, published by R. Ackermann, has been already manifested to the *Second*. An impression, unprecedentedly numerous, of the latter, has already marked the public approbation, and a second edition is prepared to answer the continuance of it.

The author of "*Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*" is preparing another work, which will appear in October next, in eight monthly parts, under the title of *Doctor Syntax in Search of a Wife*; with twenty-four designs by Thomas Rowlandson, Esq. Each part to contain three coloured engravings, and thirty-two pages of poetical letter-press.

R. Ackermann has in the press, *Historical Sketches of the Cossack Tribes*; illustrated with twenty-four lithographic portraits, drawn from life, in 1815, during the campaign in Paris; super-royal 160. Also, *Six Swiss Farm-Houses*, in colours, eleven inches by eight.

Early next month will be published, No. II. of a *Series of Picturesque Subjects on the River Meuse*

and its Banks, exhibiting the beauties of that river between the cities of Metz and Liege, including views of the intermediate towns and fortresses; with every description of scenery, from the most magnificent, to the simplest features of rural nature; from drawings made in the summer of 1818, by G. Arnald, A. R. A. and engraved in mezzotinto by Messrs. J. W. Reynolds, C. Turner, and W. Ward, A. E.

An *Appendix* to "*The Descriptions of Paris*," by Madame Dometier, is in the press.

Mr. Aspin is preparing for publication, *An Account of the Naval and Military Exploits which have distinguished the Reign of George III.* The work will be embellished with numerous coloured plates.

A new edition is in the press of *A Letter to Farmers and Graziers*, on the Advantages of using Salt in the various branches of Agriculture, and in feeding all kinds of farming stock; with a large Appendix of proofs and illustrations, by Samuel Parkes, F. L. S. M. R. I. M. G. S.

Poetry.

A BALLAD.

T'WAS evening, the sun o'er Saint Gothard descended,
And the moon palely silver'd the snows on
its side,
Where their rays in the twilight in crimson
were blended,
When Ellen, of Unterwald's maidens the
pride,
Embodien'd by love, yet half conscious of
fear,
Ascended the cliff that hangs o'er the
Rhône's wave,
And waved her white veil to the boat that
drew near.
And bore to his Ellen young Edwin the
brave.

Her signal is answer'd; the boat nears the
shore;
A moment and Edwin will be at her feet—
One moment.—Hark! hark! with the whirl-
wind's wild roar,
And swift as the lightnings when thunder-
clouds meet,
The avalanche falls—one loud shriek, one
wild cry;
She beheld it overwhelm him; she plung'd
amid the wave;
And Unterwald's maidens still shew with a
sigh,
The cypress and myrtle that grow o'er
their grave.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. X. OCTOBER 1, 1820. NO. LVIII.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

If the lady who signs herself A Constant Reader, will do us the favour of informing us where our Reporter of Fashions can see any dresses made in the manner described, we will willingly notice them in our article on English Fashions; but it is our invariable rule never to give any account of Fashions, till we have previously ascertained how far they have been adopted by ladies of rank.

The Twelfth Number of Parisian Sketches will be given in our next publication: it arrived too late for our present.

We apologize to the author of the article on The North-Western Passage, for dividing his communication, but it was too long for insertion at once, or even at twice.

We hope to hear again from C. F. M. whose favours we are always glad to receive.

The Essay on Playing-Cards in our next, if possible.

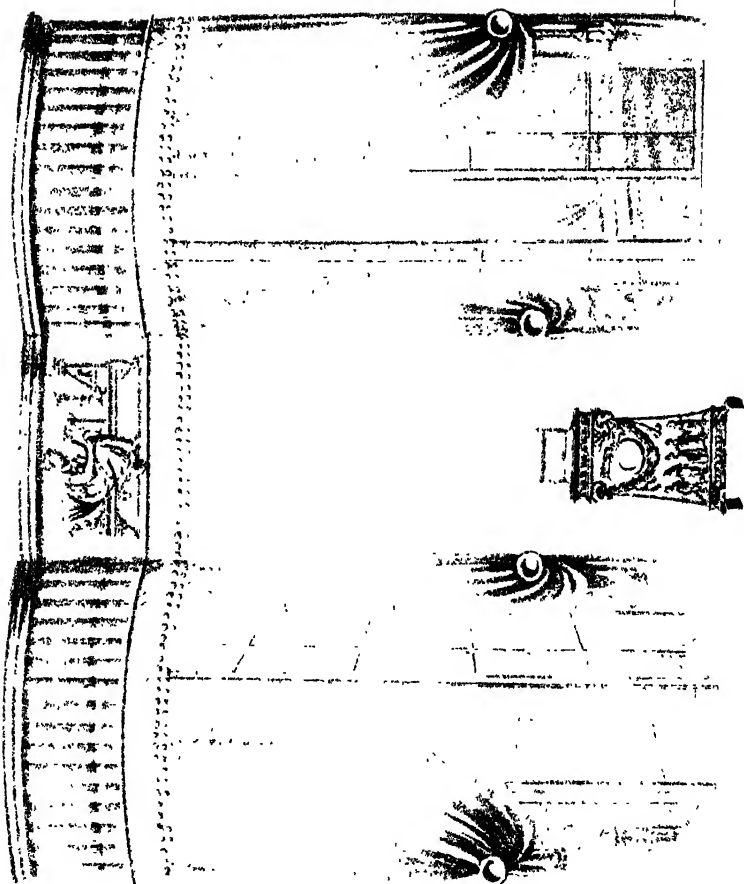
The promised quotations from Heywood's General History of Women merit attention, but require abridgment and selection.

The second letter of A. A. on the Poems of Lady M. W. Montagu has come to hand.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. X. OCTOBER 1, 1820. N^o. LVIII.

HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from p. 125.)

PLATE 19.—A RUSTIC BRIDGE.

WATER is so essential to the beauty of cultivated scenery, from its power of contrast to the surrounding verdure, its brilliancy, its colour, its motion, and sparkling reflections, as also from many other results of its mirror-like surface, that it should never be dispensed with where local circumstances permit its use; for where a canal or stream of water exists, it allows the introduction of an additional picturesque feature to the landscape, no less interesting than any other legitimate means of ornament.

The annexed design for a bridge is presented to our readers as suitable to this purpose: it forms

a rustic shelter and fishing-seat; and the parapets of each extremity are arranged in step-like forms, to receive orange-trees, or other plants, and which would admirably connect it with the garden.

Its construction is chiefly of timber and unbarked slabs of oak, and the roof is proposed to be covered by reed thatching.

It sometimes happens that a slope of ground will not admit so extensive a sheet of water as may be desired, unless two or more levels of its surface are obtained: in this case, if a bridge is erected over the fall, its irregularity is concealed with advantage.

MISCELLANIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

MR. ADVISER,

I AM at this moment absolutely dying with a thousand nameless disorders, which my physician, Dr. Doublefee assures me terminate in a nervous fever if I do not go through a regular course of medicine, and pass also a few months in Paris, in order, by travel and change of scene, to amuse my mind and relieve my spirits. But would you believe, sir, that my barbarous husband has picked up, somewhere or other, a tramon-tane professor of medicine, who has the assurance to tell me to my face, that my case does not require either medicine or French air; that I want nothing but regular exercise, plain food, and English or Welch country air? So, in compliance with this absurd prescription, I am to be packed off to some Gothic solitude, where I shall absolutely die of the vapours, unless you, Mr. Adviser, will have the goodness to come to my assistance. My husband I know has a great opinion of your good sense: now, my dear sir, if you really have a particle of understanding, you must conceive at once that it is absolutely impossible for a woman of fashion to conform to such vulgar regulations. First, the regular exercise, by which you must understand this brute of a physician means walking, or riding on horseback. I am too timid to venture on horseback, and I do not believe I have walked for ten minutes together during the last fifteen years. What he calls plain

food, is merely boiled or roast meat; as it is, when I have every delicacy to tempt my appetite, I eat almost nothing, so I leave you to judge whether I could possibly be expected to partake of a repast only fit for a farmer. As for early hours, I protest against them *in toto*. I remember I once passed a week at the house of a lady, who made a rule that her guests should retire to their chambers at eleven o'clock, and assemble to breakfast at nine in the morning; and so strong an impression of horror has that miserable week made on my mind, that the bare thought of a repetition of it would throw me into hysterics.

Now, sir, for the last thing, country air: I am quite convinced, by what Dr. Doublefee says, that the air of this country is too keen for a delicate constitution like mine, and I cannot think of being instrumental perhaps to my own death by submitting to try it. You see I have stated the matter with clearness and perspicuity, and although my husband will not attend to what I say, yet I am sure he would to you, if you will only impress upon him the barbarity of neglecting the advice of Dr. Doublefee, and the fatal consequences that may ensue from following the regulations of the ignoramus who has prescribed an opposite course. By doing this immediately, you will very much oblige your humble servant,

NERISSA NERVELESS.

I am afraid that my correspondent will not admit that I have a particle of understanding, when I protest against the adoption of Dr. Doublefee's plan. I shall not, however, offer her any counsel, because I am sure it would be in vain; but I recommend to her husband to lose no time in putting in practice the advice of the other physician. As to any consequences that may result from it, he need not be at all apprehensive of them: I will stake my reputation for sagacity, that if he banishes made dishes, his lady will soon find an appetite for roast beef; if he prohibits cards, *conversations*, and evening parties, she will be glad to go to bed, rather than sit up without company. The most difficult thing will be to make her

take exercise, but even that I think might be managed by wheeling her in a garden-chair to a certain distance from the house, and then leaving her to find her way back on foot as well as she could. If, however, her husband should consider this last piece of discipline as too severe, or should be apprehensive that she might eventually use her legs to run away, there is no absolute necessity to force her to exercise them at present, since I have no doubt that in a little time she will gladly walk, as a resource against *ennui*. I must, however, recommend her husband to be firm, since it will be of no use to begin the system prescribed unless he has spirit to persevere in it.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

ANCESTRY OF DEAN SWIFT.

INSCRIPTION on a monument placed against the south wall in St. Andrew's church, Canterbury:

"Near to this place lie buried the bodies of Mr. Thomas Swift, rector of this church twenty-two years, a reverend preacher of God's word. He died the 12th of June, 1692, aged 57:

"And of Mr. William Swift, his son, who succeeded him in this church thirty-three years. He was rector of Harble Downe twenty-two years, and a painful pastor in both cures. Aged 58, and died the 24th October, 1624.

"Margaret, wife of Mr. Thomas, lieth in the cathedral church-yard, against the south door, with nine of her children. Mary, wife of

Mr. William, lieth buried with him. She died the 5th of March, 1626, aged 38. They left issue one son, Mr. Thomas Swift, preacher, in Herefordshire; and two daughters, Katharine, wife of Thomas Withierden, gentleman, and Margaret, wife of Henry Atkinson, apothecary and citizen of London; by which two daughters this monument was erected."

N. B. Mr. Thomas Swift, the survivor, was vicar of Goodridge, Herefordshire, and had six sons; one of whom, named Jonathan, was the father of Jonathan, the famous dean of St. Patrick's, who died in October 1745.

MARGARET OF YORK.

This princess sister to Edward

IV. of England, Duchess of Burgundy, and Countess of Flanders, is repeatedly mentioned in the *Belgium Dominicanum* of a Dutch writer of the name of de Jonghe, printed at Brussels in 1719, a work on the Dominican monasteries, &c. of the Low Countries, accompanied by plates of their remains and situation. She founded the Dominican monastery at Ghent, and made many splendid presents to the church of pictures, arras, &c. by which its appearance was much improved, and its funds enriched. An inscription is placed in the church to her memory, stating that this "most illustrious, noble, and devout lady died on Nov. 23d, 1503, and was buried in the church of the Friars Minors at Mechlin." It also appears that the church of St. Agnes was founded in 1472 by Margaret Duchess of Burgundy, who, with the utmost ceremony, laid the first stone with her own hands. The service was afterwards performed in her presence by the bishop of the diocese, and then there was a procession of the nuns of St. Agnes, in which the duchess joined with great devotion, singing psalms and litanies. In some histories, a very long account is given of this consecration, and of the procession, which was finished by a string of bishops and monks. Her reason for choosing the church of the Friars Minors at Mechlin for her burial was singular; viz. "that no woman had ever yet been buried among those holy men;" but the friars, without much complaisance for this distinction, instead of giving her a place in the chancel, laid the body of the duchess in the church-yard.

ANECDOTE OF SCHALKEN, A PAINTER, WHO CAME TO ENGLAND IN THE REIGN OF KING WILLIAM III.

Schalken was born at Dort in 1643. His father placed him first with Solomon van Hoogstraten, and afterwards with Gerard Douw, from whom he caught a great delicacy in finishing; but his chief practice was to paint candlelights. He placed the object and a candle in a dark room, and looking through a small hole, painted by daylight what he saw in the dark chamber. Sometimes he drew portraits, and came with that view to England, but found the business too much engrossed by Kneller, Closterman, and others. Yet he once drew King William; but as the piece was to be by candlelight, he gave his majesty the candle to hold, till the tallow ran down upon his fingers. As if to justify this ill-breeding, he drew his own picture in the same situation. Delicacy was no part of his character: having drawn a lady who was marked with the small-pox, but had handsome hands, she asked him, when the face was finished, if she must not sit for her hands: "No," replied Schalken, "I always draw them from my house-maid."

THE MUSIC OF AUVERGNE.

In a French work called the *Voyage du Mont d'Or*, several curious, and at the same time beautiful, airs are inserted as specimens of the national music peculiar to the mountainous district of Auvergne; and it would be somewhat remarkable, did we not know the antipathy of the French to any thing that is old, that this publication did not attract the notice of musi-

cians to these melodies. In England we have had published, Irish, Scotch, Welch, Hebrew, Indian, and even West-Indian melodies, to add to our stock of airs; and we should not be surprised if ere long some attempt were made to introduce among us some of the music of Auvergne. The airs are commonly sung by the peasantry, who generally have a pretty taste and some skill in execution, and a collection might easily be formed

without any exertion of invention, which has cost a few of our modern musicians a little trouble. The country of Auvergne is well known to be the most picturesque in France, but whether this is connected with the music, we must leave others to decide. From the industry of the French composers, as we have said, we can expect nothing, for they know nothing of the music of their country before the time of Lully.

ON THE PROPOSAL OF SEMPRONIA REGARDING NEEDLE-WORK.

SIR,

I AM the lineal descendant of one of the best needle-women that adorned the age of our eighth Henry: this pattern of feminine perfection, Lady Sarah Sewmore, intermarried into the noble family of Whitesam; and it is recorded in our annals, that a part of her marriage portion was the entire furniture of a bed-chamber, every part of which that could be executed in needle-work, such as the tapestry, the hangings of the bed, counterpane, chairs, and all the fashionables of that day, were the work of her own fair hands. The Lady Sarah's fondness for needle-work was at that time deemed hereditary, and it has since been transmitted with all its vigour to her female descendants. As to myself, Mr. Editor, I can truly declare, that ever since I attained my sixth year, I have never been without a piece of work to begin or to finish; and the disesteem into which the labours of the needle have latterly fallen in the remote part of England in which I reside, has been, I assure you, sir, a source of infinite mortification to me

You will readily conceive, Mr. Editor, that this must be the case, when I tell you, that so far from finding my female acquaintance, especially the younger part of them, engaged, as Sempronia seems to say the ladies in London are, in the incessant use of their needle, I scarcely ever see one in their fingers: books, music, drawing, every thing, in short, but the needle, is resorted to in order to kill time: even my daughters, I am ashamed to say it, spite of my own precepts and example, are too fond of these modern vanities, which were unknown in my young days. The letter of your correspondent Sempronia has luckily pointed out to me an excellent method to conquer their idleness. I will take them up to London directly; since the ladies there are so notable, my girls will be shamed, by the prevalence of example, into employing themselves as I wish.

I am happy to find that there is still a part of the kingdom in which so much of that industry that used to distinguish our grandmothers is to be found. I confess I had formed a very different idea of the London

ladies, till Sempronia opened my eyes to their good qualities: it is amazing how we country folks are deceived in that respect; for, from the false representations made to us, we are apt to couple dissipation, extravagance, and idleness with the very name of a London lady. I protest I could cry when I think how much work my two girls, the one eighteen, the other sixteen, might have done by this time, if they had only been brought up in that seat of industry, the metropolis. However, it is not yet too late, and I am determined not to lose a moment in giving them the benefit of such good example.

In the mean time, I cannot help hinting to you, Mr. Editor, that such advice as that of your correspondent Sempronia, though it may have no effect upon these sober-minded dunces of London, is really dangerous to country girls, who, having in general strong animal spirits, are sufficiently inclined to dislike needle-work, without being taught to practise idleness as a duty. Women are naturally of so

active a turn of mind, that if their hands are not employed, their heads will be; and you know the proverb, "Idleness is the mother of mischief." I remember while I was a girl, I had once a disorder in my eyes, during which I had the misfortune to fall in love with the son of one of our neighbours; and I believe I should have pined myself to death, if I had not luckily, upon recovering my sight, begun to amuse myself by working the destruction of Troy: the difficulty which I found in firing the city in a sufficiently striking manner, caused a diversion in my thoughts, which, in the end, enabled me to conquer my passion.

I communicate this fact to you, Mr. Editor, for the benefit of your fair readers, and I earnestly recommend them not to be talked or advised out of that spirit of industry, which, far from being a reproach, i. e., if properly considered, one of the most amiable traits in the female character. I am, sir, your constant reader and very humble servant,

WINIFRED WORKMORE.

AN ACCOUNT OF JOHNNIE FAA, THE GIPSY CHIEF, AND THE COUNTESS OF CASSILLIS.

As the author of the admirable romance of Guy Mannering has rendered every thing respecting Scottish gipsies of extreme interest, it is presumed that the following detail regarding the elopement of a fair countess with the king of that dusky band, will prove not unacceptable to the generality of our readers.

John, sixth Earl of Cassillis, commonly termed "the grave and

solemn earl," married for his first wife Lady Jane Hamilton, daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Hadington. It is said that this match took place contrary to the inclinations of the young lady, whose affections had been previously engaged by a certain Sir John Faa of Dunbar, who was neither grave nor solemn, and moreover much handsomer than his successful rival. While Lord Cassillis, who

by the way was a very zealous Puritan, was absent on some mission from the Scottish parliament to that of England, Sir John with his followers repaired to Cassillis, where the young lady then resided, and persuaded her to elope with him to England. As ill luck would have it, the earl returned home before the lovers could cross the Border, pursued and overtook them; and in the conflict all the masquerade gipsies were slain, save one; and the weeping countess brought back to her husband's mansion, where she remained till a dungeon was prepared for her near the village of Maybole, where in she languished for the short remainder of her life in humble sorrow and devotion.

This is one edition of the story still very current in the country where the elopement took place; but it is not supported by the tenor of the ballad, which was composed by the only surviving ravisher, and is contradicted by a number of those who still recite the verses: indeed, a very numerous jury of matrons, "spinsters and knitters in the sun," pronounce the fair countess guilty of having eloped with a genuine gipsy, though compelled in some degree to that low-lived indiscretion by certain wicked charms and philters, of which Faa and his party are said to have possessed the secret.

It is recorded in the ballad itself, that

"She gave to them the good wheat bread,
And they gave her the ginger ———"

which doubtless contained some drug to enforce love. At that time the belief in the power of such philters was extremely prevalent,

and means were resorted to in their composition far too abominable to be related here. I do not, however, find ginger mentioned as an ingredient in any of those satanic nostrums of which the component parts have been committed to writing; but from its peculiar qualities, it probably was in request. The unfortunate lady was also assailed by the power of *glamour*, which the stoutest chastity proved quite unable to resist, if unaided by a morsel of the mountain ash-tree, an amber necklace, a stone forced by stripes from the head of a live toad, or the prudent recollection of keeping both thumbs close compressed in the hand during the presence of the malevolent charmer.

Glamour, according to the Scottish interpretation, is that supernatural power of imposing on the eyesight, by which the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality. Mr. Scott, describing the wonderful volume of Michael of Balwearie, says:

"It had much of *glamour* might,
Could make a lady seem a knight;
The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
Seem'd gossam' in a lordly hall;
A nut-shell seem'd a gilded barge,
A she-hag seem'd a palace large,
And youth seem'd age, and age seem'd youth:
All was delusion, nought was truth."

See the note to that passage, and the Border Minstrelsy, vol. iii. p. 119, for many illustrations of the subject; but the most extraordinary instances of *glamour* that I have met with, are collected by Delrio, in his citations from Dubravius's History of Bohemia. Winceslaus, son to the Emperor Charles IV. marrying the Duke of Bavaria's daughter, the duke, who

understood that his son-in-law delighted in feats of conjuration, sent to Prague for a waggon-load of magicians to enliven the nuptials. While the most scientific of these were puzzling for some new illusion, Wincellaus's family conjuror, Zyto by name, who had slid privately in among the crowds, of a sudden presented himself, having his mouth, as it seemed, enlarged on both sides, open to his very ears; he goes straight to the duke's chief conjuror, and swallows him up with all that he wore, saving his pantoufles, which being dirty, he spit a great way from him; after this, feeling himself uneasy with such a load upon his stomach, he hastens to a great tub, that stood full of water, voids the man into it, and then brings him back to the company, dripping wet and overwhelmed with confusion; on which the other magicians would shew no more tricks. This same Master Zyto, who, *par parenthese*, was himself carried off bodily by the devil at last, could appear with any visage he chose. When the king walked on the land, he would seem to swim in the water towards him; or if his majesty was carried on a litter of horses, Zyto would follow on another borne up by cocks. He made thirty fat swine out of so many wisps of hay, and sold them to a rich baker, at a high price, desiring him not to allow them to enter into any water; but the baker forgetting this injunction, found only the wisps of hay swimming on the surface of a pool; and in a mighty chafe seeking out Zyto, who was extended upon a bench and seemingly asleep, he seized him by one leg to awake

him, when, lo! both the leg and the thigh seemed to remain in his hands, which filled him with so much terror that he complained no more of the cheat. Zyto, at the banquet of the king, would sometimes change the hands of the guests into the hoofs of an ox or horse, so that they could not extend them to the dishes to help themselves to any thing; and if they looked out of the windows, he beautified their heads with horns; a trick, by the bye, which perhaps John Faa could have played to Lord Cassillis with infinitely greater significance*.

It is not now possible to fix the precise date of Lady Cassillis's elopement with the *gipsie laddie*. She was born in the year 1607, and is said to have died young; but if she ran off with her lover during her husband's first journey to England, in quality of ruling elder deputed to the assembly of divines at Westminster, 1643, to ratify the Solemn League and Covenant, she could not even then have been in her first youth, and it is certain that she lived long enough in her confinement at Maybole to work a

* Two magicians, says Delrio, met in the court of Elizabeth, Queen of England, and agreed that in any one thing they should certainly obey each other. The one therefore commands the other to thrust his head out of the casement; which he had no sooner done than a huge pair of stag's horns were seen planted on his forehead, to the no small delight of the spectators, who laughed at and mocked him extremely; but when it came to the horned magician's turn to be obeyed, he made his adversary stand upright against a wall, which instantly opening, swallowed him up, so that he was never afterwards seen.

piece of tapestry, still preserved at Colzean House, in which she represented her unhappy flight, but with circumstances unsuitable to the details of the ballad, and as if the deceits of *glamour* had still bewildered her memory; for she is mounted behind her lover, gorgeously attired, on a superb white courser, and surrounded by a group of persons, who bear no resemblance to a herd of tatterdemallion gipsies.

But it appears from the criminal records of Edinburgh, that in January 1624, eight men, among whom was Captain John Faa, were convicted on the statute against Egyptians, and suffered according to sentence. I am strongly tempted to think that this was the Johnnie of the ballad, whom Lord Cassillis wisely got hanged, in the place of slaying him in the field*. Indeed, a stanza of the song, as it is sometimes recited, states that eight of the gipsies were hanged at Carlisle, and the rest at the Border. If this conjecture be right, the lady's lover was married as well as herself; for, a few days after John's trial, Helen Faa, relic of the captain, Lucretia Faa, and nine other female gipsies, were brought to judgment and condemned to be drowned; but this

* The family of Cassillis in early times had been so powerful, that the head of it was generally termed the King of Carrick. Sympson, in his description of Galloway (*MS. Adv. Lib.*) tells us that "the Earls of Cassillis had long since great power in Galloway, which occasioned the following rhyme:

"Twixt Wigton and the town of Air,
Portpatrick and the cruives of Cree,
No man needs think for to hide there,
Unless he court with Kennedie."

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barbarous sentence was afterwards commuted to that of banishment, under pain of death to them and all their race should they ever return to Scotland.

The Earl of Cassillis divorced his lady *a mensâ et thoro*, and confined her, as has been already said, in a tower at Maybole, where eight heads carved in stone, below one of the turrets, are still pointed out as representing eight of the luckless Egyptians. It ought to be remembered, that this frail fair-one did not continue the noble family into which she married; for she bore only two daughters to the earl, of whom one became the wife of Lord Dundonald, and the other, in the last stage of antiquated virginity, bestowed her hand, and what was still better, her purse, upon the youthful Gilbert Burnet, then the busy intriguing inmate of Hamilton Palace, where Lady Margaret Kennedy generally resided, afterwards the well known Bishop of Salisbury.

The copy of the ballad subjoined was transferred to paper from the recitation of a peasant in Galloway, and will be found to vary from the poem as it is commonly printed. Some lines have been omitted on account of their indelicacy, but it is comfortable to conclude, from the last stanza save one, that the lady, though she thought fit to elope, had not been actually criminal when her lord overtook the gang and secured his rambling moiety. It is to be regretted that he seems not to have taken her word on that subject; albeit he cannot justly be much blamed, considering his wife's giddiness, the wicked powers of

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glamour, and the enterprising spirit of fifteen valiant men, "black, but very bonnie."

The gypsies they came to my Lord Cassillis' yett,

'And, O! but they sang bonnie;
They sang sae sweet and sae complete,
That down came our fair ladie.

She came tripping down the stairs,
And all her maids before her;
As soon as they saw her well-far'd face,
They coost their glamourie owre her.

She gave to them the good wheat bread,
And they gave her the ginger;
But she gave them a far better thing,
The gold ring off her finger.

"Will ye go with me, my hinny and my heart,
Will ye go with me, my dearie,
And I will swear by the staff of my spear,
That your lord shall nae mair come near thee?"

"Gar take from me my silk manteel,
And bring to me a plaidie,
For I will travel the world owre
Along with my gypsy laddie.

"I could sail the seas with my Jockie Faa,
I could sail the seas with my dearie;
I could sail the seas with my Jockie Faa,
And with pleasure could drown with my dearie."

They wander'd high, they wander'd low,
They wander'd late and early,
Until they came to an old tenant's barn,
And by this time she was weary.

"Last night I lay in a weel made bed,
And my noble lord beside me;
And now I must lie in an old tenant's barn,
And the black crew glowing owre me."

"O! hold your tongue, my hinny and my heart,

O! hold your tongue, my dearie,
For I will swear by the moon and the stars,
That thy lord shall nae mair come near thee."

They wander'd high, they wander'd low,
They wander'd late and early,
Until they came to that wan water,
And by this time she was wearie.

"Aften have I rode that wan water,
And my Lord Cassillis beside me,
And now I must ~~set~~ in my white feet and wade,
And carry the gypsy laddie*."

By and bye came home this noble lord,
And asking for his ladie,
The one did cry, the other did reply,
She is gone with the gypsy laddie.

"Go saddle me the black," he says,
"The brown rides never so speedi',
And I will neither eat nor drink
Till I bring home my ladie."

He wander'd high, he wander'd low,
He wander'd late and early,
Until he came to that wan water,
And there he spied his ladic.

"O! wilt thou go home, my hinny and my heart,
O! wilt thou go home, my dearie,
And I will close thee in a close room,
Where no man shall come near thee?"

"I will not go home, my hinny and my heart,
I will not go home, my dearie,
If I have brewn good beer, I will drink of the same,
And my lord shall nae mair come near me.

"But I will swear by the moon and the stars,
And the sun that shines so clearly,
That I am as free of the gypsy gang
As the hour my mother did bear me."

They were fifteen valiant men,
Black, but very bonnie,
And they lost all their lives for one—
The Earl of Cassillis' ladic.

* A ford, by which the countess and her lover are said to have crossed the river Doon from a wood near Cassillis House, is still denominated the Gipsies' steps.

ON THE VOYAGES FOR THE DISCOVERY OF A NORTH-WESTERN PASSAGE.

RECOLLECTING the interest that is still felt upon this subject, and the hopes more strongly entertain-

ed since what has been satirically called the ~~re-discovery~~ of Baffin's Bay by Captain Ross, of the ex-

istence of a north-west passage, we have thought that a slight sketch of the attempts hitherto made for the same purpose would not be unacceptable on all accounts. Our readers may rely upon the accuracy of the details.

The first British expedition of discovery was undertaken in 1553, for the purpose of exploring a passage to India round the northern shores of Europe and Asia. It was an object to the nation of almost unbounded enthusiasm. The discoveries of Spain and Portugal, which had opened new worlds to the wonder of mankind, and had deluged the mother countries with gold, were still fresh in their recollection, and it was hoped that the present expedition would be productive of results equally splendid. Although it was favoured by government, and particularly by the reigning monarch, Edward VI. it was undertaken, and the expense defrayed, by a body of individuals united under the title of "Mystery and Company of the Merchants, Adventurers for the Discovery of Regions, Dominions, Islands, and Places unknown." These are described as "certain grave citizens of London, and men of great wisdom, and careful of the good of their country," who seeing "that the wealth of the Spaniards and Portugals, by the discovery of new trades and countries, was marvellously increased, supposing the same to be a course and mean for them to obtain the like, resolved upon a new and strange navigation." For this purpose they subscribed 5000*l.* which was employed in building three vessels, in the construction of

which all the skill in ship-building which the nation possessed was put in requisition. Not only were they put together, calked, and pitched with the utmost care, but an invention, then new, was employed of covering the keel with thin sheets of lead, as a defence against insects; and they were supplied with provisions for a year and a half. Many gallant captains sued for the command of this squadron, but the preference was given to Sir Hugh Willoughby, a "valiant gentleman," whose high birth, distinguished naval prowess, and even his noble and commanding figure, seemed to throw a new lustre on the expedition. The second in command was Richard Chancellor, "a man of great estimation for many good parts of wit in him." The instructions for the voyage were drawn up by Sebastian Cabot, governor of the Merchant Company, who had himself made several important discoveries, and was considered as the most experienced mariner in England. These instructions are not unworthy of perusal. They contain many salutary exhortations to cleanliness, harmony, good order, and diligence. It is hinted that in giving "advertisements of their proceedings," they may do it, "passing such dangers of the sea, perils of ice, intolerable colds, and other impediments, which by sundry authors and writers have ministered matter of suspicion on some heads, that this voyage could not succeed." We cannot help thinking, however, that he himself has conjured up a much more serious and unfounded fear, when he tells them, that "there are peo-

ple that can swim in the sea, havens, and rivers, naked, coveting to draw nigh your ships, desirous of the bodies of men, which they covet for meat; therefore diligent watch is to be kept both day and night." He concludes with telling them, "how many persons, as well the king's majesty, the lords of his honourable council, this whole company, as also your wives, children, kinsfolks, allies, friends, and familiars, be replenished in their hearts with ardent desire to learn and know your estates, conditions, and welfares, and in what likelihood you be in to obtain this noble enterprize, which is hoped no less to succeed to you, than the Orient and Occident Indias have to the high benefit of the emperor and kings of Portugal."

The squadron sailed down the Thames on the 10th May, 1553. As they passed Greenwich, where the court then resided, an immense concourse assembled to behold and hail them. The courtiers and chief nobility stood at the windows, while the common people covered the shore and the roofs of the houses. Guns were fired, handkerchiefs waved, "the valleys and the waters gave an echo, and the mariners they shouted in such sort that the sky rang again with the noise thereof. To be short, it was a very triumph (after a sort) in all respects to the beholders." At this moment of exultation, the thought of the mighty and unknown seas which they were to traverse, instead of damping hope, served only to give a new grandeur to the enterprize. No one, perhaps, of the thousands who hailed them as they floated away in pomp, amid discharges of

artillery, and with all their ensigns displayed, suspected that they were victims adorned for the sacrifice, and that this brilliant expedition was destined soon to have so fatal an issue.

The squadron was detained a considerable time by contrary winds in sailing along the English coast, and having in vain attempted to reach Scotland, they then directed their course towards the coast of Norway. Here they fell in with that multitude of little islands which extend along the north-eastern extremity of Scandinavia. They touched at those of Lofoot (Loffoden), which they found "plentifully inhabited, and very gentle people." Here they obtained some directions for sailing along the coast, and fixed upon Wardhuys, a harbour of Finmark, for their rendezvous in case of dispersion. Soon after putting to sea, there came on "flaws of winds and terrible whirlwinds," in which they suffered dreadfully. The pinnacle of the admiral's ship was dashed to pieces, and he lost sight entirely of the other two vessels. Next morning he discovered one of them, the Confidence, to leeward of him; but the other, the Edward, was finally lost sight of. The admiral, however, continued to push forward, in order to reach Wardhuys; but he sailed on without discovering any appearance of land, which, indeed, the soundings (of 180 fathoms) indicated to be at a great distance; so that it appeared "that the land lay not as the globe made mention." Thus bewildered on this vast and stormy sea, he continued, however, to press towards his destination. ~~an~~

a few days. he descried land, but covered with ice and desolation. Geographers have doubted what land this could be; some supposing it to be Spitzbergen, while others more plausibly believe it to be part of Nova Zembla. In either case it would present but only one aspect: rocks rising over rocks, with the clouds wrapped round their icy pinnacles; while no sound could be wafted over the waves, but the crush of its falling ice, and the hungry roar of its monsters. Willoughby, however, continued for several days longer to push to the northward; but finding that his vessel became crazy and took in water, while instead of reaching the golden plains of India and Cathay, he was plunging deeper and deeper into the regions of perpetual winter, he deemed it needful to turn, and seek a harbour where they might be refitted. After several days' sail, they came in sight of a coast, but so shallow that they could not approach it. They beat about for some time on these unknown and desolate shores, without obtaining a sight of a human being, and at length came to a harbour, where it appeared the ships could lie in safety. It was now only September; but it was here the depth of winter, intense frosts and tempests of snow driving through the air; while the sun, even at mid-day, appearing only a little above the horizon, announced the speedy closing in of the polar night.

This haven they never left; but the journal here stops, and a veil hangs over the varied forms of famine and death which beset them in their last extremity. There was

only found in the ship a will by Sir Hugh Willoughby, dated in January, which intimates that he was then alive, though sensible probably of his approaching fate. England waited in vain for news of her expedition; but in the summer of the following year, some Russ fishermen, travelling this way, found the ships, with their lifeless tenants. They carried the tidings to St. Nicholas (Archangel), where there happened to be an English merchant, who conveyed home the sad intelligence. The place proved to be the river of Arzina, near Keger, in Russian Lapland. In 1554, the company sent out two vessels to bring home the ships thus frozen up. Before executing their commission, they touched at Archangel, and took on board a Russian ambassador and his suite. Fate seemed never to relent against this unfortunate expedition: it suffered complete shipwreck on the northern coast of Scotland; the two vessels, which were probably now unsound, went entirely to the bottom, and a great number of persons were drowned. The ambassador, however, escaped, and was received at the court of Scotland.

We have still to trace the progress of Chancellor, commander of the *Edward*, who, as already observed, was separated in a storm from Sir Hugh Willoughby. His career was more fortunate. He appears never to have lost sight of the coast, and sailing close along it, was not long of reaching Wardhuys. Here he waited a week for his companions, after which he judged proper to proceed alone, without regard to the murmurs of his crew, determining "either to

bring that to pass which was intended, or else to die the death." Accordingly he "held on his course towards that unknown part of the world, and sailed so far, that he came at last to the place where he found no night at all, but a continual light and brightness of the sun shining clearly upon the huge and mighty sea." Assisted by this perpetual light of the northern midsummer, he came "into a certain great bay" (the White Sea). After looking diligently about, they discovered a boat with some fishermen, who, "amazed at the strange greatness of his ship, began presently to avoid and flee;" but the courteous deportment of Chancellor soon converted them into friends. The English now heard for the first time the name of Russia, which distance and barbarism had hitherto concealed from them, and learned that it was governed by a great emperor, Juan Vassilovitch. Being interrogated in their turn, they gave an account of England, and asserted that the sole object of the king in sending them, was to form relations of amity and commerce with the Russian mon-

arch. "The barbarians heard these things very gladly," and it was soon arranged that Chancellor should take a journey to court, where he was well received, and carried home an account of Russia, which excited the highest interest in England. A company of Russian merchants was immediately formed, and a regular trade established with Archangel.

The English merchants were still not discouraged from attempting the north-east passage; on the contrary, the establishment of a fixed point at Archangel appeared to promise new facilities for effecting it. A vessel was therefore sent in 1556, under Stephen Burrough, who had acted as master under Chancellor. Burrough penetrated as far as Nova Zembla and the straits of Waygatz, which separate that great insular territory from the continent; but contrary winds, and the formidable appearance of the ice, deterred him from proceeding. He wintered at Colmogri.

We shall pursue this subject in an ensuing number.

ON THE DRESS AND FASHIONS OF OUR ANCESTORS.

"Seest thou not, I say, what a deform'd thief this fashion is?"

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING lately seen a rare and curious tract, bearing the fanciful title of "Quipps for upstart new-fangled Gentlewomen; or, a Glasse to view the Pride of vain-glorious Women," printed at the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth, it occurred to me that an extract from it might be entertaining to your female readers. I shall

add a few observations upon contemporary writers, and others who have treated upon this subject, which may answer the purpose of illustration. The tract before me consists of satirical raillery against the preposterous fashions of the Elizabethan age. Although the humour may be a little severe, yet the sentiment is not the less true; but I doubt much whether it made

a due impression in the quarter against which it was directed. The subsequent extract may perhaps, even at the present period, prove a useful hint:

These flaming heads with staring hair,
These wires turn'd like horns of ram,
These painted faces which they wear,
Can tell from whence they came?
Don Satan, lord of feigned lies,
All these new fangles did devise.

Again the author ridicules the use of superfluous appendages in dress in rather a Hudibrastic style. We may observe, however, that the fan, against which the following lines are directed, is now much out of use:

Were fans and flaps of feathers found
To flit away the flisking flies,
As tail of mare that hangs on ground
When heat of summer doth arise;
The wit of women we might praise,
For finding out so great an ease.

But seeing they are still in haud,
In house, in field, in church, in street;
In summer, winter, water, land;
In cold, in heat, in dry, in wet;
I judge they are for wives such tools
As baubles are in plays for fools.

The endeavour to conceal some blemish or deformity is the origin of many fashions. To this source, we may attribute the invention of ruffs, hoops, cushions, and other monstrous absurdities. Thus as early as the reign of Edward VI. patches were introduced into England by a foreign lady, who, by this expedient, ingeniously contrived to cover a wen on her neck. Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, brought into fashion shoes with long points, to conceal a large excrescence on one of his feet; and Charles VII. invented long coats, to hide his ill-made legs. On the other hand, many have adapted fashion to set off peculiar beauties to advantage. Isabella of Bavaria

introduced the fashion of leaving the neck and part of the shoulders uncovered, because she was remarkable for the fairness of her skin. Fashion also very frequently originated in circumstances of the most trivial nature. The following may be instanced as an example: "Isabella, the daughter of Philip II. and wife of the Archduke Albert, vowed not to change her linen till Ostend was taken: this siege, unluckily for her comfort, lasted three years, and the supposed colour of the archduchess's linen gave rise to a fashionable colour, hence called *l'Isabeau*, or the Isabella, a kind of whitish dirty yellow."

Puttenham, in his "Art of Poetry," speaking of the variety of dress and fashion, remarks, "So was it here in England, till her majesty's most noble father, for divers good respects, caused his own head, and all his courtiers', to be polled, and his beard to be cut short. Before that time, it was thought more decent, both for old men and young, to be all shaven, and to wear long hair, either rounded or square. Now again, at this time, the young gentlemen of the court have taken up the long hair trailing on their shoulders, and think it more decent; for what respect I would be glad to know."

The same order given by Henry VIII. to his courtiers, was followed by Louis VII. at the direction of the bishops; but the consequences were very different, and it is a remarkable instance of the influence of custom over the female mind. Immediately after Louis VII. had obeyed the injunctions, Eleanor, his queen, treated him with the

utmost contempt: she revenged herself as she thought proper, and a divorce was the result.

It has been justly observed, "that there are flagrant follies in fashion which must be endured while they reign, and which never appear ridiculous till they are out of fashion." But fashion has been carried to so extravagant an excess, as to become a sort of public nuisance, and to have required the interference of government. Chaucer, in his *Parson's Tale*, makes a complaint of this nature against the beaux of his day.

The fashion ran on square-toed shoes in the reign of Mary, and a proclamation was issued, ordering that no person should wear shoes more than six inches square at the toes. In the succeeding reign of Elizabeth, the royal authority was again exercised, and special officers were employed to cut the ruffs and break the rapiers of the beaux of the day. Stow has this remark upon the subject: "In that time he was held the greatest gallant that had the deepest ruff and longest rapier: the offence to the eye of the one, and hurt to the life of the subject that came by the other, caused her majesty to make proclamation against them both, and to place selected grave citizens at every gate, to cut the ruffs and break the rapiers' points of all passengers that exceeded a yard in length, and a nail of a yard in depth of their ruffs."

Decker, a writer of the reign of James I. ridicules this absurd fashion in his *Gull's Hornbook*, 1609: "Nor the French standing collar, your treble-quadruple *dadalian* ruff, nor your stiff-necked *rabatos*,

that have more arches for pride to row under than can stand under five London bridges, durst not then set themselves out in print; for the patent for starch could by no means be signed. Fashion then was counted a disease, and horses died of it; but now, thanks to folly, it is held the only rare physic, and purest golden asses live upon it." In the reign of our maiden queen, Mrs. Dinghen, a Dutchwoman, introduced the art of starching—an art which raised the wrath of all the Puritans of that day. It was indeed carried then to a very high pitch of absurdity. No fewer than five different coloured starches were employed, and the Dutchwoman obtained a fortune by teaching the art at four and five guineas a learner. Yellow starch was particularly in vogue, and was introduced as a French fashion by Mrs. Turner, who was executed for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in a lawn ruff of her favourite colour. Yellow starch is mentioned as being in common use, in the plays of *Albumazar*, *The Blind Lady*, and *The Parson's Wedding*, all written about that time.

I cannot help here noticing a remark or two of Philip Stubbs, a staunch Puritan, who lived and wrote in the days of Elizabeth. However absurd the fashion he ridicules may be in itself, the observations of the Puritan will be acknowledged to be still more ludicrous. "They have great and monstrous ruffs, made either of cambric, holland, lawn, or else of some other the finest cloth that can be got for money, whereof some be a quarter of a yard deep, yea some

more, very few less, so that they stand a full quarter of a yard (and more) from their necks, hanging over their shoulder points instead of a veil. But when Æolus with his blasts, or Neptune with his storms, chances to hit upon the crazy bark of their bruised ruffs, then they go flip-flap in the wind, lying upon their shoulders like the dish-clout of a slut. The Devil, as he in the fulness of his malice first invented these great ruffs, so had he now found out also two great pillars to bear up and maintain this his kingdom of pride; and lest they should fall down, they are smeared and starched *with the Devil's liquor, I mean starch*. Beyond all this they have a further fetch, nothing inferior to the rest; as, namely, three or four degrees of minor ruffs, placed *gradative* one beneath another, and all under *Master Devil ruff*." Some part of this severe but coarse attack may be merited in our day.

In this abuse of the prevailing fashions of the day, Henoah Clapham, in his "Errors of the Left

Hand," 1608; Thomas Nash, in his "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem," 1593; L. Wright, in his "Summons for Sleepers," 1596, and many others, have joined; but the attack has generally been made with more propriety and less acrimony than by the wrathful Stubbs. Puttenham is, as we have before observed, not silent upon the point. An English beau, at the time he wrote his "Art of Poesy," was a fantastic compound of all the fashions in Europe and Asia. "May it not seem enough for a courtier to know how to wear a feather and set his cap afloat, his chain *en écharpe*, a straight buskin *à l'Inglese*, a loose *à la Turque*, the cap *alla Spaniola*, the breech *à la Francoise*, by twenty manner of new-fashioned garments to disguise his body, and his face with as many countenances, whereof it seems there may be many that make a very art and study who can shew himself most fine, I will not say most foolish and ridiculous?"

C. F. M.

SKETCH OF THE SINGULAR LIFE OF MADEMOISELLE RAUCOURT, THE LATE CELEBRATED FRENCH ACTRESS.

MADemoiselle RAUCOURT was born in Paris about 1756, and consequently at the time of her death was in her 58th or 59th year. Her extraction was low, her father being a barber, or (to give him the highest title in his profession) a hair-dresser, in the fauxbourg St. Antoine. He had a large family, of which Louisa (for that was Mademoiselle Raucourt's christian name, or one of them,) was nearly the youngest. He was *perruquier*
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to one of the minor theatres, and had frequently an opportunity of procuring free admissions; and, most probably in consequence of her numerous visits to theatrical representations, Louisa very early obtained and evinced a strong propensity to the stage: her admiration of it soon became so dangerous, that it was found necessary to prohibit her from seeing any of the performances. Her persevering and enterprising disposition often

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defeated the vigilance of her parents, who were at length compelled to confine her in an upper apartment of the house. Opposition only seemed to give fresh vigour to her resolution to appear before the public, and at the age of thirteen or fourteen she made her escape by the window of the room, letting herself down two stories by means of her bed-clothes.

Being now dependent upon herself alone, her first expedient was to change her dress for that of a boy, and she proceeded to Rouen, and from thence to Havre de Grace, where she entered into an engagement with the manager of the theatre, never making any discovery of her sex; she also assumed a feigned name, under which she played the few parts suited to her age, with considerable success. It is said, that while at Havre her father heard of her; but his inquiries were fruitless, as her artifices had prevented discovery, and Louisa Raucourt was unknown to her employers, to her companions, or to her auditors. She afterwards, in the same dress, performed at the provincial theatres; but at Geneva she was first under the necessity of making a disclosure of her sex, but that only to an individual. The facts of this discovery almost bear the appearance of fable, and remind us of the story of Zelmane and Pameia in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, and of Viola and Olivia in *Twelfth Night*: it will doubtless bring to the recollection of such of our readers as are more learned than we are in novels, similar incidents in many modern romances. Louisa made a fine spirited lad, with an intel-

ligent if not a handsome countenance, and the roundness and firmness of the tone of her voice assisted greatly the deception. It happened that while she was playing at Geneva, a young lady of some rank and fortune had the misfortune to fall in love with her, and many letters are said to have passed between the parties, in which the supposed youth made warm protestations of unceasing attachment, &c. &c. in order to keep up the illusion, which it was so important to maintain. Secret interviews soon followed at the entreaty of the ardent Genevese, during which Louisa still had the art to elude the discovery, and to convince the young lady of the sincerity of a return of passion, that could only be pretended.

These proceedings, which appeared almost inevitable, only drew our heroine into further difficulties, and matters at length were driven to such extremities, that an elopement, and subsequent marriage, were ultimately proposed by the party to whom, in transactions of this delicate nature, such suggestions are usually forbidden. It was impossible now to avoid a discovery, unless Louisa would consent to forfeit her engagement and leave Geneva; she therefore determined to avow her sex to her *innamorata*, to the infinite disappointment and confusion of the indiscreet female who had made the first advances. Doubtless, indignation at the imposition which appeared to have been cruelly persevered in, was the first impulse, but on reflection, she thought it better not to make public the secret of her own folly and of Lou-

isa's sex: the latter, after having completed her undertaking, quitted the city, still successful in her scheme of public delusion.

On the advance of maturer years, when the proportions of the female form became too evident for concealment, Mademoiselle Raucourt was obliged to resume her female attire, and at the age of seventeen or eighteen years, first came out at the theatre of Bourdeaux as a woman, performing a woman's part, no persons there being acquainted with the transformation she had undergone. It is probable that her long habit of wearing the dress of a male had given her an awkwardness of manner and a coarseness of deportment, which at once she was unable to overcome; and her ill success at Bourdeaux is perhaps to be attributed partly to this cause. She left the stage in some disgust for two years, and went to visit her father, to whom she was reconciled, and who received her as a child repenting the errors of past conduct, and willing to quit a profession that, notwithstanding, had rendered her independent of her friends. Louisa was far, however, from giving up her projects of ambition and notoriety, and having industriously employed the intervening time in the accomplishments necessary for her renewed undertaking, she again quitted Paris, and engaged herself to the proprietors of the theatre at Lyons.

Her success in her renewed exertions was more than equal to her hopes: at first she attempted little, but gradually rose to parts of more

importance and prominence, of a light easy comic cast, that required only *médiocre* talents: indeed, on the French stage, excepting in the higher walks of tragedy, women are not often called upon to perform characters that demand any very rare abilities. It should seem from the great degree of applause with which Mademoiselle Raucourt for the last twelve or fifteen years has represented tragic characters, and those only, as if she had in the earlier part of her life mistaken her *forte*. We have had several instances of this kind upon our own stage, and even within our own knowledge; but the most recent, as well as the most singular, is that of Mr. Liston. Who would imagine that that gentleman ever attempted to support the dignity of tragedy? Who would not almost swear that nature had moulded every feature under the express instructions of the laughter-loving goddess, in her mood of broadest humour, who, at his birth, exclaimed, "He's mine, and stamped him for her own?" Yet Mr. Liston, if we are rightly informed, made his first appearance on a country stage as the pensive Romeo, and not very long ago he attempted in London to play the part of Octavian, in all the serious dismal of melancholy madness, while the convulsed house shook with crashes of involuntary and irrestrainable laughter. The reverse was the case with Mademoiselle Raucourt: her earliest efforts were made in comedy; although, were it fair to judge of her youth by her age, we should never have guessed that the fixed perpendicular lines of

her tragic countenance were ever crossed by the horizontal wrinkles of a comic smile.

She continued to sustain such parts as Henriette in Moliere's *Femmes Savantes* until she was nearly thirty, when we find her playing Atalide in the tragedy of *Bajazet*, the first serious part she ever assumed. She was then what the French politely call a *doubleur*, and the English more plainly and familiarly a *stop-gap*, as she only undertook the task in the absence of the actress who usually appeared in that character. The circumstances producing this alteration, which perhaps fixed the future line of parts filled by Mademoiselle Raucourt, are not uninteresting. The actress who should properly have represented Atalide had a lover in a horse regiment, then quartered at Lyons, which, not long before, had received orders to hold itself in readiness to march. From time to time this movement was delayed; but at length the fatal day was fixed, and fixed most unfortunately for the young actress, for *Bajazet* was to be played at the theatre, and her assistance was of course required. But, as might be anticipated, she determined to risk all hazards to follow her dragoon, and to forfeit her engagement, rather than lose her lover. A few days before the marching of the regiment, she communicated her design in confidence to Mademoiselle Raucourt, who, as is usual in such cases, finding advice and remonstrance vain, disinterestedly offered to fulfil her duty; and it is said, actually learned, studied, and played the part, which is by no means a short one, in the

course of eight and forty hours. The success that attended this friendly exertion was so flattering, that, owing to this and some other causes, not long afterwards Mademoiselle Raucourt entirely abandoned comedy, and quickly rose to a very considerable eminence in the line of characters she newly adopted. Parts of a graver cast subsequently better accorded with her age, if not with her talents.

We are told of another circumstance that might have an influence in producing this change: we mean a disappointment which our heroine about this time received of a matrimonial connection. Although she is related to have had many offers, and even from persons of distinction, yet most of them she rejected, because the consequence would have been to withdraw her from a pursuit that she loved, and followed with great ardour. Frenchmen in general seem, if possible, more averse than Englishmen, that their wives should continue public exhibitors, even if they have been educated to it. The individual whose hand Mademoiselle Raucourt consented to receive was a subordinate actor at the same theatre, and it should appear made love much better in the closet than on the boards, at least Mademoiselle Raucourt was of that opinion. The union was, however, interrupted by the hasty and groundless jealousy of the intended husband, in the following manner: During the time that this matrimonial connection was in agitation, a gentleman of large property was industriously paying his addresses to Mademoiselle Raucourt, not upon the most honourable, but, in

a pecuniary point of view, upon much the most advantageous terms. The lady was inflexible (for it seems she bore an irreproachable character), resisted firmly all his efforts and arts, disregarded his promises, and rejected his presents. She did not at first think fit to communicate the circumstance to her acknowledged lover, imagining that the patience of his selfish opponent would soon be exhausted by her immobility, without subjecting him to the degrading chastisement and public exposure that would ensue were the matter known. The avowed and received lover had, however, by other means obtained information, and believed that his mistress was deceiving him with false hopes, while she would soon gratify a more powerful admirer with the accomplishment of his wishes. The lady was not less mistaken in the patience of her wealthy suitor, whose perseverance was so unremitting and importunate, that she could not refuse his unwelcome visits. His importunities at length became so troublesome and intolerable, that, to rid herself of the nuisance, she determined to write to her intended husband, requesting him to interfere for her rescue. Unluckily the letter did not reach him, who was watching for the arrival of the wealthy admirer at the house of his destined wife. Mademoiselle Raucourt had appointed the hour, and had given notice of it in the letter she had despatched in vain; she consequently expected her future spouse, and gave some encouragement to the object of her aver-

sion, in order that the conviction might be less equivocal, and the punishment more severe. The unjustly suspicious lover, watching his opportunity, rushed into the apartment at the moment when his rival was upon his grateful knees. The result was, that the young actor believed himself deceived by the artifice of the lady, and after stabbing his prostrate enemy (though not mortally), left the house in despair, and never again was heard of. Mademoiselle Raucourt of course had no means of giving him that information which would have removed his jealousy and renewed his love.

Mademoiselle Raucourt quitted the stage during the period of the bloody tragedies of the French Revolution, supporting herself upon the considerable sum she had acquired by her public exertions. She, however, re-appeared in Paris in 1798, and from that time until her death, continued to perform at the Théâtre Française. Her merit as an actress was certainly not of the very first order, but she was always respectable, and sometimes she carried excellence to the fullest extent of which it is capable on the French stage. Talma, with whom she generally acted, will severely regret her loss, and will find no tragic performer now on the boards of Paris (with the exception perhaps of Mademoiselle Duchesnois) that is equally capable of giving him support, particularly in the character of *Oedipus*: the *Jocasta* of Mademoiselle Raucourt was esteemed her most perfect performance.

SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[THE readers of the *Repository* will doubtless recollect the Letters under the above title, which appeared regularly in its Numbers for the years 1817 and 1818. Many indeed have expressed their disappointment and regret at the interruption of the Traveller's adventures. Such, in particular, will learn with pleasure, that the proprietor of the *Repository* is preparing for publication the entire series of these Letters in a distinct volume, and meanwhile purposes to introduce two or three of them, in continuation of those which have already been given in this work.]

LETTER XXIII.

I KNOW not, dear Edward, whether you are acquainted with a custom in which I indulge almost mechanically on arriving at a strange town. It is this: as soon as I alight I set out upon a survey of it, and that for various reasons. In the first place, it is the only time when, being perfectly unknown, you can give full liberty to your humours and your steps, upon which you feel considerable restraint imposed the following day, if it were only by the notice which your host and your lacquey are sure to take of you. The disordered hair, unshaved chin, and dusty clothes, that you bring with you from the journey, compel no man to pull off his hat to you, or to step respectfully out of your way; neither do you wish to shrink from the eye of one, however high his rank or consequence, whom you may chance to encounter; whilst at the same time you enjoy the further

satisfaction of knowing that you are something more than you appear, or than the good people among whom you are come, take you to be. On the morrow, when you would perhaps wish to appear more than what you really are, this charm is gone; and it is a question, whether the anticipated intercourse with the great world will compensate for the loss of this gratification, trivial as it may seem. But were it for no other reason, I should not like to relinquish my practice, because I have learned from experience, that the first impression, however vague, made upon me by the aspect of a town, is far less liable to deceive me than its topographers and hired panegyrists. I could mention to you a great number of places, large and small, where I needed but to alight from my carriage, to wade through the mud in their streets, to avoid the streams poured down by dragons' heads from the water-pipes along the roofs of their houses, to take a glance at their market-places, or to follow one of their fashionable parties in their promenade, to make up my mind to proceed further. I could—But to detain you no longer with this preamble, just so did I fare in the remarkable city of Aix.

It was ten by my watch when I arrived, and twelve when I set out again, though, during this short interval, I went to see the church of a convent situated without the walls. Trust travellers indeed! How could they call it a magnificent town on account of one single street bordered on either side

with palaces, and so broad, that the members of parliament who live there, can scarcely distinguish one another across it; regardless of the many miserable lanes and alleys branching from it, where by far the greater part of the inhabitants are huddled together in dirty, ruinous huts? My eyes wandered inquisitively from one gate to another; but returned dissatisfied, with none but gloomy impressions. The solitary skulkers whom I met seemed to read in my open countenance, that my sublunary condition was happier than theirs, and allowsullen looks got out of my eye when I noticed them. In a coffee-house which I entered, I found ten citizens, each taking his breakfast alone, without uttering a single word, and attended by waiters as dull as themselves. I sauntered several times up and down the spacious market-place. The expression of a coarse selfishness in the faces of persons of the higher class whom I met, revolted my heart; the timid commentary upon it in the looks of the lower, excited a painful compassion; and the unfeeling stupidity depicted in the countenances of overgrown monks, completely spoiled the pleasure of my walk. My judgment was speedily formed, and a circumstance that afterwards occurred was not calculated to make me alter it. Whilst strolling in this manner, my pocket-book fortunately reminded me, that here was the church for which Frederic the Great wrote a line, the only one he ever penned for such an edifice—because it contained the ashes of his friend, D'Argens, “the friend of truth, and the enemy of

error.” Who would not stop to contemplate the garland placed by such hands upon the urn of contemporary genius? But what a disappointment! Instead of the words of the royal author, I found a long, confused, canting epitaph, which proved, that within the domain of this abbey no foe to error and deceit could ever expect to enjoy repose. I asked the Minorite who conducted me through the church of his convent, and removed the carpet which covered the monument of the good D'Argens, why the simple inscription furnished by the king had been exchanged for such bombast as I here saw before me in golden letters. “Because,” replied he, with stupid frankness, “we could not use them in the sense in which they were applied by the king. We had no hesitation to avail ourselves of the liberality of the royal heretic for the embellishment of our church, but his heathenish inscription was rightly served in being excluded by command of our superiors.”—“Such a liberty,” said I, “would not have been taken by any convent in Silesia.”—“Nor by us either,” he rejoined, laughing heartily, “had we been no further from the tyrant than they: but the distance, sir, consider the distance!” I had indeed no occasion for this memento, as I felt at this moment but too strongly how far I was from the residence of the royal philosopher. I ought to have contented myself with the French inscription; for the *haut et puissant seigneur*, with the addition of *chambellan*, only curled up my lip into a smile; the Latin, on the contrary, excited my spleen. “Instantly

morte," I repeated aloud, turning to the monk; "but, my friend, is it so certain as your Latin asserts, that the marquis was converted on his death-bed to the faith of his forefathers?"—"Oh! by no means," replied the Minorite; "this is only the colouring that we have given to the matter. You will hear, when you reach Toulon, how he lived: *Erroris inimicus, veritatis amator*. He desired to be interred here in the burial-place of his family, as we have noticed in the epitaph: but we took good care to prevent this; for why should we care about the ashes of a renegade, who wrote *Jewish Letters*, and was a friend and companion of *Friederic the Great*, as we have called him in the inscription, meaning the greatest freethinker of the age?" Stupid wretch! thought I, and strove to express that sentiment in my looks as I quitted the church.

"You have not unpacked, I hope?" cried I to my people, who were waiting my return at the door of the inn.—"Not yet," was the reply.—"Then order the horses to be put to immediately." I stepped meanwhile into the dining-room, where I found the cloth already laid, and several ecclesiastics walking to and fro in hungry expectation. Mine host was thunderstruck when he was apprized of my strange order, handed me the bill of fare, and numbered upon his fingers all the different sorts of wine at my service; but perceiving that even this inducement would not operate, he inquired whether I had yet seen the invincible crucifix at the Carmelites, the macaroni-manufactory, and the collection of relics belonging

to the nuns of the Visitation of the Virgin Mary. "No traveller," said he, "would miss seeing them who possesses a single grain——"—"Possibly," said I, hastily interrupting him, "the other garter of St. Genevieve may be in this collection?"—"It may," replied the landlord, "for it is the most complete of any in the whole Christian world."—"But why did you inquire precisely about the other garter?" asked a young abbé.—"Because," answered I, "one of them was sold by auction last week at Avignon."—"And who was the fortunate purchaser?"—"How difficult it is, even in the company of strangers, however contemptible we may think them, to avoid giving ourselves airs of importance!"—"I, sir," replied I, with the most consequential indifference. This answer brought them all upon me at once. One wished to know what I paid for the garter; another of what sort of stuff it was made; and a third requested to be favoured with a sight of it. I expressed my extreme sorrow that it was no longer in my hands; observing that as this valuable article belonged to the toilet of a lady, I had deemed it right to transfer it to one who, if the gentlemen should ever visit Avignon, would no doubt take great pleasure in gratifying their curiosity. "And pray, what is her address?" cried two at once with equal eagerness.—No sooner had I replied, "It is a young saint, named Clara," than they all burst out a laughing in my face. "I perceive, gentlemen," said I, "that you are as well acquainted with this incomparable creature as I am, and therefore I need not

add another word." They now sat down to table with great hilarity, and as some compensation for dinner, which it was very probable that I should be obliged to pay for, though untasted, I put into my pocket the bread laid beside the plate that was placed for me: "You do very right," said the host, "for at Marseilles it is contraband."—"How so?" asked I.—"Because," replied he, "this production of our country, as you will yourself find, is so superior in quality, that the rich Marseillois would buy it all up, if the exportation of it were allowed. Nevertheless," continued he, whispering me, "at my cousin's, who keeps the sign of the Holy Ghost, you may get as much of it as you please, if you have no objection to eat it under another name."—"If it be not consecrated," said I, laughing, thanked him for the hint which he had given me, proceeded in a much better humour through the streets, and, as I hope for the last time, past the convent of the stupid Minorites. With the rapidity of a mountain torrent, we now pursued our course towards the busy Marseilles.

That great commercial city, and the broad mirror of ocean, at length appeared before me, and I flew through a country, than which the most luxuriant imagination cannot picture to itself a more enchanting. What a pity that it is not under the sceptre of the great freethinker, as he was styled by the bigot dwarfs of Aix! To what account would Frederic turn this fire of Nature, this productive climate, these corn-fields and olive-plantations, and the energies of this tawney lively race, who, hurried away from their

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occupations, first by this, then by that confounded saint, are harassed to death from procession to procession, and from one fool's festival to another!

The bread which I brought from Aix, though I wasted not a single crumb, could not relieve me from all apprehension that I should not reach Marseilles in time for dinner at the Holy Ghost. My fears, however, proved groundless. In a sea-port, where every wind that blows brings troops of hungry strangers to the public purveyors, people of all nations find at every hour of the day, and at every inn, the arrangements of a fairy economy. Numberless ministering spirits welcome the new-comer; smoking dishes are ever ready for his accommodation; and none quits the dining-room without thanking Providence in his peculiar gibberish for the sensual gratification of a hearty meal, and the prolongation of his chequered life for another day. How I congratulated myself that I had not suffered either hunger or the society at Aix to detain me, and to deprive me of the physical and mental treat promised me here at a table spread on the margin of the ocean, by the variety of manners, costumes, physiognomies, and languages, which the first of human wants had harmoniously assembled around me.

So agreeable was the spectacle of this motley company, that I could not quit the table, even when I had played my part at it. I still kept my seat, and thus unwittingly procured myself a pleasure which I had not enjoyed since I left home, and which, at this moment, I could least have expected. Just at the

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moment when I was secretly chuckling at the blind national pride and inveterate prejudice of a Spaniard, who was attempting to prove to us that the almonds at Cadiz were much fuller and finer flavoured than in these parts, two handsome young females, accompanied by an elderly man, entered the room, threw off their mantles, and took their seats near me, before the fresh plates laid for them by the host. The nearer they approached, the more delicate appeared their complexions, the brighter their eyes, the more good-natured their looks; but no sooner did they open their lips, than they transported me beyond measure, for they spoke my mother tongue. Now I have always conceived that common respect for the sex requires us not to suffer a couple of young females to chat on together, in case we understand their language, without giving them timely intimation of the circumstance. This I accordingly did on the present occasion. Before me stood a dish of green peas, which I offered to her who was next to me, with the remark, that to Germans such a dish was something extraordinary for the season. "Yes, indeed," replied she; "in four months time we should hardly see such a thing in Berlin."—You may judge of my surprise. "What, ladies," cried I hastily, "are you from Berlin?"—"That we are," replied she laughing: "why should that surprise you?"—"How can I help being surprised," answered I, "that I should meet with such charming countrywomen a thousand miles from home?"—Here, turning jocosely to her companion, "Sis-

ter," said she, "this gentleman wants to make me believe that he comes from Berlin: tell uncle—he understands examining better than I do."

I inclined a little forward to look the gentleman in the face, and the allusion of his fair niece was instantly but too clearly explained; for this physiognomy could not belong to any other than a custom-house officer, and it afterwards turned out that my judgment was correct. For the present, however, I was more anxious to prove myself a compatriot to his lovely niece than to him; but my efforts were fruitless. I mentioned all my Berlin friends, but unfortunately she knew none of them, nor was she acquainted with one out of all the high-sounding names that I called over to her. Even you, my dear Edward, they had never heard of, handsome as they were. Though disheartened, I was unwilling to give up all forlost. "Name to me," said I, "some of the persons whom you know; it must be extraordinary if we do not agree at last." Even this would not do. Upon the subject of the sarcastic questions which she put to me, I was most provokingly ignorant, and could neither tell where the moon-doctor lived, nor whom the old fortune-teller in St. John's market had married; and I saw clearly that I should be set down by her for an impostor, till I could hit upon some better means of proving my title. I therefore signified my readiness to accompany them after dinner to their apartment, and to submit to the most rigid examination of their uncle. My pretty neighbour assured me

that it would give her pleasure; and meanwhile setting aside her suspicion, she chatted about all sorts of indifferent matters, which, however, seemed by no means uninteresting to me, so long as she turned towards me her fair, open, German face, at which I gazed with genuine patriotism. When her uncle had finished his dinner, we all rose at a signal from him: I offered my arm to his two nieces, while he followed, and they had no objection to my ordering refreshments to be brought to their room.

My examination by the uncle was very short. I convinced him in a few words of the truth of my claim; which the ladies also now cheerfully admitted, and was recognised with mutual joy as their countryman; for the greater the distance from home at which we meet with a compatriot, the more we feel attached to him. It seems as though the idea of a common country acquired its full strength from absence. External circumstances, by which at home it is but too easily weakened, lose their pressure by reason of the distance. The distinctions of high and low seem to disappear of themselves, where the gradations are wanting to fill up the intermediate space, and natives of the same country cordially embrace from patriotic feelings, without stopping to ask each other, "To what caste do you belong?" How happy was I to find myself once more in the company of persons who had been accustomed from their youth, if not to the same society, at least to the sound of the same bells and of the same drums, who were as well acquainted with the park as myself,

and who thought as meanly as I did of all the cities through which they had passed, in comparison with Berlin. We interchanged in the most familiar manner our political observations and our personal history. I verily believe that in the overflowing of my heart, I should not have hesitated to read my private journal to them, had time permitted; and they were equally unreserved towards me. The fair prospects opened to their view beyond the sea, rendered them more particularly communicative. The account which they gave was as follows:

A sister of the officer of customs, and aunt to his two nieces, who, as one of them observed, was extremely beautiful in her youth, married during the Seven Years' war a person employed in the French commissariat. This man, after almost incredible adventures by sea and land, settled with her in St. Domingo, where he amassed a very large fortune, which, at his death, he left to his widow. The good woman had lately become very infirm, and as she could not take her money along with her out of the world, she looked sometimes after her poor relations, and invited them to come over to her, promising, at the same time, to bequeath to them all she possessed. The uncle, on receiving this important letter, solicited and obtained his dismissal from the Prussian service, and is now proceeding, abundantly supplied with money on his sister's account by different bankers, with the two remaining scions of the family, to the enjoyment of a fortune, which, as he solemnly declared, he never

in his whole life expected to possess. The good man, however, fully intends to return to his native city, if he is not obliged to wait too long for his promised wealth; for he considers it as a high gratification to be able to shew his consequence to those who have known him from his youth in a humble situation.

I suppressed the smile which this distant hope of the honest man, and the air of sincerity and importance with which he communicated it, were but too well calculated to excite. The idea is perfectly natural, Edward: to all of us, let us be what we will, the most signal favours of fortune seem to be scarcely worth accepting, if we were to enjoy them at a distance from home, and were denied the privilege of dazzling our old acquaintance and schoolfellows with our newly acquired consequence. I listened, as you may conclude from these details, for the first time with patient attention to a custom-house officer; though I did not feel bound to fix my eyes all the time he was speaking upon his ordinary features, while I could feast them upon two other German faces of a superior cast. It was not long, however, before I got rid of the garrulous fellow entirely.

The captain, with whom the widow had engaged a passage for her relatives to St. Domingo, sent to inform them, that, having finished his business, he expected them on board with their baggage, as he intended to sail the following night. The men who brought this message were directed to take back their trunks. The travellers

would gladly have passed the night on shore after the fatigues of their long journey, but as circumstances would not permit this, they yielded heroically to necessity; and the uncle, after he had hastily drunk a cup of coffee and a couple of glasses of champagne, which the waiter had just placed by my order on the table, hurried after his trunks, promising his nieces to fetch them when the vessel was ready to sail, and leaving to us the rest of the collation.

The apartment seemed to me much more spacious and better furnished when he was gone; but I was not a little staggered by the excessive confidence of an uncle that could leave me alone in the dusk over such refreshments, with such girls, who, exhilarated by the sparkling wine, danced alternately round the table, to pay, as they said, the last honours to *terra firma*, till it grew too dark for this kind of exercise. Be not, however, too much alarmed on my account, Edward; for though the danger increased when the younger sister, of fifteen, after thoroughly tiring herself, left the field entirely to the other, who was a year older, and withdrew to the adjoining cabinet, desiring that she might not be waked till it was absolutely necessary; and though I readily confess to you, that a few moments before, when the heated fair-ones threw off their neckerchiefs, and rendered themselves only the more attractive in my eyes, the sophistical question occurred to me, whether in the melancholy indeed, but yet possible case of these rose-buds being swallowed up by the billows, the

most rigid moralist would not rather wish me joy of a few leaves cropped by stealth, than a shark? and though it could not be darker when my yet lively companion took a seat beside me upon the sofa, and jocosely requested me to drive the sea-sickness, a new acquaintance which she particularly dreaded, out of her thoughts, still the experience of the preceding week defended me from every casuistical conclusion. On the contrary, I took occasion from our speedy separation to give my lovely neighbour some salutary advice.

"Your society, my dear countrywomen," I began in as pathetic a tone as I could assume, "has made this a truly happy day for me, and heartily shall I rejoice to hear of your future welfare. You will soon be flying on the wings of the wind to a country of luxury and pleasure. Adorned with so many charms as Nature has bestowed on you both, you will there excite more attention than even in Berlin itself; and there, where innocence united with beauty is infinitely more rare than wealth, an advantageous match, for which you might have long waited in vain in our impoverished city, will undoubtedly be soon your lot. This, my dear girls, must henceforth be your only aim. When you have attained it, and, with the proud consciousness of untainted virtue, are reaping the joys of love, which you are destined to give as well as to receive, then call to mind the truth and disinterestedness of my admonition. Recollect in what a dangerous hour for you and for myself it was impressed upon your hearts—in the hour of our sepa-

ration—under the invitation of night, and when an exhilarating beverage had produced that kind of fermentation in your blood, which is but too apt to throw us off the vigilant guard we ought to keep upon our conduct."

I fared, in this instance, no better than many other preachers. One half of the auditory to whom I addressed my discourse was asleep, and as to the possible edification of the other, I was obliged to leave that to chance. I would not, however, have relinquished for a great deal the advantage of not being aware, that my harangue was directed to one person more than was capable of hearing me. This trifling circumstance took away all danger from the darkness which enveloped us, for I know not whether I should have expressed myself so clearly and with so little hesitation on the value of virtue, had I reflected on the convenience of my pulpit, and the situation of the dear girl seated alone by my side, so far from her sister, who moreover, as you have heard, had desired not to be called till it was "absolutely necessary:" but since this delusion of the senses, as I soon perceived, could not last long, I contented myself with this short essay.

"Hein!" said I at the conclusion; "I suppose, unless we call for lights, that we shall be left all night without them." I reached to the bell-rope. It was tight, and in order to pull it, I felt for the tassel—but—guess where it had buried itself! How I started and drew back my hand! I begged a thousand pardons of the fair damsel, but—would you believe it?—she

heard me not. The weary girl, in spite of my sermon, was as sound asleep as her sister in the next room, and caused me no little embarrassment. As she sat just under the bell-rope, it was easy to conceive how the silken tassel, pushed forward by her head, might, upon the slightest movement, slip into the situation in which I found it: but how was I to release it from its prison--especially without light? As I had no other resource, I was obliged to extricate myself from this dilemma as well as I could. I groped about with the utmost caution, and at length found the tassel, which was as warm in its snug retreat as the hand with which I grasped it. On ringing the bell, the waiter entered with candles. I began to scold. "Oh!" said he, by way of excuse, "they have been burning a long time, but we never presume to bring candles till gentlemen call for them."

All this noise was not sufficient to waken the sleeping fair-one. It was in truth a severe criticism upon my sermon. At length, taking a candle in each hand, I stepped softly up to her, but she never stirred: I had therefore an opportunity of observing her the more attentively. It was astonishing how closely the soundness of her slumber had pressed her auburn eyelashes together; a smile played about her lips; the carmine of health painted her cheeks; and short respirations heaved a bosom, which left no room to wonder how the tassel of the bell-rope could be so firmly detained. I indulged with the less scruple in the pleasure of contemplating this lovely

object, since I had honestly paid for it with the coffee, the wine, and my sermon, which had altogether overpowered my charming neighbour. Strictly speaking, the latter—I mean my sermon—though not a living soul had heard it except myself, was by no means thrown away; for without taking into account the pleasure we receive from hearing ourselves talk, it was now but too evident how beneficially it had re-acted upon me. I was satisfied with my conduct; I had held a lecture, if not to others, at least to myself, and I insist that the magnanimous feeling which my warm hand brought back with the silken tassel, has something more meritorious than the sixpence which a miser throws into the collection-plate, and fancies that he has performed an act of extraordinary generosity.

I placed the two candles, after the grateful service which they had rendered me, upon the table again, and myself with the utmost composure at the window. When I beheld the moon floating in the midst of dark clouds above the ocean, and contrasted the present security of the dear girls under my care, with the unknown dangers which they were about to encounter, I must own, Edward, that I felt an oppression upon my heart, and I could not help shuddering, whenever any noise in the house led me to suppose that they were going to be wakened, and called away to their destination. They were, however, allowed to pass another hour in undisturbed repose.

(To be continued.)

ORIGIN OF SOME OF MR. SOUTHEY'S BALLADS.

For the REPOSITORY.

AMONG Mr. Southey's earlier productions, published in two volumes 8vo. about the year 1800, your readers will recollect a number of romantic ballads. To some he furnishes the authority from which he took them, but others appear as mere fictions of his own. The following is obviously the story on which he founded his "Old Woman of Berkeley," for he has followed it with verbal accuracy in some places. It needs no other preface than that I should state, that it is extracted from Thomas Heywood's "History of Women," published as early as 1624.

"An Englishwoman, who dwelt in the town of Berkeley in England, being a witch, yet not being much suspected, lived in indifferent good opinion amongst her neighbours, and being feasting upon a time abroad, and wonderfully pleasant in company, she had a tame crow, which she had brought up, that would be familiar with her, and sit upon her shoulder, and prate to her in the best language it could. She at this feast (the table being ready to be drawn) sported with it, which spoke to her more plainly than it used some words, which she understood better than the rest of the company, at which her knife suddenly dropped out of her hand, her colour changed, the blood forsook her cheeks, and she looked pale, ready to sink down, and fetching some inward sighs and groans, she at length broke forth into this language: 'Woe is me! my plough is now entered in-

to the last furrow, for this day I shall hear of some great loss which I must forcibly suffer. The rest wondering at her sudden change from mirth to passion, next at her alteration of look, and lastly at her mystical language; when her words were scarcely ended, than a messenger rushed hastily into the room, and told her that her eldest son, with the whole family at home, were found suddenly dead; which she no sooner heard, than overcome with sorrow, she fainted, and being recovered, and conducted to her own house, she took to her bed, and presently caused the only two children she had living to be sent for; the one a monk, the other a nun, who presently came to visit her and know her pleasure, to whom, with a pensive and distracted heart, the tears running from her eyes, she thus spoke:

"Alas! my children, behold me your mother, and commiserate my wretched and distressed situation, whose fate hath been so malevolent and disastrous, that I have hitherto been a wicked professor of diabolical witchcraft, having been a mistress of that art, and a great persuader to those abominations: now all the refuge I have to fly to is your religious zeal and piety in this despair, for now is the time that the devils will exact their due. Those who persuaded me to this mischief are ready to demand their covenant. Therefore, by a mother's love I charge you, and by your filial duty I conjure you, since the sentence of my soul's

perdition is irrevocable, that you will use your best endeavours and industry for the preservation of my body. This therefore I enjoin you: instead of a winding-sheet, sew my body in the skin of a hart or buck's leather, then put me in a coffin of stone, which cover with lead, and afterwards bind it with hoops or bars of iron, to which fasten three strong chains: if my body thus confined lie three days quiet, bury me the fourth day; though I fear the earth, for my manifold blasphemies, will scarcely give entertainment to my body. For the first two nights together let there be fifty psalms sung for me, and as many masses for so many days.' Which said, she gave up her last breath.

"She dead, the brother and sister were careful to perform the mother's last will, and did all things accordingly. The first two nights, when the churchmen sang psalms about the body, the devils with much ease broke open the church-doors, which were bolted, barred, and locked; and broke two of the chains by which the coffin was fastened, but the third remained stedfast. The third night, about the time that the cock begins to crow, the foundation of the temple seemed to shake with the noise of the devils who clamoured at the door: one of the rest, taller in stature, and more terrible in countenance than his fellows, knocked with more violence than those who attended him, till he had broken the door to shivers; then stalking to the coffin, he called the woman by her name aloud, and bade her arise and follow him: to whom the dead body answered, 'I cannot, for these chains.' To whom he answer-

ed, 'Those shall be loosened to thy mischief.' Then tearing them asunder, as if they had been links made of rushes, he snatched up the coffin and carried it to the church-door, where stood ready a black sump-ter-horse, loudly neighing, whose hoofs were divided like eagle's talons, upon which he laid the body, hurried it away with seeming joy, whilst all the choristers looked on, and so vanished. Her shrieks and ejaculations were heard four miles off."

From another production by the same old author, "The Hierarchie of blessed Angels," printed in 1635, I quote the following, which will immediately call to mind another of Mr. Southey's ballads:

"In Finland (which is under the dominion of the King of Sweden,) there is a castle, which is called the New Rock, moated about with a river of an unfounded depth; the water black, and the fish therein very distasteful to the palate. In this are spectres often seen, which foreshew either the death of the governor, or some prime officer belonging to the place, and most commonly it appears in the shape of a harper, sweetly singing, and dallying and playing under the water."

You will observe, Mr. Editor, that in the quotations I have made, I do not, in any respect, mean to charge the present poet-laureate with plagiarism; because, if one praise be more than another due to him, it is, that he has always freely cited his authorities, for his fame will not depend hereafter upon any thing he has borrowed from earlier writers. I am, &c.

D—— W——R.

MY OWN CHOICE AND MY MOTHER'S:

A TALE, related in a Letter to a Friend.

WILL you, my dear Harriet, forgive an old and tried friend, who has herself suffered from the indulgence of a romantic prepossession, if she venture to lay before you the history of a love-match? I would fain call your attention to it at this moment, because I see unhappily too much resemblance between the object of your choice and the husband of my own; and that resemblance induces me to participate in the fears which your worthy aunt entertains, that your union with him will not conduce to your happiness. But as she tells me, that argument has already been exhausted in vain to convince you of this, I will merely give you the fruits of my own better experience, without comment. Happy shall I think myself, if the perusal of it induces you to comply with the wishes of your friends, by reflecting seriously, ere you form an indissoluble union with one who, amiable and even fascinating as he appears, is certainly not gifted with those qualities which can alone secure a wife's felicity.

The death of my father placed me, while I was still very young, under the sole guardianship of my mother, one of the best women in the world, whose only fault was the too great indulgence with which she treated me; and perhaps my dear Harriet will think this an excusable weakness, when I tell her that I was my mother's sole remaining tie to this world. Death had, in the short space of five years, deprived her of her own

parents, of an adoring husband, and of two lovely children. Can it then be wondered at, if the only one that remained became in her eyes an inestimable treasure, of which she feared to lose sight even for a moment, lest some fatal accident should deprive her of it also? My temper, naturally good, was not spoiled by the excessive indulgence with which I was treated, and my days passed in uninterrupted happiness till I attained my seventeenth year. At that period I was addressed by two gentlemen, either of whom was what the world would call an unexceptionable match. Mr. Dorrillon was about five and twenty; he united to every personal recommendation the most fascinating manners, and a degree of vivacity and frankness which rendered him in my eyes irresistible. His rival, Mr. Probit, was nearly thirty; his person had nothing remarkable; his countenance was intelligent but plain, except when he smiled, and then you forgot that he was not handsome: never did I see a smile which spoke so powerfully to the heart as his. His manners were in general reserved and grave, but when he chose to unbend he could be a most delightful companion. His character, in a moral point of view, stood very high, and I was not blind to his estimable qualities; on the contrary, I regarded him with admiration and esteem: nevertheless, at a very early period of my acquaintance with both the gentlemen, my heart decided in favour of Dorrillon.

This decision gave my mother the most sensible pain; she estimated more justly than I did, the characters of my lovers. She saw that with Probit my happiness, as far as depended upon him, would be secure; but she was by no means assured that such would be the case with Dorrillon: true, his character was free from any serious reproach, but there was a yieldingness in his temper, and an habitual indolence of mind, which led him to be swayed by the opinions of others, rather than by his own sober judgment. These traits filled the mind of my mother with the most serious apprehensions: she expressed to me her fears and her wishes; but she spoke with the tenderness of a friend, rather than the authority of a parent; and while she pointed out to me all the evil consequences which might result from my preference of Dorrillon, she assured me that, unhappy as she should be to see me his wife, she was yet determined not to put a constraint upon my inclinations; all she begged was, that I would not be precipitate in my determination.

I loved her too well voluntarily to give her pain, and when I assured her, that I would take time to reflect ere I decided my fate, I spoke as I meant; but I did not calculate on the daily increasing influence which Dorrillon was obtaining over my heart: his tender entreaties, his passionate declarations that he could not exist without me, were irresistible. I had never been taught to curb my inclinations, and after a faint struggle, I yielded to them, and owned, with tears and blushes, to my mo-

ther, that my happiness depended on my union with Dorrillon.

Never shall I forget the manner in which my communication was received. She heard me in silence; she strove even to command her countenance, but the convulsive motion of her lip, the deep despair which instantly overspread her still beautiful features, spoke, alas! too plainly her sorrow and her fears. Oh! love, relentless tyrant, how dost thou force us to immolate upon thy altar the tenderest sensibilities of our nature! I who, before I felt thy power, was the fondest, the most dutiful of children, could now, in the selfish pursuit of my own happiness, accept the reluctant consent of my mother to my union with Dorrillon, though I saw that it wrung her heart to give it.

The behaviour of Probit, on being informed of my intended nuptials, added to her chagrin, because it convinced her that I had a deep hold upon his heart. I was too greatly engrossed by my expected happiness to think much of his disappointment. "He will soon forget me," said I to my mother; "he is in truth too reasonable to cherish a hopeless passion for any length of time: but if my poor Dorrillon had been the rejected swain, it would have been long enough before he could drive my image from his heart." My mother sighed, but she expressed her dissent only by a look, and amid the bustle of preparing for my approaching nuptials, I speedily lost the remembrance of Probit.

At length I became a wife; one drawback only attended my felici-

ty, and that was my mother's refusal to reside with me. Dorrillon had joined with me in requesting her to become an inmate; but she discovered in his manner, that the request did not come from his heart: too careful of my happiness to seem to perceive this, she evaded a compliance with our wishes, on the plea that we should probably, when in London, mix more with the world than she wished to do; but she promised to reside near us, in order that our intercourse might be as frequent as I wished.

Three months fled with a rapidity which can only be conceived by those who have known the bliss of reciprocal love; they were spent with my husband and my mother at a country-seat belonging to the latter. How often did I, during this short period, exult in my felicity, and boast myself the happiest of the happy! Alas! the moment was about to arrive — But let me not anticipate.

I observed that Dorrillon began to appear languid and out of spirits; his manner to me was as tender as ever, but it was less impassioned. My mother also made her observations, and the result of them was, that she privately pressed me to propose our removal to town. "My dear child," said this best of women, "that sort of affection which is nourished by solitude; and the constant presence of the beloved object, dwells only in the female heart; variety and bustle are essential to the happiness of man, and more particularly so to that of Dorrillon: recollect the manner in which he has always lived, and you will cease to expect

such a miracle as that love should transform a gay young man of fashion into a contented recluse."

As my mother affected to speak in a cheerful tone, I tried to smile, but I could with difficulty repress my tears at the thought that Dorrillon could have a wish beyond the circle of his home. I forced myself, however, to follow my mother's advice: he caught eagerly at the first hint of changing the scene, and in a few days we set out for London.

The momentary interruption which my felicity had received was forgotten in the happiness I now for some time enjoyed: it is true, the society of my husband was less exclusively mine, but when we did meet, he was still the tender and passionate lover; and I saw with a mixture of pride and pleasure the delight he took in the admiration I excited. He seemed to have no pleasure so great as that of presenting me with every ornament that he thought could add to my charms; and if I remonstrated with him on the prodigality which he shewed in thus adorning me, he constantly replied, that that expense would never hurt his fortune, and if I valued his love, I ought to be pleased at appearing in a manner which must heighten it.

Had I been more under the dominion of reason, and less the slave of passion, I might have asked myself, what could be the nature of that affection which ornament could heighten; but I loved him too fondly to see in his words any thing but a new proof of his tenderness.

One morning he came home in high spirits: "Isabella," said he,

"you look just as I could wish."
—"How so?" cried I.—"How so!" repeated he; "why as beautiful as an angel, to be sure. Remember your engagement to Mrs. Clermont to-night; and remember too, dear Isabella, that your dress must be more than usually elegant: the lovely young widow, Mrs. Fermor, is to be there, and I want you to outshine her."

"If I surpass her in your eyes only," said I tenderly, "I shall be content."—"But I shall not," replied he hastily, "unless the palm of beauty is universally adjudged to you: if then you do not value it for your own sake, at least I must beg you will take care and gain it for mine."

These words, and still more the tone in which they were uttered, gave me a sickness of the heart, for which I could not account: I tried to banish from my mind the idea that a real or fancied superiority on the part of any other woman would lessen Dorrillon's affection for me; but, in spite of myself, the thought took possession of my imagination, and you may be sure it did not tend to improve my look.

When I descended to the drawing-room, Dorrillon surveyed me with a mixture of regret and disappointment, which cut me to the heart. "Your dress is not well fancied, Isabella," cried he, in a peevish tone. I replied, I was sorry it did not please him, and asked if I should change it. "No," replied he sullenly, "there is not time now." I forced myself to converse after we got into the carriage, and it seemed as if he was ashamed of his causeless ill-hu-

mour, for he replied with some degree of his usual spirit.

At the moment I alighted, I felt a universal tremor, and never before I believe did I enter a room with so bad a grace. Mrs. Fermor was already there; she was surrounded by a crowd of gentlemen, all anxious to do homage to her charms: never had I beheld a being so dazzlingly beautiful as she appeared; Dorrillon surveyed her and me alternately, with looks in which disappointment and vexation were visibly blended. He was, however, soon drawn into her circle: at first his manner was constrained and merely coldly civil; soon afterwards it became more gallant and animated, and before the evening was at an end, he was evidently in the highest degree delighted with her.

I saw this without surprise: not to do homage to her charms, appeared to me impossible; and I strove to persuade myself that this homage was no more than the mere passing tribute of admiration, which so lovely a woman must claim from every gallant man. This idea was strengthened by the frank and open manner in which Dorrillon spoke of her after we returned home. "She is a witch," said he, "positively a witch. I had determined to detest her, because for the moment she outshone my beloved Isabella; and how do you think she contrived to conquer my prejudice against her?"—"Why, by her grace and vivacity, I suppose," returned I.—"No indeed," cried Dorrillon, "but by a very animated panegyric upon you."—"Upon me!" exclaimed I with surprise.—"Yes, really: I will not

tell you all she said, for fear I should make you vain, but I will own the generous warmth with which she praised you soon reconciled me to her." Ah! my dear Harriet, you will easily conceive the pleasure which these words gave me; never had Dorrillon appeared so amiable as he did at that moment in my eyes.

A short time only passed before I began to observe that Dorrillon was less solicitous than usual about my appearance; he was also more frequent in his absence from home, and we met but seldom in public; still when we did meet his manner was affectionate, but there was something restless and perturbed in his demeanour, the cause of which I could not understand. Alas! it was but too soon accounted for: an unsigned billet which he dropped, convinced me that he was engaged in an intrigue, though it gave me no clue to guess with whom. I determined to keep this dreadful secret to myself; not for worlds would I wound the peace of my beloved mother by revealing it to her; but the effort was more than my frame could bear. I was attacked by a fever, which proved contagious; and my mother, whom no persuasion could draw from my bed-side, fell a victim to the same disorder, just at the moment that I was recovering from it.

The news of her death, incautiously communicated to me, produced a temporary alienation of reason. Heaven in its mercy soon restored my senses, but with them came the consciousness that I had caused my mother's death; and it was long, long indeed, ere the misery which this dreadful thought

occasioned could be banished from my mind.

When I first became convalescent, Dorrillon's joy was unbounded, and for some time he was unremitting in his attentions; but though they soothed my sorrow they could not banish it, and he soon grew weary of playing the comforter, and returned to his usual avocations. This only was wanting to complete my despair, and I believe I should have sunk under my sufferings, had I not discovered that I was about to become a mother.

This circumstance once more rendered existence of importance in my eyes; I blamed myself for the coldness and apathy with which I had received my husband's returning kindness, and I strove, by an appearance of cheerfulness, and the most assiduous tenderness, to draw him back to home. Alas! I strove in vain; the sorceress who lured him from me had wound her spells too surely round him for me to break. Fearful that in those moments of reflection which will intrude upon even the most thoughtless, his heart might be softened towards a wife who had never offended him, she contrived to draw him to the gaming-table: by this infamous expedient she effectually closed his heart against me; but she also in a great degree defeated her own plans, for his new pursuit soon became a passion which seemed to swallow up every other. His temper, though naturally good, was not proof to the frequent losses he met with; he became in the highest degree irritable, and scarcely a day passed in which he did not abandon himself to the most dread-

ful fits of passion: at these times he would treat me with passionate tenderness; at others, not merely with indifference but with cruelty. From the execrations which he one day bestowed while he was in one of these humours on Mrs. Ferinor, he gave me every reason to believe that she was my rival. I strove to sustain this shock with firmness, but it brought on a premature labour, which made me the mother of a girl.

The sight of my infant, while it gave my heart a joy I supposed myself incapable of feeling, ren-

dered my regret for my dear lost parent still more poignant. Dorrillon did not even affect to feel pleasure at the sight of his child: when it was presented to him, he coldly inquired whether it was a boy or a girl; and on being told the latter, he turned away without speaking or saluting it. I snatched it from the nurse, and while I pressed it to my bosom, I secretly vowed to be to it what my mother had been to me, and my full heart relieved itself by a burst of tears.

(To be continued.)

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 20.—VIEW OF THE BRIDGE OF BAVENO AND OF THE MADRE ISLANDS.

AT the distance of half a league from Feriolo is the little village of Baveno, in a very rural situation at the foot of the mountain, in the midst of meadows, where the chestnuts raise their majestic heads above the houses surrounded by vines, which they conceal by their thick foliage. At a short distance from Baveno, the road crosses the torrent of Trefume, over which a bridge has been constructed, whose light and elegant arches are composed of white granite veined with red.

To enjoy the beauty of this spot, it is necessary to ascend the road to the height from which this view has been taken. The mountains which bound the horizon present forms sufficiently varied, and in the centre of the chain appear those of Laveno, which advance with a rapid descent towards the lake. Farther off, to the right, the moun-

tain of la Madonna del Monte*, from which an extensive prospect is enjoyed, is lost in the mist. On the opposite side glitters the town of Palanza, with its towering belfry. In the midst of this magnificent landscape, the Isola Madre rises from the bosom of the waters, like a nosegay of the richest and freshest verdure: the yew, the pine, the cypress, and the laurel, cover its surface with their evergreen branches; and when the mountains are blanched with snow, when the hills present only their leafless groves, the Isola Madre still preserves its verdant attire, and gives the idea of a perpetual spring.

* Travellers who visit Lake Major generally make an excursion to la Madonna del Monte in passing by Varese. The view which is obtained from this point is very remarkable: it extends over Lake Major, the Lakes of Lugano and Como, and over the southern chain of the Alps.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LVIII.

Then, like the Sibyl's leaves,
O scatter them abroad! ——— -DAVIDEN.

ONE of my correspondents, with whose hand-writing I am well acquainted, as I am continually receiving her good advice, for I am persuaded it is one of my own sex who favours me with these marks of her regard, recommends me occasionally to give some of my maxims in verse. Had she given me this hint at a more early period, I might have endeavoured to obey it; but as my proverbial treasure is now nearly exhausted, I beg her excuse for continuing what remains of my prose journey as I commenced it. F—— T——.

In relating an event, confine yourself to facts and simplicity. By sacrificing vanity to veracity, you will, for a moment's humiliation, secure a lasting credit.

Above all, when your personal interest comes in question, lay aside pride, avarice, or revenge.

Be on your guard against misrepresentation, and be certain before you hazard repetition.

Take care how you sacrifice those who may have furnished you with intelligence, or who may have incautiously sought to amuse an uneasy hour, without foreseeing the injury that might result from the circulation.

Be not prone to imagine, that the arrows of sarcasm, so often and so heedlessly thrown out in mixed companies, are always pointed at you: it is absolutely necessary to assume a decent courage in nu-

merous societies, for too nice a sensibility deprives the owner of any degree of defence against insult and arrogance.

Do not embitter the cheerfulness of conversation by gloomy reflections. Whether from momentary or lasting causes you labour under uneasiness of mind, society must not share it.

It is wrong to diminish innocent satisfaction by refinement and gloom: seek and nourish content when it approaches, nor suffer yesterday or to-morrow to poison the present moment. Were we to dive too deeply into the sources and motives of the most laudable actions, we may, by tarnishing their lustre, deprive ourselves of a pleasure.

If you should happen to receive more civility than your modesty will permit you to allow you are entitled to, let no sordid suspicion cause you to attribute it to low design, unless marked indeed.

Adulation is easily to be distinguished from universal complaisance and good-humour.

Be well assured of the strength of your mind, and calmness of your temper, before you consult any one in matters of consequence to yourself.

In telling the truth, and exposing of facts, you may excite, and even merit contradiction: examine previously how far you are prepared to bear it.

Seek the company of those

whose lights, from every known advantage, are superior to your own.

Supposing that satire should be gilded with all the splendour of wit and learning that will attract present applause, be well aware, that you may indeed be first the idol, but finally the victim of the satirist.

Where taciturnity and cold reserve are absolutely necessary, it is at the moment when raillery, however genteel, and criticism equally brilliant, shall be the favourite topic of conversation.

The only real benefit to be derived from poignant censure is, the application to the errors our conscience shall accuse us of, never to the condemnation of others.

The characteristics of real virtue are, humility, compassion, and benevolence; the assumed are, pride, hardness to the world's, blindness to our own imperfections.

We are somewhat prone to make rash reflections on misfortunes or misconduct. Avoid this injustice; ignorance is oft the cause, retaliation the effect.

If ambitiously disposed, turn that passion towards the improvement of your mind; every other motion will end in disappointment.

Seek to gain early in life such perfections as are adapted to your present situation, or your prospects in future.

There are acquirements which, at the first view, will not appear to be so necessary, as in a series of time they may prove; treasure them up for the day of retreat, or the hour of sorrow.

If neither a numerous family, nor a limited fortune, demands the

entire and continued use of your faculties towards the care of the one, or the preservation of the other, employ the remains of your leisure in profitable studies.

In every position, it is proper to pay due attention to your family concerns; that duty acquitted, consider all supernumerary employment as relaxation.

Despise no occupation as vulgar or trifling that can contribute to any general benefit.

There have been, and there still exist, many sensible persons who lead the life of romance, that can stoop to no vulgar cares; but you will, by pursuing such examples, hurt your fortune, neglect your children, and finally risk to be awakened from your fairy dream by some sad, but common event.

Do not mistake the omission of any proper attention for elevation of sentiment.

If possessed of a certain facility in the acquirement of language or science, avoid an impertinent display of knowledge.

Nothing is more dangerous than the misapplication of talents; vanity is the source, and ridicule will be the consequence.

Though modestly convinced of your great distance from perfection, it is a becoming mark of resolution to persist in the pursuit of it.

Endeavour to restrain your ideas from wandering when all your application becomes requisite.

Be not repulsed by the first difficulties in learning; the roughness of the road to any science will insensibly decrease as you approach the summit.

If, on strict scrutiny, you shall

discover you have not a real turn to a particular accomplishment, which sometimes an undiscerning mode of education has compelled you to aspire after, lay such aside on the conviction, and pursue those to which your own taste directs you.

Adapt your studies to your circumstances; there are some attended with much expense, and which may cause your family to lament your knowledge.

If your talents be such as can contribute to the entertainment of your friends, weary them not by affected non-compliance in exerting them.

If your genius directs you to the study of music, treat it as a repose from business, not as that of your life.

If you shall perceive that music exalts your sentiments, increases your devotion, and harmonizes your mind, you may be assured of your vocation.

Avoid the raptures and the prejudices sometimes the attendant follies on an unbounded love of music.

If you can listen with complaisance to, and join sincerely in, the praise of those of your acquaintance who shall excel in the performance of music, you are, in all probability, not far remote from perfection yourself.

When you shall have once conquered the difficulties attendant on execution, let no accidental interruption render them useless.

Let not ill-timed timidity get the better of your hand or voice, as is frequently the case; nor too much assurance, on the other hand, urge you to force the attention of superior proficients to yourself.

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If you have in early youth acquired a fine hand, preserve it with care. Or much business, or much indolence, is equally destructive to a fine hand. An elegant hand expressing elegant sentiments is like a favourable light to a good picture.

In pursuing the dictates of your heart towards the persons who are the nearest, and ought to be the dearest to you, your letters will of course be persuasive, unless you are unhappily connected with hearts of steel.

Let your letters on business be plain, concise, and civil: they should ever be written twice over.

In letters of mere ceremony, it will be well to run them over, and when either error or obscurity shall be observed, to correct, nay change their style once more, though usually a trial to female patience.

Preserve a copy of every letter you write or receive; this exactitude will secure you against future accusations and misinterpretation.

In addressing parents, or others of your relations, mingle your expressions of duty and regard with as much ease as they will admit of.

In most extremes of passion, when they would speak, and reflection is mute, we are disposed to unite exactly when and what we should not.

In answering a letter of insult or provocation, be sure of possessing yourself before you reply; for a rash expression may rise in judgment one day against you, and when you may have even forgotten the quarrel and the cause.

It is so great a present satisfaction to write a smart thing, that

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you may perhaps be unconscious if it should be inhuman.

Adopt no style but your own in writing: no imitations will surpass in energy real feelings.

Rigorously weigh in the scale of truth whatever assertions you shall commit to paper.

Your word once passed to keep a letter sacred, let no temptations prompt you to reveal its contents.

In writing to the afflicted, be

extremely delicate and tender in the choice of your language.

Of all difficult tasks none can be more so, than that of the attempt to console on a recent misfortune: in such an emergency, let your pen be solely conducted by your feelings. An abundance of reasoning, on some subjects, employs more eloquence than sentiment.

F——T——.

THE RHINE.

To the EDITOR of the REPOSITORY.

SIR,

I HAVE received, no doubt in common with many of your readers, much gratification from the elegant and interesting "Picturesque Tour of the Rhine," lately published by the Proprietor of the *Repository*. For this reason, I was the more struck with a characteristic description of that river, which I have since accidentally met with in a small German work, to which the ingenious author, Dr. Krummacher, gives the unostentatious title of *Parables*. Subjoined is a translation of it, which you may perhaps deem worthy of a corner in one of your numbers. I am, &c. A GLEANER.

LONDON, Aug. 1, 1820.

THE RHINE.

In the beginning of time, when Nature had founded the mountains, and scooped out the basin of the ocean, she went forth from her habitation of clouds to the Gott-hard, and said, "It is fit that what is good should be united with what is great, and that the strong should have a wide sphere of action. Thou

standest firm, but I will give thee a son, who shall extend thy power, and the blessings which thou derivest from heaven, to distant regions."

She spoke, and the Rhine gushed from the bosom of the mountain.

Joyous and free, full of energy and vigour, the young stream pursued his course down the mountain's side. He playfully plunged into the Lake of Constance, but the lake held him not. Its waves parted asunder; the Rhine issued from among them with undiminished vigour, and pursued his way; for he was a child of Nature, and born upon the mountain.

He became a youth, and chose his own career. Nature never errs in her judgment: she chooses what is great and good. He wrought himself a channel through rocks and mountains, which occupied and moderated the impetuosity of his youthful vigour. Vine-covered hills therefore garlanded his path.

Magnificent was his course. A hundred rivers and numberless

inferior streams mingled their lovely waters with his powerful waves: for that which is godlike attracts what is noble, and that which is high strives to unite itself with the highest.

Manly and more tranquil was now his course. He flowed on with a calmer but not a weaker current. The icy hand of winter would have bound him with everlasting fetters; but he burst them as a man would break feeble threads. In his youth he had exercised his strength, and cloven the solid rocks.

His surface now resembled a polished mirror; it no longer reflect-

ed the jovial grape, the fruit of the hills, but waving corn-fields; on his back he bore all kinds of vessels and rafts. Thus doth maturer reason associate the useful with the agreeable.

He now approaches the term of his career. Nature here divided him into several streams, bearing different denominations; but men give him the name of Rhine only when they speak of his grandeur, and the benefits which he dispenses.

Thus power, even in a state of repose, still retains its dignity.

GEORGE II. AND COLONEL VON LOSECKE.

IN the new publication of *George the Third, his Court and Family*, vol. I. sec. i. p. 42, 43, the name of a colonel is mentioned as having been slain by the side of his highness (afterwards George II.) who served as a volunteer with the army commanded by the Duke of Marlborough at the battle of Oudenarde in 1708: the colonel's name is not Luschky, but von Lösecke.

His highness, who became afterwards George II. rode then a white charger, which attracted the attention of the enemy, who directed their fire at the prince: Colonel von Lösecke, then accompanying his highness, perceiving him to be in the most imminent danger, prevailed on him to change his horse for that on which he rode, and having mounted the prince's horse, was instantly killed by a ball from the enemy.

He was buried next day at Ou-

denarde, where many officers during the late wars have seen a painting of this transaction; and at the town-hall, the arms of this colonel's family (an armed arm with a sword in its hand) are still to be seen, cut in stone. In consideration of so much attachment shewn to his person by the colonel, viz. the voluntary sacrifice of his own life to save that of his royal master, and the loss which his children and descendants were doomed to experience from the premature fall of their parent, who was in his advance to the highest military honours of his country, King George II. was pleased to confer on the family of the deceased a pension, and certain other privileges at the court of Hanover, which pension has been long since discontinued.

This ancient family exists still in the kingdom of Hanover; it is

reckoned amongst the most loyal of his Majesty's German subjects, and is certainly most sincerely at-
tached to the royal family: several members of it served in the late king's German Legion.

POEMS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

MR. EDITOR,

SOME time since you inserted some original Letters of Lady M. W. Montagu, that had fallen into my hands. Since I sent you those Letters, a copy of certain Poems, Epistles, &c. by the same lady, and published surreptitiously in 1768, six years after her death, has also fallen into my hands: the title it bears is, "The Poetical Works of the Right Honourable Lady M——y W——y M——u;" and I have every reason to think it a curiosity, as it contains many pieces never acknowledged by her, and some which no doubt proceeded from her liberal pen, and which she was not sufficiently backward either in writing or acknowledging. Of course, of the latter I shall say nothing more, and glad I am that they have fallen into merited obscurity. There are others, however, that have very different recommendations, and that may be read with very great satisfaction by all classes, though they have never been included in any edition of the works of the author, not even I believe in that of 1803, in five volumes 8vo. Of these I propose now to furnish you with a few specimens, and to follow them up by some further extracts for an ensuing Number.

The particulars of the quarrel between Pope and Lady M. W. Montagu subsequent to 1718, when she returned from Constantinople to England, are generally known; for the

acute and penetrating female was not to be duped by the denial by Pope, that he meant "furious Sappho" in his imitation of B. II. Sat. i. of Horace, for her: his disavowal was somewhat cautious, and is contained in one of his letters to Lord Harvey, who had mentioned the subject to Pope. "In regard to the right honourable lady your lordship's friend," he replies, "I was far from designing a person of her condition by a name so derogatory to her as that of Sappho, a name prostituted to every infamous creature who ever wrote verse or novels. I protest I never applied that name to her in any verse of mine public or private, and (I firmly believe) not in any letter or conversation." Now, he might very safely deny that he meant "furious Sappho" for Lady Mary, and accordingly he is absolute and positive about it; but where his own hand-writing in letters, or any witness of a conversation, could be brought against him, then he only "firmly believes." This was at least jesuitical, and Lady M. W. Montagu saw through it plainly; as plainly as the public saw through Pope's declaration, that he did not mean the description of Timon's villa for Cannons, the residence of the Duke of Chandos.

This dispute, or rather the attack of Pope, produced the subsequent spirited and bitter reply by Lady Mary. At the same time, we cannot allow that the whole of

the censure she bestows is deserved, or that the criticism she makes upon Pope's talent for satire is at all just. However, your readers shall judge for themselves, and I will only premise that I have been obliged to omit a few indecorous lines.

VERSES

*Addressed to the IMITATOR of the First Satire
of the Second Book of HORACE.*

In two large columns on thy motley page,
Where Roman wit is strip'd with English
rage;

Where ribaldry to satire makes pretence,
And modern scandal rolls with ancient sense;
Whilst on one side we see how Horace
thought,

And on the other how he never wrote;
Who can believe, who view the bad and good,
That the dull copyist better understood
That spirit he pretends to imitate,
Than heretofore that Greek he did translate?

Thine is just such an image of *his* pen,
As thou thyself art of the sons of men;
Where our own species in burlesque we trace,
A sign-post likeness of the human race,
That is at once resemblance and disgrace.

Horace can laugh, is delicate, is clear;
You only coarsely rail, or darkly sneer:
His style is elegant, his diction pure;
Whilst none thy crabbed numbers can
endure,

Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure.

If *he* has thorns, they all on roses grow;
Thine like rude thistles and mean brambles
shew,

With this exception, that tho' rank the soil,
Weeds as they are, they seem produc'd by
toil.

Satire should, like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or
seen:

Thine is an oyster-knife, that hacks and hews;
The rage, but not the talent to abuse.

* * * * *
Neither to folly, nor to vice confin'd,
The object of thy spleen is human kind:
It preys on all, who yield or who resist;
To thee 'tis provocation to exist.

But if thou seest a great and generous
heart,

Thy bow is doubly bent to force a dart.
Nor dignity nor innocence is spar'd;
Nor age, nor sex, nor thrones, nor graves
rever'd.

Nor only justice vainly we demand,
But even benefits can't rein thy hand:
To this or that alike in vain we trust,
Nor find thee less ungrateful than unjust.

Not even youth and beauty can controul
The universal rancour of thy soul;
Charms that might soften superstition's rage,
Might humble pride, or thaw the ice of age.
But how should'st thou by beauty's force be
mov'd,

No more for loving made, than to be lov'd?
It was the equity of righteous Heav'n,
That such a soul to such a form was giv'n;
And shews the uniformity of fate,
That one so odious should be born to hate.

When God created thee, one would believe,
He said the same as to the snake of *Eve*:
To human race antipathy declare;
'Twixt them and thee be everlasting war.
But, oh! the sequel of the sentence dread:
And whilst you *bruise their heel*, beware your
head.

Nor think thy weakness shall be thy de-
fence,
The female scold's protection in offence;
Sure 'tis as fair to beat who cannot fight,
As 'tis to libel those who cannot write;
And if thou draw'st thy pen to aid the law,
Others a cudgel, or a rod, may draw.
If none with vengeance yet thy crimes pursue,
Or give thy manifold affronts their due;
If limbs unbroken, skin without a stain,
Unwhipt, unblanketed, unlick'd, unslain,
That wretched little carcase you retain,
The reason is, not that the world wants eyes,
But thou'rt so mean, they see, and they
despise.

When fretful *porcupine*, with rancorous will,
From mounted back shoots forth a harmless
quill,

Cool the spectators stand, and all the while
Upon the angry little monster smile:
Thus 'tis with thee;—while impotently safe,
You strike unwounding, we unhurt can laugh.
*Who but must laugh, this bully when he sees,
A puny insect shiv'ring at a breeze;*
One overmatch'd by ev'ry blast of wind,
Insulting and provoking all mankind?

Is this the *thing* to keep mankind in awe,
To make those tremble who escape the law?
Is this the *ridicule* to live so long,
The *deathless satire*, and *immortal song*?

No, like thy self-blown praise, thy scan-
dal flies;
And, as we're told of wasps, it stings and
dies.

If none do yet return thy intended blow,
You all your safety to your dulness owe:

But whilst that armour thy poor corpse
 defends,
 'Twill make thy readers few, as are thy
 friends;
 Those who thy nature loath'd, yet lov'd thy
 art;
 Who lik'd thy head, and yet abhorr'd thy
 heart;
 Chose thee to read, but never to converse,
 And scorn'd in prose, him whom they priz'd
 in verse:
 Even they shall now their partial error see,
 Shall shun thy writings like thy company;
 And to thy books shall open their eyes no
 more,
 Than to thy person they would do their door.
 Nor thou the justice of the world disown,
 That leaves thee thus an outcast, and alone;
 For tho' in law, to murder be to kill,
 In equity the murder's in the will:
 Then whilst with coward hand you stab a
 name,
 And try at least t'assassinate our fame;
 Like the first bold assassins be thy lot—
 Ne'er be thy guilt forgiven, or forgot;
 But as thou hat'st, be hated by mankind,
 And with the emblem of thy crooked mind
 Mark'd on thy back, like Cain, by God's own
 hand,
 Wander, like him, accursed through the
 land.

The following not unsuccessful
 attempt at imitation, though of a
 different kind, on the part of her
 ladyship, will not be read without
 feeling some admiration for the
 ingenuity and talent of the writer.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE IMITATED.
 For whom are now your airs put on,
 And what new beauty's doom'd to be undone?

That careless elegance of dress,
 This essence that perfumes the wind,

Your very motion does confess
 Some secret conquest is design'd.
 Alas! the poor unhappy maid,
 To what a train of ills betray'd!

What fears, what pangs shall rend her
 breast!

How will her eyes dissolve in tears,
 That now with glowing joy is bless'd,
 Charm'd with the faithless vows she hears!
 So the young sailor, on the summer sea,
 Gaily pursues his destin'd way;

Fearless and careless on the deck he stands,
 Till sudden storms arise and thunders roll:

In vain he casts his eyes to distant lands,
 Distracting terror tears his timorous soul.
 For me, secure I view the raging main,
 Past are my dangers, and forgot my pain

My votive tablet in the temple shews
 The monument of folly past;

I paid the bounteous god my grateful vows,
 Who snatch'd from ruin, sav'd me at the last.

We never read with so much
 pleasure as when the author writes
 what are his real 'sentiments, for
 then every thing flows from him
 with unusual spirit and zest. The
 concluding extract I shall furnish
 is a proof of this; for we all know
 that Lady Mary found matrimony,
 at some times a convenient cover,
 and at others an irksome bondage.
 It is called,

A CAVEAT TO THE FAIR SEX.

Wife and servant are the same,
 But only differ in the name;
 For when that fatal knot is tied,
 Which nothing, nothing can divide;
 When she the word *obey* has said,
 And man by law supreme is made,
 Then all that's kind is laid aside,
 And nothing left but state and pride:
 Fierce as an Eastern prince he grows,
 And all his innate rigour shews;
 Then but to look, to laugh, to speak,
 Will the nuptial contract break.
 Like mutes, she signs alone must make,
 And never any freedom take;
 But still be govern'd by a nod,
 And fear her husband as her God:
 Him still must serve, him still obey,
 And nothing act, and nothing say,
 But what her haughty lord thinks fit,
 Who with the power has all the wit.
 Then shun, oh! shun that wretched state,
 And all the fawning flatterers hate;
 Value yourselves, and men despise;
 You must be proud, if you'll be wise.

In all these productions the
 sprightliness and shrewdness of
 Lady M. W. Montagu are obvious.
 I shall leave your readers, however,
 to make their own criticisms, and
 shall conclude by observing merely,
 that if you insert the preceding,
 I will furnish you, in time for next
 Number, with some quotations
 from the same lady's "Town Ec-
 logues," written by her in conjunc-
 tion with Pope and Gay. I re-
 main, &c. A. A.

BKISTON, Aug. 27.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Fantasia, consisting of the most favourite Airs from Mozart's celebrated Opera "Il Flauto Magico," composed and arranged for the Piano-forte, with Flute Accompaniment (ad lib.), by John Purkis. No. II. Price 3s. (Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

IN this second number, five or six further airs from the Magic Flute are strung together with appropriate connection. The additions from the pen of Mr. P. and the cadences which form the links between the pieces, are in good style. The score is rather thin, but as this circumstance contributes mainly to the easy execution of the fantasia, the majority of players will not find fault with it. Among Mr. P.'s excellent performances on the apollonicon, this fantasia will probably be in the recollection of some of our readers.

Selection of the most admired Quadrilles, with their proper Figures in French and English, as danced at Almack's, the Argyll Rooms, and at the Nobility's Assemblies, arranged for the Piano-forte, Harp, or Violin. Set IV. Pr. 2s. (Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

All the quadrilles in this book are taken from subjects in the opera "Il Don Giovanni." Some of them adapt themselves but so so to the purpose of dancing; but while Don Giovanni is the favourite, a little allowance will readily be made in his behalf. No. 4. with a new trio, appears to us the most fit for the ball-room.

"Wert thou like me," from "Tales of my Landlord," sung by Mrs.

Ashe at the Bath and Bristol Concerts; composed, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Hay, by F. J. Klose. Pr. 2s.

The melody of this little ballad is simple, and offers no points of striking interest, except in the latter half, at the words "to weep and pray," which are expressed with much feeling, and the harmony of which is conducted with skill upon a chromatic descent in the bass. This passage does Mr. K. great credit.

"Poor wretch who hast nothing," Calantha's Song, from "Glenarvon," as sung by Mrs. Ashe at the Bath and Bristol Concerts; composed by F. J. Klose. Pr. 2s.

Without prominent features of originality, this ballad ingratiates itself by tasteful musical diction, good rhythmical keeping, and by the effective accompaniment with which it is supported. In the conclusion, "Thou hast ask'd," &c. Mr. K. has been particularly successful; the passage is pathetic, and sympathizes with the touching import of the words.

"Le Chanteur," Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed, and respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Collinson, by E. Frost. Pr. 1s. 6d. (Pres-ton, Strand.)

A short bagatelle, light, agreeable enough, and quite easy; evidently made for the use of beginners, and perfectly proper for their practice. A less frequent change of key, in a piece of this compass, would perhaps have answered better the requisites of ability in de-

"*Love's Wreath*," a *Ballad*, adapted to a favourite Portuguese Melody by J. Davy; written by D. A. O'Meara, Esq. Pr. 1s. 6d. (Wheatstone, Strand.)

The Portuguese air to which this text has been subjoined, cannot fail to interest the ear of taste; it is a melody of sweet simplicity, placid and graceful throughout. Mr. Davy's arrangement merits unqualified approbation.

"*Assemblée-d'Almack's*" *Waltzes*,

composed by W. Grosse for the *Piano-forte*. No. II. Pr. 2s.; subscribers 1s. 6d. (Goulding & Co.)

The majority of the eight waltzes contained in this book have decided claims on our favour. They are not only in good style, and of subjects sufficiently diversified, but well calculated for the ball room. Some of these waltzes would have gained considerably by a more active and elaborate accompaniment.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 22.—WALKING DRESS.

A ROBE and petticoat composed of jaconot muslin: the body of the robe is tight to the shape, the waist a moderate length. The collar is high; it falls over in the neck, and is richly worked at the edge. Long loose sleeves, finished at the bottom by a fall of very rich work. The trimming of the robe consists of a rich embroidery of moderate breadth, and scalloped at the edge; this goes round the bottom and up the fronts as far as the bottom of the waist; the fronts are ornamented at each side of the bust in a lighter pattern. The bottom of the petticoat is very richly worked in a pattern similar to the robe, but much deeper. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of blue *gros de Naples*: the crown is round, and of a moderate height; the brim is deep, is rounded at the edges, and stands out a good deal from the sides of the face; both the crown and brim are ornamented with gauze folds laid on at some distance: it is ornamented

with a bouquet of blue flowers, placed upright in front of the crown, and a knot of ribbon to correspond, in the centre of the back of the crown. Broad blue strings fasten it under the chin. A blue silk scarf, the border richly wrought in flowers of various hues, is thrown carelessly over the shoulders. Gloves and half-boots of kid, to correspond with the bonnet and scarf.

PLATE 23.—EVENING DRESS.

Round dress composed of the ling's net over a pink *gros de Naples* slip. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a full *ruche* of white satin; it is scalloped at the edge, and one fall turns up. The *corsage* is tight to the shape, and of the usual length: it is cut moderately low round the bust, which is ornamented with thick rouleau of white satin entwined with pearl; a mixture of blond and white satin, fancifully disposed, decorates the front of the *corsage*. The sleeve is very short, and is uncommonly novel and pretty: it is composed



CUR'ASSIAN LADIES CORSET and SEA SIDE BATHING DRESS

*Invented & to be had exclusively of
 A. J. Bell, 820 Charlotte Street, New York, N.Y.*

of blond, put on full over pink *gros de Naples*; the fulness is interspersed with stars of pink *gros de Naples*, corded with white satin; white satin shells are placed between these stars, and a plain band of blond edged with white satin finishes the sleeve. A rich white satin sash, fastened behind in short bows, and ends which reach nearly to the ground, completes the dress. Head-dress, a small hat composed of pink *gros de Naples*: the crown is moderately high; it is ornamented *en marmette* with a small square handkerchief of white blond net; the ends are tacked down, and the edge of the handkerchief is ornamented with pearls. The brim of the hat is cut out in the form of tabs; they turn up, and are edged with pearl; a pearl ornament is placed exactly in the centre of the hat between the tabs, and a superb plume of white ostrich feathers, placed on the left side, droops nearly to the chin. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The mildness of the weather up to the present period has rendered promenade dress lighter than it usually is at this season of the year. Muslin dresses, which are worn with scarfs, shawls, or spencers, are still predominant. Silk pelisses are, however, creeping into favour; and the light and brilliant hues which were most in fashion during sum-

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mer, are beginning to be exchanged for the rich full colours more appropriate to autumn.

Spencers have not varied greatly in form for some time past; but we observe that satin is less used to trim them than usual: it is mixed but slightly with the same material as the spencer is composed of. Falling collars are now less worn than those which stand up round the throat. The bottom of the waist is always finished either with a small full jacket, which has a very jaunty effect, or with tabs: these last appeared a short time ago to be going rapidly out of favour: they are of various shapes, shells, lozenges, and points; there are frequently two rows of the latter, and they are put full behind.

The fair votaries of fashion appear to us to be greatly divided in opinion respecting the proper length of the waist: there are none who wear it very short, but many adopt that graceful and becoming length which displays the proportions of the form to the greatest advantage; while others go to the extreme of French taste, and have their dresses made too long to be graceful, and not long enough to shew the natural shape. We must observe that this last fashion chiefly predominates among *belles* of the highest rank.

Pelisses are as yet more distinguished for the simplicity and neatness of their form, than for their elegance: we have seen several of the colour of the dead leaf; this hue is coming rapidly into favour. We shall endeavour to describe one of these, which we thought rather novel and tasteful.

The skirt was of an easy width

and moderately gored, the body rather long in the waist, and the back very full; the back was finished at the bottom by a row of floss silk tufts in the form of lozenges, placed across the bottom, and a rich silk cord and tassel tied at the side. The collar was very high behind; it was pointed in the centre of the back, but sloped in such a manner as to be very shallow in front. The sleeve rather tight, and the cuff pointed in front of the arm. The trimming consists of dark green satin laid on in points, and puckered in such a manner as to imitate exactly the coat of a pine-apple: this trimming, which is very broad, goes entirely round the pelisse. The collar and cuffs correspond, as does also the half-sleeve, which is formed into three points, from each of which depends a silk tuft: the effect of this trimming rich and striking. We should observe that the pelisse is lined with white ear-net.

Lavender-colour, dark slate, and purple are also in favour both for pelisses and spencers. We have observed nothing novel in trimmings, with the exception of the one we have just mentioned.

Pelisses are little worn in carriage dress; spencers are more in favour, but shawls and scarfs are still more fashionable.

Transparent bonnets are hardly ever seen either in carriage or promenade dress: Leghorn begins to be in very great favour in the latter. We observe as yet no novelty either in the shape or size of bonnets; the edges of the brims still continue to be a good deal trimmed with blond gauze, or net.

In some instances, we have observed a full rouleau of satin, formed into puffs by very small rosettes. A mixture of flowers and ribbons generally ornaments promenade bonnets: the former are always those of the season, frequently intermixed with ears of corn. *Gros de Naples*, both plain, figured, and spotted, is also very much in request for promenade bonnets.

A new style of hat has been submitted to our inspection, which we think remarkably pretty: it is made in white *gros de Naples*: the crown is moderately high; it is of a dome form, and is finished round the top with a fulness of transparent gauze, which is formed into irregular puffs by large white satin leaves. The brim is very shallow behind, but grows deeper in front, and is broad and square over the forehead: the edge of the brim is ornamented to correspond with the top of the crown, but on a smaller scale, and is finished beside with a small curtain veil of white lace. A low plume of Padua feathers, with a white satin rosette at the base, is placed upright in front; and rich white strings, put very far back, tie it under the chin.

Robes are rather more in favour than round gowns for morning dress. Sleeves are made much wider than they have recently been worn; and pelerines have declined in estimation. Muslin dresses, sprigged in coloured worsted, in the manner we described in our last Number, are much more worn than white round dresses; they are also trimmed much higher. The trimming of white dresses consists either of muslin *bouillonné*, or



else of worked flounces put at a small distance from each other; the spaces between being filled with work of that description that resembles point lace: this style of trimming has a very rich effect.

Muslin still predominates in dinner dress, although silk is likewise high in estimation. White bombasine begins to be a good deal used for dinner gowns: a very elegant one made for a distinguished fashionable, who at present leads the ton at Brighton, has just been submitted to our inspection. The skirt, which is moderately full, is finished at the bottom by a fulness of white transparent gauze, which is formed into puffs by bands of royal purple satin, edged with white *gros de Naples*; these bands are fastened in the middle of each puff by a purple silk button: a rouleau of royal purple satin is fancifully disposed above this trimming in a scroll pattern. The *corsage* is long in the waist, and tight to the shape; it is cut rather higher round the bust than usual: a piece of white satin is let in at each side

of the bosom; the middle part is of bombasine: it is plain, and in the shape of a demi-lozenge; the white satin letting-in is edged with royal purple satin piping. The bust is trimmed round with a narrow puffing of white gauze, the puffs formed by purple satin bands. The sleeve is very full and short; it consists of alternate folds of white satin and bombasine, looped with purple silk buttons; the first fold is looped in the middle only, the second and third in three places: a broad white satin band edged with purple confines it to the arm.

The hair is more luxuriantly dressed than last month. *Toques* and dress hats, particularly the latter, are coming very much into favour, but they are not yet so general as flowers. Feathers are rarely worn in the hair, but they are always used to ornament dress hats. — Fashionable colours are, Provence rose-colour, dark slate-colour, poppy, Pomona green, royal purple, dead leaf-colour, and blue.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

Paris, Sept. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR promenades at present exhibit very little of autumnal costume, for the majority of our *élégantes* appear more clad than in the midst of summer. Muslin is the order of the day, silk dresses being scarcely ever seen: the coloured muslins which I mentioned to you in my last are still fashionable, but not so much so as those that are entirely of one colour; blue, lilac, or citron, for in-

stance; and white is still more to-nish than these.

High dresses have declined very much in favour since I wrote last: they are still, however, partially worn; but the majority of our *élégantes* are seldom seen out of doors in them, except for the early morning walk. Those few that are worn, are made in a pretty and rather dressy style. The skirt, which I must observe has resumed its unbecoming tightness round the upper part of the figure, is trimmed at the

bottom with rouleaus of the same material; these are thick, and about a quarter of a yard in length; they are placed perpendicularly, and are finished at each side with a flounce disposed in large plaits: these rouleaus are put pretty close to each other; there are in general twelve or thirteen go round the dress. The back of the *corsage* is made plain, broad between the shoulders, but narrow at the bottom of the waist; a double flounce, not quite half a quarter in depth, goes round the bust just above the shoulders; the lower part of the bust is ornamented with a stomacher, which is let in full, and confined across by narrow bands. The collar falls over, and in general sits close to the throat. The sleeve may be short or long, at the fancy of the wearer: this will appear odd to you, and it certainly does look ridiculous enough to cover the bust up to the chin, and at the same time to bare the arms; but as our *élégantes* are not very studious of propriety, we see it frequently done. If the sleeve is long, it is made wide at the top, and narrower towards the bottom; it is generally confined by a broad band at the wrist, and finished by a double flounce: if the sleeve is short, it is extremely full, and is confined by an easing in the middle. I must observe, that if the gown is coloured, the lower part of the sleeve is usually white.

I must now describe to you the low gowns, of which there are two sorts—those cut very low, and those made *à la vierge*; that is to say, to display very little of the bust; the former are most in favour; those made in *perkule* are

much trimmed, and are profusely adorned with work. The most fashionable style of trimming is muslin *bouillonné*, formed into waves by rows of embroidery. The trimming next in favour consists of six narrow bands disposed in round plaits; three of these are placed as high as the knee, and the remaining three at the ancle. The bodices of the robes *à la vierge* are frequently composed of full bands of muslin between rows of embroidery: the sleeves, if short, are made full, and generally finished by an embroidered band; some have the fulness interspersed with bands of work, to correspond with the bottom. If the sleeves are long, they have a very formal effect, being composed of alternate broad bands of muslin and narrow ones of work.

Whether the gown is made *à la vierge*, or very low, it is always made without any trimming round the bust. Nothing can be more simple than the form of the very low dresses; tight to the shape, with short full sleeves, confined towards the bottom in such a manner that the fulness forms a rouleau, and finished at the bottom of the skirt either with the little bands I have just described, or a very broad band of spotted *tulle*. Such is the dress which forms at once the promenade and dinner gowns.

Our out-door coverings at present consist of white and black lace mantles and scarfs: the former, though we choose to call them mantles, are in reality shawls: they are thrown carelessly over the shoulders, so as to expose the front of the dress, and to leave the upper part of the bust bare; but if

the gown be made very low, then the mantle is brought forward, so as to shield the bust. The lace scarfs are very long, and are put on very gracefully, being disposed in such a manner as to form a pelerine round the shoulders. This style of covering, though by no means indecent, displays the neck in a manner that you would think too free for a public walk, and which I never remember to have seen adopted in England. Our friend Mrs. O'Callaghan, however, tells me, that it was the fashion twenty years ago in Ireland; and as it is a mode which she admires very much, she endeavours to prove that the French have certainly taken it from the Irish, who she declares have a right to set the fashions to the rest of Europe, because they inherit the pure taste of their ancestors the Greeks. A French lady to whom she made this declaration, listened to her with a look in which amazement and contempt were most ludicrously blended, but she made no other reply than a most expressive shrug of the shoulders. By the bye, it is astonishing how much meaning may be conveyed in a genuine French shrug.

Now for our *chapeaux*, the materials of which are still light, gauze and crape being as much, if not more, worn than *gros de Naples* or straw. The various mixtures of straw and silk which were so prevalent, have entirely disappeared; but white cotton straw still continues fashionable. I do not see any material alteration in the form of bonnets; if any thing, I think they are a little smaller than when I wrote last: but I have much pleasure in telling you, that

hats with moderately high crowns and very small brims are beginning to come into favour, and I should not be surprised if in a very little time they were to supersede the large and in general unbecoming bonnets which have been so long in vogue.

I cannot say much in favour of the manner in which we ornament our bonnets at present. They are still adorned with flowers and ribbons; but you can hardly conceive any thing more tawdry, glaring, and inelegant than the mixture of colours in the latter; for instance, a white gauze or crape *chapeau* has very often the crown and brim both adorned with rouleaus of mingled deep yellow and Indian pink. A bonnet of deep violet is trimmed with yellow, and a yellow one with dark green. The flowers are seldom selected with better taste than the ribbons, so that upon the whole a really elegant hat is rather a novelty: here and there, however, we meet with some, and I will endeavour to describe to you a few of the prettiest.

One of the most elegantly simple is a bonnet of white *gros de Naples*; the brim, rather wide, and rounded at the corners, is finished at the edge by a soft roll of the same material entwined with plaits of straw: the crown is covered with a piece of *gros de Naples* cut in points, the ends of which are tacked down; these points stand out full from the centre of the crown; they are also adorned at the edge with plaits of straw; ears of ripe wheat are fancifully intermixed between the points, and straw-coloured ribbon ties the bonnet under the chin.

Another very elegant bonnet is of dark purple crape: the crown resembles a man's hat: the brim is of the usual shape; three bias folds of gauze adorn the edge of the brim; two small bouquets of moss roses are placed opposite to each other on these folds on each side of the brim. The crown is adorned with a drapery of purple crape disposed in *wolves' mouths*; a bouquet of moss roses is placed on each side of the crown, to correspond with those on the brim, and a larger bouquet mingled with field-flowers adorns the front of the crown. The strings correspond with the bonnet in colour.

A third *chapeau*, which I saw for the first time yesterday, was composed of white *gros de Naples*: it has a small crown, which stuck out a little at the back of the head, something in the same manner as the full knot in which the hind hair was fastened up a few years ago; the brim is deep, quite square behind, but a little rounded at the corners. The trimming of the edge of the brim consists of white satin rings; that is to say, narrow rolls of white satin formed into rings strung closely together upon a pink ribbon; a band of pink satin is placed upon the brim at a little distance from this trimming; a band of the same kind goes round the crown, and is so disposed as to stand up in a point in the centre. A full bouquet of pinks is placed at one side of the crown, and pink strings tie the bonnet under the chin.

The materials and trimmings of full dress have not altered since I wrote last: the form is in general the same as those of the very low

gowns I have described to you in speaking of promenade costume: some few *élégantes* have introduced a *corsage* composed of alternate bands of ribbon, disposed in bias flutings, and net; the bands are placed perpendicularly, and those of the ribbon are much narrower than the net. The sleeves are usually composed of two draperies of net edged with fluted ribbon.

Hair-dressing has not varied since I wrote last. *Toques* are increased in favour, but the most novel *coiffure* is a scarf either of silver gauze or gauze flowered in colours: this is wound among the hair in such a manner, that if the gauze is flowered, the head appears at a little distance covered with bunches of flowers fancifully and irregularly placed; if the scarf is of silver, it forms a number of glittering tufts, the effect of which is extremely striking.

Sapphires, rubies, and emeralds begin to be very much in favour in full-dress jewellery: the two former are generally mingled in the ornaments for the hair or in the necklace: a whimsical but very fashionable appendage to the latter is an arrow, formed always of gems to correspond. Emeralds are sometimes worn without any mixture, sometimes with pearls, and very frequently with gold.

I had forgotten, in speaking to you of our promenade costume, to observe, that our parasols are now worn much larger. They are frequently lined with white sarsnet, and are always adorned with two rows of embroidery, which is in general in white silk. These rows are either placed very close to each other, or else the one is at

the very edge of the parasol, and the other at a considerable distance from it.

Adieu, my dear friend! Write me a long letter, and soon. I believe I may venture to hold out to you as a bribe, the description of

some of the very pretty things which I expect to see in about a fortnight at a splendid *fête*; but remember, that the length of my descriptions shall be regulated by that of your next epistle to your ever affectionate
EUDOCIA.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications.

THE EARLY LIFE OF A POET.

(From COLERIDGE's *Biographia Literaria*.)

(Continued from p. 175.)

DURING my first Cambridge vacation, I assisted a friend in a contribution for a literary society in Devonshire; and in this I remember to have compared Darwin's work to the Russian palace of ice, glittering, cold, and transitory. In the same essay too, I assigned sundry reasons, chiefly drawn from a comparison of passages in the Latin poets with the original Greek, from which they were borrowed, for the preference of Collins's Odes to those of Gray; and of the simile in Shakspeare,

"How like a younker or a prodigal,
The skarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet
wind!"

to the imitation in the Bard :

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr
blows,

While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm,
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hush'd in grim repose, expects its evening
prey."

(In which, by the bye, the words
"realm" and "sway" are rhymes

dearly purchased.) I preferred the original, on the ground that in the imitation it depended wholly on the compositor's putting, or not putting, a small capital, both in this, and in many other passages of the same poet, whether the words should be personifications, or mere abstracts. I mention this, because in referring various lines in Gray to their original in Shakspeare and Milton, and in the clear perception how completely all the propriety was lost in the transfer, I was, at that early period, led to a conjecture, which, many years afterwards, was recalled to me from the same thought having been started in conversation, but far more ably, and developed more fully, by Mr. Wordsworth; namely, that this style of poetry, which I have characterized above, as translations of prose thoughts into poetic language, had been kept up by, if it did not wholly arise from, the custom of writing Latin verses, and the great importance attached to these exercises, in our public schools. Whatever might have

been the case in the fifteenth century, when the use of the Latin tongue was so general among learned men, that Erasmus is said to have forgotten his native language; yet in the present day it is not to be supposed, that a youth can *think* in Latin, or that he can have any other reliance on the force or fitness of his phrases, than the authority of the author from whence he has adopted them. Consequently he must first prepare his thoughts, and then pick out, from Virgil, Horace, Ovid, or perhaps more compendiously from his *Gradus*, halves and quarters of lines, in which to embody them.

I never object to a certain degree of disputatousness in a young man from the age of seventeen to that of four or five and twenty, provided I find him always arguing on one side of the question. The controversies occasioned by my unfeigned zeal for the honour of a favourite contemporary, then known to me only by his works, were of great advantage in the formation and establishment of my taste and critical opinions. In my defence of the lines running into each other, instead of closing at each couplet; and of natural language, neither bookish nor vulgar, neither redolent of the lamp or of the kennel, such as, *I will remember thee*; instead of the same thought tricked up in the Rag-fair finery of,

Thy image on her wing
Before my FANCY'S eye shall MEMORY bring,

I had continually to adduce the metre and diction of the Greek poets from Homer to Theocritus inclusive; and still more of our elder poets from Chaucer to Milton. Nor was this all. But as it was

my constant reply to authorities brought against me from later poets of great name, that no authority could avail in opposition to *truth, nature, logic*, and the *laws of universal grammar*; actuated too by my former passion for metaphysical investigations, I laboured at a solid foundation, on which permanently to ground my opinions, in the component faculties of the human mind itself, and their comparative dignity and importance. According to the faculty or source from which the pleasure given by any poem or passage was derived, I estimated the merit of such poem or passage. As the result of all my reading and meditation, I abstracted two critical aphorisms, deeming them to comprise the conditions and criteria of poetic style: first, that not the poem which we have *read*, but that to which we *return*, with the greatest pleasure, possesses the genuine power, and claims the name of *essential poetry*. Second, that whatever lines can be translated into other words of the same language, without diminution of their significance, either in sense, or association, or in any worthy feeling, are so far vicious in their diction. Be it however observed, that I excluded from the list of worthy feelings, the pleasure derived from mere novelty in the reader, and the desire of exciting wonderment at his powers in the author. Oftentimes since then, in perusing French tragedies, I have fancied two marks of admiration at the end of each line, as hieroglyphics of the author's own admiration at his own cleverness. 'Our genuine admiration of a great poet is a con-

tinuous *under-current* of feeling; it is every where present, but seldom any where as a separate excitement. I was wont boldly to affirm, that it would be scarcely more difficult to push a stone out from the pyramids with the bare hand, than to alter a word in Milton or Shakspeare (in their most important works at least), without making the author say something else, or something worse, than he does say. One great distinction, I appeared to myself to see plainly, between even the characteristic faults of our elder poets, and the false beauty of the moderns. In the former, from Donne to Cowley, we find the most fantastic out-of-the-way thoughts, but in the

most pure and genuine English; in the latter, the most obvious thoughts, in language the most fantastic and arbitrary. Our faulty elder poets sacrificed the passion, and passionate flow of poetry, to the subtleties of intellect, and to the starts of wit; the moderns to the glare and glitter of a perpetual, yet broken and heterogeneous imagery, or rather to an amphibious something made up half of image, and half of abstract* meaning. The one sacrificed the heart to the head; the other both heart and head to point and drapery.

* I remember a ludicrous instance in the poem of a young tradesman:

“No more will I endure love’s pleasing pain,
Or round my *heart’s* leg tie his galling chain.”

THE CELL OF ST. CUTHBERT.

(From *The Abbot*, by the Author of *Waverley*.)

THE Cell of St. Cuthbert, as it was called, marked, or was supposed to mark, one of those resting-places which that venerable saint was pleased to assign to his monks, when his convent, being driven from Lindisfern by the Danes, became a peripatetic society of religionists, and bearing their patron’s body on their shoulders, transported him from place to place through Scotland and the borders of England, until he was pleased at length to spare them the pain of bearing him farther, and to choose his ultimate place of rest in the lordly towers of Durham. The odour of his sanctity remained behind him at each place where he had granted the monks a transient respite from their labours, and proud were those who could

assign as his temporary resting-place any spot within their vicinity. Few were more celebrated and honoured than the well-known Cell of St. Cuthbert, to which Roland Græme now bent his way, situated considerably to the north-west of the great abbey of Kennaquhair, on which it was dependent. In the neighbourhood were some of those recommendations which weighed with the experienced priesthood of Rome, in choosing their sites for places of religion.

There was a well possessed of some medicinal qualities, which of course claimed the saint for its guardian and patron, and occasionally produced some advantage to the recluse who inhabited its cell, since none could reasonably be

expected to be benefited by the fountain who did not extend their bounty to the saint's chaplain. A few roods of fertile land afforded the monk his plot of garden-ground; an eminence well clothed with trees rose behind the cell, and sheltered it from the north and the east; while the front, opening to the south-west, looked up a wild but pleasant valley, down which wandered a lively brook, which battled with every stone which interrupted its passage.

The cell itself was rather plainly than rudely built; a low Gothic building, with two small apartments, one of which served the priest for his dwelling-place, the other for his chapel. As there were few of the secular clergy who durst venture to reside so near the Border, the assistance of this monk, in spiritual affairs, had not been useless to the community while the Catholic religion retained the ascendancy; as he could marry, christen, and administer the other sacraments of the Roman church. Of late, however, as the Protestant doctrines gained ground, he had found it convenient to live in close retirement, and to avoid as much as possible drawing upon himself observation or animadversion. The appearance of his habitation, however, when Roland Græme came before it in the close of the evening, plainly shewed that his caution had been finally ineffectual.

The page's first movement was to knock at the door, when he observed to his surprise that it was open, not from being left unlatched, but because beat off its upper hinge, it was only fastened to the door-

post by the lower, and could therefore no longer perform its functions. Somewhat alarmed at this, and receiving no answer when he knocked and called, Roland began to look more at leisure upon the exterior of the little dwelling before he ventured to enter it. The flowers which had been trained with care against the wall, seemed to have been recently torn down, and trailed their dishonoured garlands on the earth; the latticed window was broken and dashed in. The garden, which the monk had maintained by his constant labour in the highest order and beauty, bore marks of having been lately trod down and destroyed by the hoofs of animals and the feet of men.

The sainted spring had not escaped. It was wont to arise beneath a canopy of ribbed arches, with which the devotion of elder times had secured and protected its healing waters. These arches were now almost entirely demolished, and the stones of which they were built were tumbled into the well, as if for the purpose of choking up and destroying its fountain, which, as it had shared in other days the honour of the saint, was in the present doomed to partake his unpopularity. Part of the roof had been pulled down from the house itself, and an attempt had been made with crows and levers upon one of the angles, by which several large corner stones had been forced out of their place; but the solidity of the ancient mason-work had proved too great for the time or patience of the assailants, and they had relinquished their task of destruction. Such dilapidated buildings, after

the lapse of years, during which nature has gradually covered the effects of violence with creeping plants and with weather stains, exhibit amid their decay a melancholy beauty. But when the visible effects of violence appear raw and recent, there is no feeling to mitigate the sense of devastation with which they impress the spectators; and such was now the scene on which the youthful page gazed with the painful feeling it was qualified to excite.

When his first momentary surprise was over, Roland Græme was at no loss to conjecture the cause of these ravages. The destruction of the Popish edifices did not take place at once throughout Scotland, but at different times, and according to the spirit which actuated the Reformed clergy; some of whom instigated their hearers to these acts of demolition; and others, with better taste and feeling, endeavoured to protect the ancient shrines, while they desired to see them purified from the objects which had attracted idolatrous devotion. From time to time therefore the populace of the Scottish towns and villages, when instigated either by their own feelings of abhorrence for Popish superstition, or by the zealous doctrines of the more zealous preachers, resumed the work of destruction, and exercised it upon some sequestered church, chapel, or cell, which had escaped the first burst of their indignation against the religion of Rome.

In the present instance, the unpretending and quiet seclusion of

the monk of Saint Cuthbert had hitherto saved him from the general wreck; but it would seem ruin had now at length reached him. Anxious to discover if he had at least escaped personal harm, Roland Græme now entered the half-ruined cell.

The interior of the building was in a state which fully justified the opinion he had formed from its external injuries. The few rude utensils of the solitary's hut were broken down and lay scattered on the floor, where it seemed as if a fire had been made with some of the fragments to destroy the rest of his property, and to consume, in particular, the rude old image of Saint Cuthbert, in its episcopal habit, which lay on the hearth like Dagon of yore, shattered with the axe and scorched with the flames, but only partially destroyed. In the little apartment which served as a chapel, the altar was overthrown, and the four huge stones of which it had been once composed, lay scattered around the floor. The large stone crucifix which occupied the niche behind the altar, and fronted the supplicant while he paid his devotion there, had been pulled down and dashed by its own weight into these fragments. There were marks of sledge-hammers on each of these; yet the image had been saved from utter demolition by the size and strength of the remaining fragments, which, though much injured, retained enough of the original sculpture to shew what it had been intended to represent.

(To be continued.)

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN announces for publication by subscription, a *Picturesque Tour of the Seine, from Paris to the Sea*; embracing the greater part of Normandy, a province peculiarly interesting to the English traveller, for its natural beauties, antiquarian curiosities, and historical recollections. The work will be comprised in six monthly parts, containing twenty-four highly coloured engravings, and will correspond, in the general style of its execution, with the numerous illustrated works produced within these few years by the same publisher.

Mr. Ackermann has also in the press, the Third and Last *Tour of Dr. Syntax, in Search of a Wife*; a subject which promises a degree of interest, vivacity, and entertainment, equalling, if not surpassing, that of the two preceding popular fours. Like them, it will form a distinct volume, consisting of eight monthly numbers, the first of which will appear on October 1.

Dr. Gesenius, who, with Lord Guildford, has been recently transcribing some Arabian MSS. at the Bodleian library, has nearly completed the singular task of translating the *Book of Enoch* from the Abyssinian language. This language resembles the Arabic, one fourth of the words perhaps being radically of that tongue, in which the learned doctor is well skilled, while it is also one of the most celebrated Hebrew scholars on the Continent.

In the press, a new edition of the Rev. T. H. Horne's *Introduction to the critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures*; in four

large 8vo. volumes. As the third volume will consist principally of new matter, it is intended to print an extra number of copies of that volume, with the additional plates, for the accommodation of such purchasers of the first edition as may order the same on or before January 1, 1821.

On the 1st of September, Mr. Brookshaw (author of the "Pomona Britannica,") will produce the first two parts of an entirely new work on fruit, entitled *the Horticultural Repository*; containing delineations of the best varieties of the different species of English fruit; to which are added, the blossoms and leaves, in those instances in which they are judged necessary: accompanied with full descriptions of their various properties, their time of ripening, and directions for planting them, so as to produce a longer succession of fruit; such being pointed out as are particularly calculated for open walls, and for forcing. It will be completed in about 26 parts.

In the press, and speedily will be published, *Traits and Trials*, a novel, in two volumes.

Select Fables, with cuts, designed and engraved by Thomas and John Bewick and others, previously to the year 1784, together with a memoir and descriptive catalogue of the works of Messrs. Bewick, 8vo. will early appear. A very small number are printed on large match the other works of Mr. Bewick; viz. in royal 8vo.

Also, *Lectures on the Temper and Spirit of the Christian Religion*; first written and delivered to the inmates of a large public asylum, and now

published, and addressed to the numerous parties which agitate and divide this empire, by Matthew Allen, author of "*Outlines of a Course of Lectures on Chemical Philosophy*," &c.

Mr. W. G. Rogers will publish early in October, an engraving of the *Warwick Vase*, in the lithographic manner.

Shortly will be published, the first number of a *Progressive Series of Ornamental Sketches*, original and selected, drawn on stone by W. G. Rogers.

The following arrangements have been made for Lectures at the Surry Institution, during the ensuing season: 1. On Metallurgy and Mineralogical Chemistry, by Frederick Accum, Esq. M. R. I. A. &c. &c. To commence on Tuesday, Oct. 31, at seven o'clock in the evening precisely, and to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday.—2. On Electricity, by C. Woodward, Esq. To commence on Friday, Nov. 3, and to be continued on each succeeding Friday at the same hour.—3. On Music, by W. Crotch, Mus. Doc. professor of music in the University of Oxford, early in 1821.

Mr. Curtis will commence his next Course of Lectures on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology of the Ear, and on the Medical Treatment of the Deaf and Dumb, early in Oct. at the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear.

We are desirous of calling the attention of our readers to the ingenious invention of a Fire-Alarm by Mr. J. G. Colbert. This instrument is portable, of the size and general appearance of a time-piece, except that the dial-plate exhibits a semicircle marked with

the degrees from 1 to 180. When the index is placed at half or a whole degree, or more, above the heat of the atmosphere at the time, any increase of temperature beyond the degree indicated sets the alarm in motion, and thus gives notice of the approaching danger. Hence it is obvious, that the principle of the thermometer has been applied to this instrument, which may be placed in any situation, and is sold at prices varying from five to thirty guineas, according to the plainness or elegance of the execution. All those who wish to obtain an additional security against the dangers of fire by night, may have an opportunity of inspecting this contrivance at Mr. Ackermann's Repository of Arts.

Baron von Drais, of Mannheim, has invented what he calls an Elevating Telescope, by means of which, looking through a tube about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter, and 3 feet high, in the shape of a stick, you may command, not $2\frac{1}{2}$, but $21\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of the horizon, in spite of intervening obstacles. These telescopes, it is affirmed, will be particularly useful: 1st, In popular assemblies, though you stand on level ground, to look over the heads of the people, even if they wear high hats or head-dresses: 2dly, For a general to command a much more extensive view than by ascending an eminence: 3dly, On board ships, to see to as great a distance over the sea when down below, as you could from the mast-head: 4thly, In houses, to be able, by means of a tube (which may always be turned round) through the roof of the house, to have almost the same effect in the lower story, as if the eye were elevated far above the house.

Poetry.

SORROW'S EXPOSTULATION.

(By S. T.)

If the halcyon of pleasure has sportively
 chosen
Thy happier heart for her downy repose,
 And the vulture of grief, in a region so frozen
 As *my* cheerless bosom, has nurtured her
 woes ;
 Deride not the tear that is mournfully steal-
 ing
 Adown a pale cheek, *once* unwither'd as
 thine,
 Though its moisture display the wan lustre
 of feeling,
 As vainly as dewdrops on barren thorns
 shine.
 Nor mock the soft sigh that escapes but to
 wander
 Where tenderness peoples regret's darkest
 shade,
 Of its own plaintive echo, there vibrated
 fonder
 Than all the light melody mirth ever made :
 For the tear and the sigh, that with scornful
 rejection
 Are banish'd from minds never school'd in
 their cost,
 Form a circle of gems, reminiscent affection
 Fondly clasps round the shrine of the
 loved and the *lost*.
 But when that affection no longer is glowing
 Within the lorn bosom that cherish'd its
 stay,
 May friendship, reciprocal tribute bestowing,
 A gem of such price to remembrance pay :
 While the angel of peace (the freed spirit
 receiving)
 Disperses humanity's mists from its eyes,
 To smile on the sorrow-worn ashes 'tis leaving,
 And see the bright phoenix of happiness
 rise. S. T.
 DONCASTER, 1820.

THE PARTING: A PICTURE.

The eve-star rose above the eastern hill,
 Leading the crescent up the purple sky,
 The forest breezes slept, the vale was still,
 But when a low sweet murmur would steal by
 From the carnation-beds, as rustling nigh,

The wild bird shook the dewdrops from its
 wings,

Then on its nest sank close and silently ;
 Or at some lady's bower the silver string
 Told where 'in silent shades her love was
 lingering.

But now the brightening moonbeams lit a
 door

In the low archway of a battled tower,
 And as it open'd, on the marble floor
 A maiden stood like a night-weeping flower ;
 One light hand press'd aside the rosy
 bower,

And one led forth a form of helm and plume :
 This was the lover's last, loved, bitter hour ;
 Long had they linger'd, but the hour was
 come—

That door to them was like the opening
 tomb.

They stopp'd upon the threshold, and the
 pair

Were silent still. But in the quivering
 light,

Down the small fingers of that lady fair,
 From her press'd eyes, like dew on lilies
 white,

Stole pearly tears. Above her tower'd the
 knight,

Like a proud tree unbending in the storm ;
 Yet pale, and gazing on the tresses bright
 That from their jewell'd braids fell o'er
 her form,

Shading her bended brow and cheek with
 blushes warm.

He moved a sudden step, and press'd her
 hand ;

But that young beauty rais'd her splendid
 eye.

That fix'd him like a spell. Her blush had
 waned,

Yet in its paleness was wild witchery.

He felt upon his heart her bosom lie,

And as again her lip with ruby burn'd,

His own upon it stooped unconsciously :

His soul was in that lovely shrine inurn'd ;

They paused, press'd, wept, and to the
 tower return'd.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. X.

NOVEMBER 1, 1820.

N^o. LIX.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

We shall continue the Correspondence of the Adviser in our next: the favour of S. S. for our present Number did not reach us in time for insertion.

The continuation of the Essay on the Origin, &c. of Playing-Cards is received, and will be inserted shortly.

The articles on Spanish Literature are highly approved, and the offer of a succession of them is accepted with pleasure.

We have received the proposal of Antiquarius regarding inserting notices and specimens of the Novels on which Shakspeare founded his Plays: our only objection is, that we doubt whether they will be adapted to general readers. If all had the same taste as the gentleman by whom the suggestion is made, we should not hesitate.

P. Q. and T. T. both on the same subject, are under consideration.

F. L. L——r is merely personal, and his letter on other accounts is inadmissible.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. X. NOVEMBER 1, 1820. N^o. LIX.

HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from page 187.)

PLATE 25.—A CONSERVATORY.

BUILDINGS for the preservation and display of exotics and other plants, are features in every garden possessing qualifications to be called so, and they have become interesting from the delight that is now taken in the study of botany, and from the embellishment they afford to garden scenery.

The design annexed is for a small conservatory, intended to be viewed both from the north and south fronts, so as to be ornamental to two portions of the garden. The front represented is towards the north; at each end is an alcove, as shaded retreats in summer. The south front would have an addition of glass at each end, extending that front to the extremities of the building, the ends of which being glass also to half the width

of the conservatory, the rays of the sun would be received towards the east, the south, and the west. Between the alcoves and the wings, the stoke-house and small tool-house would be situated.

This plan presents an unusual disposition of the arrangements of a conservatory, because it is in part open to the north; but being so small, that one fire in winter would supply an ample quantity of heat for the usual purposes, the advantage of greater display may be thus obtained without too great a sacrifice.

The alcoves and piers are proposed to be executed in brick-work, and covered with cement; the step of Portland stone, and the sashes of metal

MISCELLANIES.

THE ANTIQUITY AND USE OF PLAYING-CARDS.

THE general opinion respecting the origin of playing-cards is, that they were first made for the amusement of Charles VI. of France, at the time he was afflicted with a mental derangement. The proof of this supposition depends upon an article in the treasury registers belonging to that monarch, which states that a payment was made to Jucquemin Gringonneur, painter, for three packs of cards, gilded, and painted with divers colours and different devices, to be carried to the king for his diversion. If it be granted, and I see no reason why it should not, that this entry alludes to playing-cards, the consequences that have been deduced from it do not necessarily follow; I mean that these cards were the first that were made, or that Gringonneur was the inventor of them: it by no means precludes the probability of cards having been previously used in France, but simply states that those made by him were gilt and diversified with devices in variegated colours, the better to amuse the unfortunate monarch.

Some, allowing that Gringonneur was the first maker of playing-cards, place the invention in the reign of Charles V. upon the authority of Jean de Saintre, who was page to that monarch: he mentions card-playing in his chronicle, for he was an author; and the words he uses would be sufficient evidence for the existence of cards before the accession of Charles VI.

to the throne of France, if it could be proved that the page did not survive his master; but, on the other hand, if he did, they may be equally applied to the amusements of the succeeding reign.

A prohibitory edict against the usage of cards was made in Spain considerably anterior to any that have been produced in France*; which has inclined several modern writers upon this subject to refer the invention of cards from France to Spain; and the names of some of the cards, as well as many of the most ancient games, being evidently derived from the Spanish language†, are justly considered

* In Spain, as early as A. D. 1332, John I. King of Castile, in an edict dated A. D. 1387, forbade playing of cards and dice in his dominions. The provost of Paris, Jan. 22, 1397, published an ordinance prohibiting the manufacturing part of the people from playing at tennis, dice, cards, &c.—*Bullet.* p. 18; see also Mr. Gough's Dissertation upon Card-playing, *Archæologia*, vol. viii. p. 152 et seq.

† As primero and the principal card in the game quinola, ombre, and the cards spadill, manill, basto, punto, matador, quadrille, a species of ombre, &c. The suit of clubs upon the Spanish cards is not the trefoils as with us, but positively clubs or cudgels, of which we retain the name, though we have lost the figures: the original name is bastos. The spades are swords, called in Spain espados: in this instance we retain the name and some faint resemblance of the figure.—See the Dissertation upon Card-playing by the Hon. Daines Barrington, *Archæologia*, vol. viii. p. 135 et seq.

as strong corroborating arguments in favour of such an opinion.

A very intelligent writer* upon the origin of engraving asserts, that playing-cards were invented in Germany, where they were used towards the latter end of the fourteenth century; but his reasons are by no means conclusive. An author of our own country produces a passage cited from a wardrobe *computus*, made in the sixth year of Edward I. which mentions a game entitled "the four kings;" and hence, with some degree of probability, he conjectures that the use of playing-cards was then known in England, which is a much earlier period than any that has been assigned by the foreign authors. It is the opinion of several learned writers, well acquainted with Asiatic history, that cards were used in the Eastern parts of the world long before they found their way into Europe†. If this position be granted, when we recollect that Edward I. before his accession to the throne, resided nearly five years in Syria, it will be natural enough to suppose that he might have learned the game of "the four kings" in that country, and introduced it at court upon his return to England. An objection, which indeed at first sight seems to be a very powerful one, has

* Baron Heineken, who says that they were known there as early as the year 1376.—*Idée générale d'une Collection des Estampes*, pp. 237, 249.

† Warton says it seems probable that the Arabians were the inventors of cards, which they communicated to the Constantinopolitan Greeks.—*Hist. Eng. Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 316. Indeed it is very likely they were brought into the western parts of Europe during the Crusades.

been raised in opposition to this conjecture: it is founded upon the total silence of every kind of authority respecting the subject of card-playing, from the time that the above-mentioned entry was made to an early period in the reign of Edward IV.* including an interval of one hundred and eighty-six years. An omission so general it is thought could not have taken place, if the words contained in that record alluded to the usage of playing-cards. A game introduced by a monarch could not fail of becoming fashionable; and if it continued to be practised in after-times, must in all probability have been mentioned occasionally in conjunction with the other pastimes then prevalent. But this silence is by no means a positive proof that the game of "the four kings" was not played with cards, nor that cards did not continue to be used during the whole of the above-mentioned interval in the higher circles, though not perhaps with such abuses as were afterwards practised, and which excited the reprehension of the moral and religious writers. Besides, at the time that cards were first introduced, they were drawn and painted by the hand, without the assistance of a stamp or plate: it follows of course, that much time was required to complete a set or pack of cards; the price they bore no doubt was adequate to the labour bestowed upon them, which necessarily must have enhanced their value beyond the purchase of the under classes of the people; and for this reason it is, I presume, that card-playing, though it might have been known

* A. D. 1464.

in England, was not much practised until such time as inferior sets of cards, proportionally cheap, were produced for the use of the commonalty, which seems to have been the case when Edward IV. ascended the throne; for early in his reign an act was established, prohibiting the importation of playing-cards; and soon after that period, card-playing became a very general pastime.

The increasing demand for these objects of amusement, it is said, suggested the idea of cutting the outlines appropriated to the different suits upon separate blocks of wood, and stamping them upon the cards*; the intermediate spaces between the outlines were filled up with various colours laid on by the hand. This expeditious method of producing cards reduced the price of them, so that they might readily be purchased by almost every class of persons. The common usage of cards was soon productive of serious evils, which all the exertions of the legislative power have not been able to eradicate.

Another argument against the great antiquity of playing-cards is drawn from the want of paper proper for their fabrication. We certainly have no reason to believe that paper made of linen rags was produced in Europe before the middle of the fourteenth century, and even then the art of paper-making does not appear to have been carried to any great perfection. It

* And hence originated the noble and beneficial art of printing. These printing blocks are traced back to the year 1423, and probably were produced at a much earlier period.—*Idée générale d'une Collection des Estampes et sup.*

is also granted that paper is the most proper material we know of for the manufacturing of cards; but it will not therefore follow, that they could not possibly be made with any other; and if we admit of any other, the objection will fall to the ground.

Card-playing appears to have been a very fashionable court amusement in the reign of Henry VII. In an account of money disbursed for the use of that monarch, an entry is made of one hundred shillings paid at one time to him for the purpose of playing at cards. The Princess Margaret his daughter, previous to her marriage with James IV. King of Scotland, understood the use of cards*; and Catherine of Spain, the consort of Prince Arthur, afterwards married to Henry VIII. his brother, is said in her youth to have been well acquainted with the art of embroidery and other works of the needle proper for ladies to know; and also that she was expert in various courtly pastimes, and could play at "tables, tick-tack, or gleeke, with cardis and dyce."

The universality of card-playing in the reign of this monarch is evident from a prohibitory statute being necessary to prevent apprentices from using cards, except in the Christmas holidays, and then only in their masters' houses†.

* She played with her intended husband at Harbottle Castle: the celebration of the nuptials took place A. D. 1503, she being only fourteen years of age.—*Addit. to LELAND'S Collect. vol. iii. p. 285.*

† The same statute forbade any householder to permit card-playing in his house, under the penalty of six shillings and eight pence for every offence.—*Stat. anno 11 Hen. VII. cap. 2.*

Agreeably to this privilege, Stow, speaking of the customs of London, says, "From All-Hallows eve to the day following Candlemas-day, there was, among other sports, playing at cards for counters, nails, and points, in every house, more for pastime than for gain." But this moderation, I apprehend, was by no means general; for several contemporary writers are exceedingly severe in their reflections on the usage of cards, which they rank with dice, and consider both as destructive to morality and good order.

Henry VIII. preferred the sports of the field, and such pastimes as promoted exercise, to sedentary amusements; his attachment to dice he gave up at an early part of his life; and I do not recollect that Hall the historian, who is so minute in describing the various sources of entertainment pursued by this athletic monarch, ever mentions cards as one of them. I am indeed well aware that Shakspeare speaks of his "playing at primero with the Duke of Suffolk," and it is very possible that the poet might have had some authority for so doing. Sir William Forrest, who wrote at the close of Henry VIII.'s reign, and presented a poetical treatise, entitled "The Poesye of Princelye Practice," to his son Edward VI. speaks therein of the pastimes proper for a monarch, and says he may

after dinner amuse himself with music, or otherwise

Att tables, chesse, or cardis awhile himselfe
repose :

but adds, that "syttynge pastymes are seldom found good, especially in the daytime;" he therefore advises the pursuit of those that afforded both air and exercise. In another part of his poem, he speaks in strong terms against the practice of card-playing, as productive of idleness, especially when it is followed by the labouring people in places of common resort :

Att alehowse too sit, at mack or at mall,
Tables or dyce, or that cardis men call,
Or what oother game owte of season dwc,
Let them be punysched without all rescue.

And the author of an old Morality, entitled "Hycke Scornor," written probably some time before this poem by Forrest, has placed the card-players with such company as evinces he had not a good opinion of their morals :

Walkers by nyght with gret murderers,
Overthwarte with gyle and joly carders.

It is not, however, necessary to produce any further evidence from the writers of former times, to prove the evil tendency of card-playing when it is indulged beyond the limits of discretion; for many instances of ruin and destruction may be brought forward in the present day, to convince us of the justness of their censures.

(To be continued.)

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

No. XII.

THE CHURCH OF ST. ROCH.

Ne vous fiez pas à ce vain simulacre de piété.—St. CH.

THE ballet of *Psyche* had just finished, and the opera-house was rapidly clearing. Leaving the house with the crowd, I found myself just behind an old colonel of the guards, on whose arm a very

pretty and interesting young woman was leaning. I had already observed her during the opera in the stage-box of the first circle with the colonel her husband, and had watched her directing her opera-glass nearly the whole time, and particularly when the attention of her neighbour appeared more than usually arrested by what was going forward on the stage, to the corner of the orchestra on the king's side. Just at that spot one of Marshal R—'s aides-de-camp was seated, who, by a singular chance, kept his eyes riveted on the box in which were the old colonel and his lady, and only looked at the ballet when the former ceased to be interested in it. This little manœuvre had attracted my attention, diverted the *ennui* with which I am so tasteless as to be attacked during the opera, and, almost for the first time in my life, I feared the performance would be over too soon.

As we came out into the street, I perceived my young aide-de-camp leaning carelessly against one of the pillars of the colonnade. The lady, doubtless much incommoded by the crowd, took a circuit to avoid the pressure, which led her near the aforesaid colonnade; and probably without the least design, said, with apparent *noucheance*, but in a tone sufficiently loud to be heard by all the bystanders:—"They say we shall have a very splendid mass to-morrow at the church of St. Roch."—"Very possibly," replied the colonel; "but I shall be on duty at the Thuilleries, and I am afraid I shall be detained there all day."—"I shall be obliged to go by myself then,"

said she, in a tone intended to reach the ears of one person only, who at that moment was close at her side.

What an extraordinary effect the most indifferent word has from the lips of a lovely woman! This short sentence altered all my plans for the next day. I say nothing of the effect it produced on our young aide-de-camp, but by the manner in which he thanked her with his eyes, I concluded that our young soldier intended to edify her by his devotion.

The church of St. Roch is one of the largest and most magnificent edifices in the capital. At a period when building was carried on but slowly, yet, perhaps from that very circumstance, with more strength and solidity, above a century was employed to erect this church. Begun in 1636, it was not completed until 1739. Within its holy walls repose some of the greatest men of whom France can boast. Corneille, Le Notre, Mairan, are interred by the side of Count Rantzau, Marshal Asfeldt, and the Princess of Conti, the daughter of a monarch whose glory has thrown a lustre even over his vices. This ridiculous and dangerous custom of rendering our churches habitations for the dead has long prevailed in France. Pride and avarice have alike contributed to preserve it. The barren honour of laying their bones in the house of the Lord was purchasable with gold, and in the same temple where the priest endeavours to soften our hearts by the sublimest pictures of the humility and modest virtues most pleasing in the sight of God, our eyes are attracted by the glit-

tering trophies of human vanity, by the false praise inscribed on the tomb of the proud, the magnificence of which seems to insult the simplicity of the altar.

Fearful lest the two young objects of my curiosity might reach the church before me, I took care to be there early. I stopped for a minute before the porch, the walls of which were covered with a multitude of bills, the indecorous variety of which displeased me. The notice of a religious procession was stuck by the side of the puff of a vender of eau de Cologne. The annunciation of a festival was placed beneath a prospectus of Voltaire's works, to be published in fifty volumes. Nothing was wanting to complete this strange amalgamation but play-bills, which were indeed posted at not ten yards distance.

There are two periods of life at which our minds are most accessible to religious impressions. The child offers up its innocent vows to the Almighty, and recommends itself to the care of Providence. With timid piety, it dares undertake nothing without first imploring the protection of Heaven, to whose benign influence its young heart attributes every joy, every blessing. The man past the enjoyment of life, who has been fatally convinced of the illusion of all his schemes of felicity, takes refuge in religion as his only remaining and possibly only untried solace, and finds in its holy consolations the sole resting-place for happiness on this side the grave, because it alone offers to his view a prospect of eternal felicity beyond.

Divine service was not yet begun; the number of the pious auditory was very inconsiderable, and with their eyes fixed on their books, they appeared preparing themselves to address the Deity. I must except, however, one young man, who was leaning against a pillar with his back to the grand altar, and observing with considerable impatience every one who came in at the door. Every body does not go to church to join in the service; and besides, there are many persons who do not love to pray alone.

The beadle, whom I had left outside the door, now re-entered. He was expecting a wedding, when an infant was brought in to be baptized. Nothing is certain in this world. I learned from him, that the little stranger was the son of a merchant in the rue St. Honoré, who had married the preceding year a wealthy widow from la rue des Boucheries; that they lived on most excellent terms with one another, notwithstanding some serious disputes just at the close of the honeymoon. The young man whom I had observed leaning against the pillar approached, and appeared to listen attentively to our conversation, in which he soon joined; added his praises to those which the beadle was liberally bestowing on the mother, inquired after her health with an air of interest, and begged to know from one of the godfathers what were to be the christian names of the child. Having been informed that, by the express desire of the mother, it was to be named *Louis Emile*, he left the church, bidding us adieu with an emotion, which it

appeared strange should be caused by so uninteresting a circumstance.

The baptism was half over when the sexton was called away by a lady who had been bargaining with him for a funeral in the morning, but could not agree about the charge. She had come back to make fresh offers, but the sexton would not abate a sous. He told her it was entirely at her own option to accept or reject his terms; entered into a long detail of every thing indispensably necessary to give *éclat* to the ceremony, and impress the world with an advantageous opinion of the heirs of the deceased. His observations were full of sense and reason; his charges alone grieved the good lady, who could not bear to pay so dear for the interment of a man whom she had hated during his life. She resisted his arguments with all her might, and possibly would have finally refused to make such a sacrifice, if some one of her acquaintance, perceiving her, had not hastened to condole with her on the melancholy event which had doubled her small fortune, and begged her to moderate the grief she appeared to feel for the irreparable loss of her cousin. The fear of losing her reputation for sensibility, and the favourable opportunity for display which now presented itself, prevailed over her more economical feelings; and the sexton perceiving the sudden change, recollected some few things of trifling cost, which, for the sake of regularity, he now added to the former items. The good lady squeezed out a tear or two, and recommending the sexton to be punctual to one o'clock, and to

shorten the melancholy service as much as possible, quitted the church with her handkerchief to her eyes.

At this moment a considerable bustle was apparent in the church; every body crowded towards St. Anne's chapel, where one of the young choristers was lighting two large wax tapers, and arranging the chairs, as if for some important ceremony. As soon as a lane could be formed through the crowd, a man, apparently nearly forty years of age, approached the altar; his grave physiognomy seemed to denote settled apathy; light bushy eyebrows entirely screened the expression of his eyes, and gave to his countenance a cast of suspicion and reserve; and his coat, closely buttoned round him, displayed a form at once sturdy and awkward. In a few minutes this man was to be the husband of a sweet-looking girl scarcely nineteen, whose blooming complexion betokened health, and whose eyes, full of sprightliness and vivacity, betrayed the innocence of her heart, and the timid fears which agitated her mind. An elderly female was leaning on the arm of the bridegroom, raising herself every moment on tiptoe, in order to whisper into his ear: by the expression of her countenance, it was easy to perceive the mother of the bride imploring him not to neglect her daughter's happiness, a task apparently not more difficult than delightful.

The priest not being yet arrived, they sat down in the little chapel. Every eye was fixed on the young bride, whom her mother repeatedly embraced with the greatest ten-

derness. The bridegroom kept playing with his gloves, every now and then carelessly addressing a few words to his intended, whose orange-flower nosegay was in one perpetual agitation. The standers-by were forming various conjectures on the causes which could have brought together two persons apparently of such opposite characters. One fancied the poor girl a victim to parental ambition; another asserted that the magic of wealth had worked the charm. I was much pleased with a middle-aged woman who ventured to dispute the judgment of the surrounding critics, and acknowledged that she owed the happiness of her life to a husband, who, under a forbidding exterior, possessed the most amiable qualities, and united the graces of wit and learning to the virtue which renders them engaging and elevating. She reminded me of that excellent saying of Madame Pauline De: "Mere beauty may attract desire, but can never inspire love."

At last the priest arrived; he was preceded by a little clerk about fifty years of age, in a bob wig and a grey loose coat, who made the responses with that kind of apathy which is acquired by long habit, his meagre figure forming a striking contrast to the venerable and dignified air of the clergyman. When the question was put to the parties, whether they would promise always to promote the happiness of each other, I heard, almost close to my ear, a sweet voice, which repeated with fervour the "Oui" of the bride. I turned round, and saw the lady of the opera. She blushed at recognising me, and

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drew her veil hastily over her face. Not wishing to augment her embarrassment, I immediately resumed my former position.

Following the new-married couple to the sacristy, I observed with pleasure that the bride had acquired more self-possession, and that her husband's attentions became more marked, betokening at once tenderness and gratitude.

On my return, I sought in vain for the person who had first inspired me with the idea of taking my station in the church of St. Roch; she had disappeared, and but very few persons remained behind: among these I observed an old invalid soldier kneeling before the chapel of the Crucifixion, offering to his Maker the remnant of a life long devoted to the service of his country; a blind lady listening to a little girl of nine years old, who was reading aloud the daily service, and not understanding what she read, amused herself by occasionally skipping a line or two; and a young woman weeping before the image of the Virgin, and distributing the contents of her purse among some of those artful beggars who speculate on piety.

At the moment when the wedding train was leaving the church, a funeral entered: those who attended as mourners did not appear much absorbed in grief, and the bridal party were not particularly gay; nothing striking therefore offered itself in the contrast. Mere spectators, we seldom attach much importance to those vicissitudes of life in which we ourselves are not interested.

For my own part, persuaded that I have only as yet drawn a

M M

rough sketch of the observations to which a more intimate acquaintance with the churches of this metropolis may give rise, I resolved to take an early opportunity of visiting more of them.

SAM SPINBRAIN'S LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

I AM an unfortunate dog, Mr. Editor, who have lately lost every comfort in life by coming into possession of a large fortune, and if you don't stand my friend, I really believe I shall hang myself for mere want of something to do. But, in order to explain to you clearly how you may serve me, you must allow me to relate the circumstances of my case. Don't be afraid, sir, I shall not bore you with a long story, for I never had patience to write or tell one in my life; and whatever other faults you may find with the recital of my adventures, I promise you you shall not have the want of brevity to complain of.

I was the only son of a respectable tradesman, and from the facility with which I learned to distinguish my A B C in gingerbread, my father was sure I should turn out a genius; he determined accordingly to give me a good education, but unfortunately he placed me under the care of a methodical blockhead, who insisted upon lashing me regularly through the Latin grammar. Now, sir, grammars of all kinds were always my abomination, and I had likewise an insuperable dislike to being flogged: from these united causes I did so little good at school, and ran away so often from it, that my father's patience was at last worn out, and when I was just turned of sixteen, he declared that he gave up all thoughts of ever

making any thing of me, and that he should apprentice me to a cheesemonger; and having been some time a widower, he married again in his sixtieth year, in hopes, as he said, of having dutiful children to comfort his old age.

His marriage gave me little concern, but the thought of being a cheesemonger weighed very heavy on my aspiring mind. A few volumes of modern philosophy, which had fallen into my hands, inspired me with an ardent desire to promote the happiness of my species; but I could not conceive, for the soul of me, in what way my being a cheesemonger could conduce to the general good. I tried to argue the matter with my father, but finding that the only effect my reasoning produced was to make him shake his head, and drop some hints about Bethlem being the fittest place for me, I gave up the task of convincing him in despair; and resolving to trust for subsistence to my own energies, I decamped from school, and joined a company of strolling players, in the triple capacity of bill-sticker, call-boy, and candle-snuffer.

Don't suppose, Mr. Editor, that in thus making my *débüt* upon the great stage of the world, I meant to confine myself to subordinate characters; no, sir, my ambition was

"To hold the mirror up to Nature," and if it had not been for the vacuity of my genius, I should have

completely succeeded; but as my ill stars would have it, when I was entrusted with a character, I never had patience to study it: this would not have been of any consequence if I had been allowed to manage matters my own way, for I was quite free from *mauvaise honte*, and should have dashed on well enough, but

"Envy will merit like its shade pursue."

My brother and sister performers entered a protest in form against playing with me, because I never gave them a cue, and I was obliged, willy-nilly, to

"Bid a long farewell to all my greatness;" for the company decamped one night without beat of drum, leaving me in arrears with my landlord five shillings and nine-pence three farthings; which sum, and two-pence halfpenny more, was due to me by the manager, and I had got his order upon our treasurer for it in my pocket. I presented the draft to my landlord, who threw it into my face, and swore we were all, young and old, a pack of cheating villains together.

"Nay," cried I, "hear me for my cause——"—"Look ye," interrupted he, "fair words butter no parsnips." These words, and a glance at his figure, which was the very thing for Lord Duberly in *The Heir at Law*, threw me into a fit of laughter, which put him into such a passion, that he began thumping me without mercy. A good-natured oilman, who happened to be passing at the moment, rescued me from his clutches, and, on hearing my story, told me, that if I would abandon my vagabond trade, and exert myself to gain a creditable livelihood, he would take me for an errand-boy.

Here was a *denouement*, Mr. Editor: but what could I do? The cries of hunger were imperative, for it was already breakfast-time, and I was not worth a ducat in the world. "I see," cried I to the oilman, "that I was born to be 'a mark for the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;' so lead on, I follow thee." He muttered something about his fears that my upper story was a little out of repair, but that at least he would try me; and he took me home to his house, where I must confess, that with respect to the vulgar comforts of eating, drinking, and sleeping, my situation was changed for the better: but then, sir, there was no scope at all for my mental powers to exert themselves; so, to keep them from rusting in idleness, I attempted to initiate one of my master's apprentices into the divine doctrines of the new philosophy: but, alas! sir, it has always been my fate, as some great man or other says, to be misconceived or misconstrued; for the stupid blockhead told my master, that I wanted to make a rogue of him, because I endeavoured to make him comprehend that common honesty was a vulgar prejudice.

This misconception lost me at once my place and my character; but the want of the latter did not prevent Mr. Litigamus, the attorney, from taking me into his service, and as I wrote a tolerable hand, he employed me to copy for him. This occupation was more genteel, but ten times more laborious than that of my last master, for I was kept drudging at the desk from morning till night. At last I lost my situation, though my mas-

ter's wanting me to witness the will of a person who died intestate. The man had some property, which Mr. Litigamus desired to possess; he therefore made a will in his own favour, and offered me fifty pounds to sign it. I shall never forget what a rage he was in when I refused. "What," cried he, "after being turned out of your last place because you wanted to corrupt the mind of an innocent boy, how dare you pretend to be squeamish about a thing like this, you impudent hypocrite!"—"Listen to me," cried I; "I want to know in what way this action of ours will conduce to the general good."—"Curse the general good," exclaimed he; "it will be for my interest and yours too, and that is sufficient." Not quite," returned I; "for as I do not know the relatives of this man, I can't tell that they may not be better calculated to promote the cause of general utility than you are; and philosophy teaches——."—"Your philosophy teaches a pack of cursed nonsense," cried he in a pet, "since it only makes you talk like a knave, and act like a fool. Why, I should never have been troubled with you if I had supposed you were such a hen-hearted scoundrel. However, there's five guineas; get out of this town as soon as you can; I have no more occasion for you, and hark ye, hold your tongue as you value your neck."

I had sense enough to follow his advice, and with this mine of wealth in my pocket, I came up to London, determined to turn author, and "draw philosophy from heaven to dwell with men," as somebody sa

appened, however,

Mr. Editor, that I mistook my *forte*; in short, sir, nature destined me for an author of a lighter description, but I did not find that out till I had spent my five guineas, and written an essay which nobody would buy. I had by that time acquired some little knowledge of the town, and my wits being sharpened by hunger, I determined to make a general attack upon the periodicals, in the hope that if I failed with one, I might succeed with another. My want of patience, which before had been a constant stumbling-block in my way, now proved of some service to me; for as my articles were all short ones, they were readily accepted by the editors to whom they were addressed. Don't be affronted, good sir, that you were not of the number, for your work was not then in being. And here by the way, I must, in justice to my former patrons, declare that whatever may be said against editors, I always found them a very worthy fraternity; for even those who did not choose to pay for my articles, would very willingly have inserted them for nothing; and that by the bye is more than every author can say.

Well, sir, what with light and heavy articles, letters, essays, love stories, politics, Eastern tales, and theatricals, I managed for more than twenty years to get a dinner daily, and to steer clear of the bailiffs. Meanwhile my father died, leaving all his fortune to his second wife. I applied to her, but she declared her conscience would not suffer her to bestow any of her dear husband's money upon a son whom he had disinherited. As my

hopes were not very sanguine, I easily consoled myself, and thought no more of the widow or the property; but as the deuce would have it, she died a short time ago, and bequeathed me the whole of it.

For the first month afterwards I was in Elysium; I was so fully occupied in talking about my good fortune, and treating my friends, that I had not a spare moment. But, alas! this happiness soon vanished; I began to be tired of talking about my good luck, and my friends of listening to me; they returned to their usual avocations, and as I could not return to mine, for I had given up all my literary engagements, I tried to kill time as well as I could: but I don't know how it is, Mr. Editor, I can't get on at all; ten times a day I catch myself exclaiming,

"How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!"

While I was up to my eyes in business, no man enjoyed an hour's leisure with such glee as I did; but now that I have nothing to do but amuse myself, I find that every enjoyment palls upon me. In short,

sir, I see clearly that if I do not resume my literary labours, I shall die either of *ennui* or a pistol. But how to resume them, there's the rub, Mr. Editor: I have been so long accustomed to write for so much per page, that I really believe, if my life depended upon it, I could not compose six lines without I was sure of being paid for it. I am ashamed to go back to my former employers, because I should be ridiculed by all my acquaintance for a shabby fellow. Will you therefore, Mr. Editor, in common charity, find or make an opening for me in your work? Without any offence to your correspondents, I believe I should be found at least as useful as some of them; and if variety be your object, I am your man; any subject, or every subject, all the same to me,

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

In the idea that my services will be accepted, I shall employ myself in preparing some half a score articles against next month. Adieu, sir! Believe me very devotedly your servant in expectancy,

SAM SPINRAIN.

ON THE VOYAGES FOR THE DISCOVERY OF A NORTH-WESTERN PASSAGE.

(Continued from p. 200.)

No farther attempts were made for some time, which seems to have been partly owing to the unfortunate issue of these expeditions, and partly to the hope which opened of achieving a passage by the north-west of America. In 1580, however, the zeal for discovery was again excited, and a new expedition was fitted out, under two

commanders of the name of Pet and Jackman. An extraordinary zeal was again excited, and a series of instructions were drawn up by Richard Hackluyt, Gerard Mercator, and other eminent geographers and navigators. Pet and Jackman succeeded in passing Nova Zembla, but found the sea then entirely covered with icebergs,

through which they worked their way with the utmost difficulty. Their great object every day was to warp from one piece of ice to another, and then strike their anchors into the ice, to secure themselves for the night. Sometimes they made their way through when they thought it "a thing impossible, but extremity doth cause men to do much." At length finding, though it was the middle of June, "yet winds they had at will, but ice and fogs too much against their wills," also "great store of snow;" in short, that there was no possibility of advancing farther, they determined to return back, and effected their return home not without some difficulty, and it was the month of December before they arrived in sight of Buchanness.

After this failure, the English nation made all their subsequent attempts by the north-west. Before noticing these last, however, it may be proper to mention several spirited attempts made by the Dutch to reach the East Indies by the north of Asia. These were begun in 1594 by a company of merchants, under the patronage of the stadtholder and states general. The expedition consisted of three vessels, fitted out from Amsterdam, Zealand, and Enchuyssen, and was placed under the command of William Barentz. They left the Texel on the 5th June, and nothing remarkable occurred till they found themselves upon the coast of Nova Zembla. Here they were soon surprised by a sight of the walrus, or sea-horse. These are described as "marine monsters of terrible strength, larger than oxen, and having their skin rough-

er than that of sea-dogs." About this time, also, the first encounter occurred with the white or polar bear. Having seen one at a little distance, the crew discharged their muskets, and several balls took effect; but as the wounds were slight, they rowed up to him, and threw a noose round his neck, intending, apparently, to lead him to Holland like a lap-dog, and exhibit him to their countrymen. Bruin, however, who did not approve of this destination, soon shewed how completely they had mistaken his character. At one push he extricated himself from their grasp, then applying his fore feet to the stern, placed instantly one half of his body in the boat. In this operation, he made such displays of unparalleled strength, and uttered such frightful cries, as made the sailors spring to the opposite end of the vessel, and "not a man expected to be quit for less than his life." Providentially, however, as the bear was opening his jaws to devour the nearest, his feet were entangled in the rope; the boldest of the crew then sprang forward, and pierced him with a lance, which caused him to fall back into the water. The sailors then dropping their plan of converting this powerful animal into a toy, despatched him with all speed, and thought themselves too happy in being able to carry his skin to Amsterdam.

Barentz now proceeded, and even reached latitude $77\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, which is higher than the northern extremity of Nova Zembla; but the sea here presented a solid sheet of ice, extending as far as the eye could reach. He returned there-

fore to the coast, and endeavoured to double its northern point. Here they fell in with the Orange Islands, on which they descried two hundred walrusses lying on the sand, and basking themselves in the sun. Imagining these creatures to be formidable only in the watery element, they determined on attack, but they had ill calculated the prowess with which they had to contend. Not only were they completely beaten off, but all the sabres, pikes, and hatchets, used in the assault, were broken to pieces. The only trophy carried away was a single tooth which had been broken off in the fury of the com-

bat. The sailors were so cruelly mortified by this discomfiture, that they determined to bring up cannon, and open a battery against their amphibious antagonists, but the rolling of the sea rendered it impossible to execute this manœuvre.

Barentz had now endured several heavy storms, in one of which the boat had gone to pieces. The ice was increasing; the vessel had suffered considerably, and even the crew shewed an indisposition to proceed farther. In these circumstances, there appeared to him no alternative but to commence his return home.

LETTER FROM JAMES HOWEL TO BEN JONSON.

THE following curious letter was written by the celebrated James Howel to Ben Jonson, as a suggestion for the plot of a play to be written by the latter:

Father BEN,

Being lately in France, and returning in a coach from Paris to Rouen, I lighted upon the society of a learned gentleman, who related unto me a choice story, whereof peradventure you may make some use in your way.

Some hundred and odd years since, there was in France one Captain Coucy, a gallant gentleman of an ancient extraction, and keeper of Coucy castle, which is yet standing, and in good repair. He fell in love with a young gentleman, and courted her for his wife: there was reciprocal love between them, but her parents understanding of it, by way of prevention they shuffled up a forced match between her and one Mon-

sieur Faiel, who was a great heir: Captain Coucy hereupon quitted France in discontent, and went to the wars in Hungary against the Turks, where he received a mortal wound not far from Buda. Being carried to his lodging, he languished some days, but a little before his death, he spoke to an ancient servant of his, that he had many proofs of his fidelity and truth, but now he had a great business to intrust him with, which he conjured him by all means to do; which was, that after his death, he should get his body to be opened, and then to take his heart out of his breast, and put it in an earthen pot to be baked to powder, then to put the powder into a handsome box, with that bracelet of hair he had worn long about his left wrist, which was a lock of Madame Faiel's hair, and put it amongst the powder, together with a little note he had written with

his own blood to her; and after he had given him the rites of burial, to make all the speed he could to France, and deliver the said box to Madame Faiel. The old servant did as his master had commanded him, and so went to France, and coming one day to Monsieur Faiel's house, he suddenly met with one of his servants, who examined him, because he knew he was Captain Coucy's servant, and finding him timorous, he searched him, and found the said box in his pocket, with the note which expressed what was therein: he dismissed the bearer, with menaces that he should come no more near his house. Going in, Monsieur Faiel sent for his cook, and delivered him the powder, charging him to make a little well seasoned dish of it, without losing a jot of it, for it was a very costly thing; and commanded him to bring it in himself after the last course at supper. The cook bringing in the dish accordingly, Monsieur Faiel commanded all to quit the room, and began a very serious discourse with his wife: however, since he had married her, he observed she was always melancholy, and he feared she was inclining to a consumption; therefore he had provided for her a very precious cordial, which he

was well assured would cure her: thereupon he made her eat up the whole dish; and after much importuning him to know what it was, he told her at last she had eaten Coucy's heart, and so drew the box out of his pocket, and shewed her the note and bracelet. In a sudden exultation of joy, she, with a far-fetched sigh, said, "This is precious indeed!" and licked the dish, saying, "It is so precious that 'tis a pity to put ever any meat upon it." So she went to bed, and in the morning she was found stone dead.

This gentleman told me that this sad story is painted in Coucy castle, and remains fresh to this day.

In my opinion, which vails to yours, this is choice and rich stuff for you to put upon your loom, and make a curious web of.

I thank you for the last *regal* you gave me at your *museum*, and for the good company. I heard you censured lately at court, that you have lighted too foul upon St. Inigo, and that you write with a porcupine's quill dipped in too much gall. Excuse me that I am so free with you; it is because I am in no common way of friendship yours,

J. H.

WESTMIN. 3d May.

SPANISH LITERATURE.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

OUR most admired poets, and our best prose-writers, have, almost without exception, dealt out their panegyrics with no sparing hand upon the Italian writers. Tasso, Pëtrarch, Dante, Ariosto, and many others, have justly been ad- mired; but how seldom do we hear the names of Lope de Vega, of Cervantes, Castillejo, Villegas, or Quevedo mentioned! It is not that they do not deserve praise that the Spanish poets have met with this cold neglect; it is not that

their minds are wanting in that depth of thought, in that poetic fire, that wit and fancy, which so eminently characterize their Italian neighbours; but as there is a fashion in a lady's head-dress, so there is a fashion in literature, and all must bow to that overbearing power. The time may arrive when the Italians shall be thrown as much into the shade as the Spaniards now are; but I am only anxious that each should receive their due share of praise, and that real merit may not go unrewarded. The French critics have been much the most severe upon the Spanish authors, and one of them has gone so far as to declare, that "the Spaniards have but one book, and that book shews the ridicule of all the others." I shall not venture to dispute the point with so learned a critic, who no doubt had qualified himself for making such an observation by reading (as he must have done) at least the principal works in the Spanish language. The calumny may perhaps be more properly answered by silence. I hope and believe that there are very few in this country, who have any knowledge of Spanish literature, who would second such an observation. Voltaire has been more merciful in his criticism, although he has in some instances been unnecessarily, because unwarrantably, severe. He has, however, done justice to that splendid genius of his age, Lope de Vega, to whom the lines of our poet may be fairly applied:

To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author's merit, but his own.

Boileau has ridiculed Lope de

who for the standard of the anti-
the in truth of the dramatic com-
positions, and in their Portuguese ob-

de l'Espagne, et de la France, dans les Pyrénées,
Sur le sommet au jour uniforme des années.
Là se jouent le héros d'un spectacle grandiose,
Enfant au premier acte, est barbon au dernier.

This deviation, which the French considered a high crime, has been admitted by Lope de Vega to have been intentional; and regardless of the clamours of the snarling cur barking at his heels, he has dared to say,

I lock up every rule before I write,
Plautus and Terence drive from out my sight,
Last page should teach these injured wits to
join,
And their dumb books cry shame on works
like mine.

To vulgar standards then I square my play,
Writing at once, because the public pay,
'Tis just, if I am led by their compass steer,
And write, because that they love to hear.

It is, therefore, high time to fulfil the promise I have given of noticing the principal Spanish writers who flourished in the 16th century. Difficult as the task may be, and presumptuous as I may be considered for having undertaken it, yet with the knowledge that so few have trodden the path before me, I may perhaps be excused for making the attempt. The first promoters of the brilliant revolution in Spanish literature were Juan Boscan, Garcilaso de la Vega, Don Diego de Mendoza, Gutierrez de Cetina, and Don Luis de Haro. These were succeeded by Francisco Saa de Miranda, Pedro de Padilla, Gregorio Hernandez de Velasco, and others, who adorned the language by the introduction of the Italian rhyme, by lively invention, gracefulness of style, purity of diction, and dignity of sentiment.

Of the poets I have mentioned,

Diego de Mendoza perhaps merits the most particular notice. This illustrious personage was a poet, a soldier, and a statesman, and was successful in all his undertakings. Under Charles V. he was honoured with the most distinguished offices, and filled the exalted station of *commandeur* of the order of Alcantara: he was also counsellor of state to the emperor, and even his ambassador at Venice and at Rome. His long residence in Italy, added to his natural genius, gave him every opportunity of improvement, and he was justly esteemed the most accomplished courtier of his time. While yet a student at Salamanca, he wrote that little piece called "The Life of Lazarillo de Tormes," which has gained so much celebrity, and which every day graces the stalls of old book-shops. His poems were published at Madrid after his death, and his fine library bequeathed to Philip II. It now serves as one of the principal ornaments of the Escorial.

Gacilaso de la Vega, styled by Luzan the prince of Spanish poets, brought the poetry of Spain to its highest perfection. He was a knight of the order of Alcantara, and was mortally wounded at the storming of Frejus, fighting gallantly under the banners of Charles V. The national pride of Don Christoval de Castillejo endeavoured to oppose the introduction of the Italian metre into Spain, and in a poem entitled "Petrarquistas," he introduces Juan de Mena, George Manrique, Garci Sanchez, Cartagena, and Torres Naharro, as followers of the Spanish metre, in opposition to Boscan, Gacila-

so, Luis de Haro, and Mendoza, and accuses the latter of having written verses with *leaden feet*. In a series of *sonetos*, Castillejo ridicules with some spirit the poetry of Boscan and his successors, but they had not the effect desired; and notwithstanding his exertions, the Italian metre was approved of, and adopted.

The merits of Fernando de Herrera, who was termed "the divine," must not be forgotten. The fire and energy of his verse were, however, surpassed by Don Estevan de Villegas, who enriched his language with all the graces of Latin sapphics, hexameters, and pentameters. He translated Boethius in a manner equal to his great reputation, and his poems were published under the title of "Eroticas."

About this period, pastorals were in peculiar favour with the public. The "Diana" of Montemayor was much esteemed, and set the fashion for this kind of writing. This work, while among its contemporaries it continued to preserve the interest of truth, when disguised in the pastoral mask, shewed the merit of a quick invention, and may be compared for elegance of style to the *Arcadia* of Sir P. Sydney, without detracting from the merit of that chief favourite of the Muses. The work possesses, however, some faults, which have been pointed out by Cervantes in his criticism. It is adorned with some pretty couplets, and the episode upon Moro Abusdarraez will cover many minor blemishes. Gil Polo, one of his successors, approached very near to his reputation. Although his imagination of Gil Polo is less

vivid, and his style less natural, yet he displays more ease and facility of versification, and his "*Diana Inamorata*" may be considered upon the whole at least equal to its model. Brunet thought it superior, but many have since disputed his opinion. A pretty thought is contained in these four lines, which I have extracted from his "*Diana Inamorata*:"

"Porque toma tal vengança,
De vosotras el amor,
Que entonces os dá dolor
Quando os falta la esperanza!"

These have been prettily rendered into English by Lord Strangford, the translator of the minor poems of Luis de Camoens; and he, at the same time, observes upon the similarity of sentiment in one of Camoens' canzons:

Thy pride of charms shall all decay,
And thou shalt then its forfeit pay,
And vainly weep thy former scorn,
Thy thousand lovers' slighted pray'rs;
And grief shall in thy heart be born
When love is dead in theirs!

The great Camoens himself wrote many poems in the Spanish language, and there are some of his compositions of a motley description, in which he blends two languages together, and walks, as he expresses it, "*con hum pé a Portuguesa, e outro a Castellhana*:" with one foot in Portugal, and the other in Spain.

The pastoral of Cervantes, "*La Galatea*," was almost the first work he published. It was first printed in Madrid in 1584. It is acknowledged to be composed with more force of imagination, and with more beauty of style, than the pastorals of either Montemayor or Gil Polo; but it is filled with verses of an inferior kind, and the principal action is lost in the confusion of

minor incidents, which have no relation to the subject. The "*Galatea*" was dedicated to the Duke of Bejar, but the result was very different from Cervantes' expectations. The duke, instigated by a priest, whose authority was respected in the family, withdrew his hand from the favour he was about to dispense. Cervantes afterwards repaid the obligation, and in the character of the ecclesiastic with whom Don Quixote disputes, paints in lively colours the true disposition of the priest. Between the first and the second parts of Don Quixote, Cervantes brought under public view his novels, and his "*Viage al Parnasso*." The novels were well received at the time of publication, but now two or three are only esteemed. The preference ought perhaps to be given to "*Rinconete*," and the "*Dialogo de los Perros*." In these two breathes the spirit of the author of Don Quixote, but in the rest it is sought for in vain. The language indeed of all is elegant and pure, and the invention of some sufficiently happy; but the soul of such compositions consists in the delineation of character and of passions, and it is precisely this in which the majority of these novels are deficient. The "*Viage al Parnasso*" is a composition of a very different nature. The author here has attempted, by an allegory, to do himself that justice which the age had denied him. Imagining the mount of Parnassus to be assaulted by bad poets, he supposed that Mercury came to its rescue, and demanded assistance from the good poets of Spain. The author supposes himself the

guide to the messenger of the gods to select the good from the bad poets; he makes himself of course one of the chosen, and performs a principal part in the expedition. The work as a whole is not esteemed, and it tends to shew the incapacity of Cervantes for such an undertaking. A dialogue in prose, called the "Adjunta al Parnasso," which is subjoined, is read with much more pleasure. At the close of his life, Cervantes had several unfinished pieces, the "Semanas del Jardin," the "Bernado," the second part of the "Galatea," and the "Trabajos de Persiles." Of all these, the last only has met the public eye. The model of Cervantes for this latter composition was Heliodorus, and he has poured forth all the richness of his fancy, and displayed the brilliancy of his imagination, in recounting the most extraordinary adventures. He was so satisfied with this work, that he said openly in the court of Lemos, that the book was the best of its kind. This indeed was an extraordinary preference, but writers, like parents, are always fondest of their youngest children. "Persiles" is deficient in the first requisite, considering it as an imitation, viz. resemblance. It wants unity, and is destroyed by the introduction of intruding and unequal episodes. It is also deficient in that which is a universal requisite in such compositions—a moral. Notwithstanding its defects, the novelty and interest of the work, the beauty of style, and the wit of narration, will always find it admirers. The dedication, however, has always been considered an inestimable monument, and Cervantes has there dis-

played the light and grandeur of his soul. He was at the time on the brink of the grave, and wrote it almost at the instant of death. Cervantes may be looked upon as a brilliant star in the hemisphere of Spanish literature; and not the least of his merits was, that while suffering under the iron grasp of poverty, the nobleness of his soul bore him triumphantly through all his difficulties, and while despised by his superiors in riches, the power of his mind compelled them to acknowledge the inefficacy of their contemptible efforts to degrade him in the eyes of the public.

Many other poets besides those I have mentioned, supported the spirit of the golden age. Vicente Espinel, Luis de Ulloa, Pedro de Espinosa, Francisco Quevedo, Juan de Jaurequi, Solis, Alonzo d'Ercilla, like falling leaves, announced the long winter that was to follow. Of these, the name of Quevedo is well known. His genius is such, that the persecutions he suffered were not sufficient to damp his bold masculine spirit, or the keenness of his satire. As a poet, he excelled both in the serious and burlesque, and was singularly happy in that turn of mind for which Butler and Swift are so justly admired. With respect to Alonzo d'Ercilla, the epic poem "L'Araucana," the only one which he composed, is neither read, nor even the title remembered. Voltaire, in his criticism upon it, observes, that, "without doubt, there is plenty of fire in the description of the battles, but the poem has no invention, no plan; it is without variety in the descriptions, and without unity in the design." The

poem, consists of thirty-six long stanzas, and Voltaire justly remarks: "*On peut supposer avec raison qu'un auteur qui ne sait, ou qui ne peut s'arrêter, n'est pas propre à fournir une telle carrière.*"

It will be observed, that I have not here noticed any theatrical productions of the Spanish poets of this age. This may properly be reserved for a separate article.

SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER XXIII. (*concluded.*)

MR. CUSTOMHOUSE-OFFICER at length returned, quite distracted, as he said, with the wild doings of the crew of the tartane, and his head swimming with the first experiment which his feet had ever made on shipboard. His well-known voice instantly roused the two girls. Rubbing their eyes, they tottered towards him, and inquired whether their beds in the vessel were ready for them. "Yes, yes," replied he, "every thing except sleep, which I heartily wish you."—"Oh!" cried one of them, stretching and yawning, "we shall sleep to night without rocking."—"Without rocking?" replied he sarcastically, "we shall see that by and by—only come along!"

I gave my arm to the elder sister, and the younger took that of her growling uncle. A couple of touches lighted us on our way. We proceeded, each lost in silent meditation, through several streets to the harbour; for though I would gladly have given the girl an extract from the sermon which she missed by falling asleep, still I was afraid of disturbing her in a slumber which, to judge from the deep sighs she heaved, was likely to be more beneficial to her, than the warning of so new an acquaintance, who had not even operated

upon her consciousness in the innocent affair of the silken tassel.

A boat manned with jolly rowers was waiting for the company at the water's edge. The grand and novel spectacle which here burst upon their view—the boundless expanse of ocean—the glistening of its waves in the moonlight—the tones of numberless voices from the shipping, mingled with the noise from the shore—the unknown objects and sounds which here crowded upon their senses, made so strong an impression upon the poor Berlin cockneys, that they looked at me trembling, threw their arms about my neck, and wept. I was not unmoved myself, and when the dear girls begged me to accompany them to their ship, I had not the courage to refuse them. I determined to abridge myself of so much more of my night's rest as might be necessary for the purpose of recommending them, as their countryman, to the captain, and of fixing the recollection of them more strongly in my memory during their voyage, by means of a local knowledge of their floating habitation.

I had no reason to repent my compliance. Their reception on board was as respectful as if they had been princesses embarking on

a little excursion of pleasure. Instead of being stowed in a well smoked cabin as I apprehended, we were ushered into a pretty room, hung with variegated lamps, which threw their light upon a circular table spread with the choicest refreshments, and were welcomed in the most friendly manner by the captain, a man advanced in years. He surveyed the girls with a complacent smile, at the same time inquiring who I was. I gave him, in a few words, an account of our brief acquaintance, and recommended them to him as their countryman. "Be under no concern on account of the dear girls," replied he; "I am the oldest friend that their aunt has upon the island. Thirty years ago I took her on board, as I now do her nieces; and depend upon it, they shall fare no worse than she did, as I have solemnly promised the good lady. I have had time enough—you may see it pretty plainly in my face—to learn my profession. The tartane is my own. She is no crazy thing, like many that lie yonder in the harbour for repair. Here we jovially pass the day, and at night—but come along, my dears, and I will shew you where you are to sleep."

He then conducted the two sisters into a neat cabin adjoining to the state-room, containing two pretty beds, with a looking-glass, perhaps the largest they had ever seen, suspended against the wall between them. This completed their surprise. "Indeed," said they, "this is quite charming!" turning to the mirror and adjusting their hats. "Here we can tell al-
lady we shall fare well enough."

—"Yes, that you shall, if it please God: my whole ship is at your service," replied the aged seaman, with a politeness that astonished me not a little. "I have taken no other passengers," continued he; "that you might not be straitened for room." He then pressed us to sit down together to the table. A bowl of punch, which we emptied with great hilarity, prepossessed us still more in favour of the good captain, who manifested the most tender concern for the welfare of the two sisters; for when they were reaching to some fine oranges which stood before them, he declared that this was the only forbidden fruit for them upon his table—"which," he added, with kind consideration, "he would remove till they needed something cooling more than at present."

This attention of the old man to the girls could not fail to strike me, Edward. Can their beauty, thought I, have dazzled him to such a degree, that he forgets they are the nieces of a customhouse-officer, and treats them like goddesses just risen from the foam of the sea, and destined to reign over St. Domingo? or has the aunt promised him so liberal a remuneration if he delivers them safe and sound? Well, for my part, I heartily wish the orphans all possible happiness, let it proceed from what quarter soever it will.

You may easily imagine the pleasing astonishment of my *protégées* at such a reception. They sipped one glass of punch after another, and felt no sort of alarm at the many compliments which were paid them. Now and then, when the vessel moved, they seem-

ed, indeed to recollect that too much boldness is not becoming in a young female; they would then give an interesting shriek, and afterwards beg the captain's pardon with a loud laugh. You are no stranger, my dear Edward, to the affectation of women. It never quits them either by sea or land, either on the sofa or on shipboard—whether they see a spider or a whale, a pigmy or a giant. The captain was too much a man of the world to betray any doubt of the reality of their alarm. "Oh!" said he, "in the first voyage such little frights are very excusable, especially in young ladies. My two boys were not a whit better when they first embarked with me ten weeks ago. They had never been on board a ship before; for till then I had kept them at school. Now they are accustomed to the thing, and care not the least about it. Only stick fast to them when you feel at all afraid. But what has become of the fellows?"

At his call two stout handsome youths entered the room, approached the company with abundance of bows, and threatened with their ardent looks to devour the two girls. I thought there would have been no end to the obeisances of the latter, in return for those of the lads, till the captain, with a smile, ordered his sons to sit down between the young ladies.

The problem of their extraordinary reception was at once resolved; and the old mariner now appeared to me in so much the more favourable light: for it seemed to me impossible that any one could devise a more prudent and paternal plan, than, as I was tho-

roughly convinced, the captain had formed for matching his sons, with or without the knowledge of the aunt. I should like to see the girl, who, in such a situation, could avoid such suitors! Only think, Edward, cut off from the whole world and its amusements—limited to one single object of desire—every vessel of the heart enlarged by the invigorating sea air—every drop of blood propelled with increased force—the whole machine kept in constant perturbation—and the most magnificent spectacle in the world, the rising and setting sun, constantly before one's eyes—how must all these circumstances dispose the female soul to a mingled feeling of pleasure, desire, and tenderness; and in what a magic light must the youth appear, who, solely engaged in watching over her safety and repose, announces with a fearless smile the impending storm, clasps her, when it arrives, in his arms, and strains her to his heart; and when the uproar of the elements has ceased, kisses with glistening eyes her trembling hand! What soft emotions must such scenes, produced by Nature herself, awaken in the female bosom; and in comparison with these situations, how paltry do those appear which occur in the romances of real life that are daily passing before our eyes! Conceive the bliss of the moment, when a youthful pair, after such trials and preparations, at length reach the shore where love awaits them! Had I daughters to marry, I would certainly put them for a few months with their lovers on board a ship, under the conduct of a captain possessing a like knowledge of the

human heart, and consign them to the waves, if it were only to spare them that indifference and languor which, in our circles, attend one female as well as another, from the nursery to the drawing-room, and from the drawing-room to the nuptial bed.

As the young gentlemen could speak only broken German, and the two sisters could express themselves no better in French, they had recourse, with bursts of laughter, to the language of gestures, which was more than sufficient to render them mutually intelligible. The old captain observed his young passengers with evident delight, and I could perceive from his arrangements, that he was not particularly anxious about starting immediately; for one cheerful hour succeeded another, and the day began to dawn before he could resolve to break up the merry party. He then ordered his sons to repair to their post, and attend to the signal; but to the two damsels, whose heated blood deeply flushed their cheeks, he now presented the oranges, and gave each of them another to take with her into the bed-chamber. "I will not order the sails to be unfurled," said he, "till you are fast asleep, and before you wake, I hope to be fifty miles from Marseilles."

It was no wonder that the event of the last twelve hours appeared to the poor girls like a fairy tale. On taking leave of me, they expressed their joy that I had witnessed their reception, and they wrote down the names of some of their female friends in Berlin, requesting me to inform them of it on my return. I promised to com-

ply with their request, and I fully intend to do so, whatever pains it may cost me to find them out in the obscure streets in which they doubtless reside.

The uncle seemed also to have had quite sufficient when the punch was finished, and staggered to his birth, which the captain shewed him, at the other end of the room, opposite to his nieces. I shook him and the honest captain heartily by the hand, descended into my boat, and soon pacified the men, who began to grumble at my long stay on board, with the promise of a triple fare if they carried me in safety to the shore.

It was too late to think of bed or sleep; I therefore resolved to watch the departure of the vessel in one of the numerous coffee-booths which surround the harbour. Whilst seated, with my eyes fixed on the tartane, and with a plate of oranges before me, which, according to the captain's recipe, I ate one after another to cool my blood, I contrasted the everlasting conflict of the faithless elements which lay before me, with the energies of man which are exerted to conquer it, and balanced the advantages of commerce against its pernicious effects upon morals, our peace, and our health; my memory gratified me by calling to mind the beautiful ode addressed by Horace to the vessel which conveyed his friend Virgil to Athens. This sublime model urged my imagination to attempt to follow his flight, though at humble distance; and though I could not exactly call my countryman and his nieces *animæ dimidium meæ* — half of my soul — yet my Muse once more turned with plea-

sure towards them, during the few moments till the wind should waft them from me, probably for ever.

I had just finished my farewell ode, when I observed the ship getting under weigh. The dear girls are now asleep, thought I. Heaven protect them! With a throbbing heart, I walked out upon the beach, and sent my good wishes after the vessel, which quitted the harbour with swelling sails, and flew along tinged with the first golden rays of the morning sun.

My animal powers were exhausted as well as my poetical. The seeds of slumber, which I had so abundantly sown, began to vegetate, and I was glad to reach the Holy Ghost, where, in my bed, I soon brought them to maturity.

Thus terminated the first half day of my residence at Marseilles, of which, from a stronger impulse of self-content than I have long felt, I have given you this account, as an evident and I trust convincing proof of my amendment.

Jan. 10.

The noontide sun had some difficulty to waken me. When I opened my eyes, I was obliged to ask myself several times where I was, and whither I was going, before I could clearly comprehend the matter. The first thing that met my view was a draft on Mr. Frege, son of the celebrated banker of that name of Leipzig. I found in him a truly polite and accomplished man. His German gave me, if possible, greater pleasure than that with which I was yesterday so agreeably surprised at the *table-d'hôte*; for he paid me money, and invited me to dinner tomorrow. This day has afforded nothing for my journal. No Berlin girls made their appearance, often as I looked round for them with a wistful eye; and among the whole company with whom I dined, there was not one face upon which I could dwell: perhaps I was all the better for it, since I could the more quietly enjoy that repose which I much needed after such a night as I had passed.

ORIGIN OF BALLOONS.

A DESIRE to fly has prevailed in all ages, and most children have a wish to imitate birds. Roger Bacon, born in Ilchester in Somersetshire, in the beginning of the 13th century, was the first that is known to have conceived the idea of rising in the air, supported by exhausted balls of thin copper. He was ignorant of the existence of light air endowed with as great an elastic force as common air, and therefore, though his example of light balls was the same as that on

which balloons are now made, it was impracticable. But we find that Dr. Black of Edinburgh is the first person who is known to have suggested the possibility of inclosing inflammable air, so as to render it capable of raising a vessel into the atmosphere, which was done in his lectures in 1767 and 1768; and Mr. Cavallo in 1782 first made experiments on the subject, but he was unable to retain the air in any material light enough for the purpose, except a thick solution of

soap, which the practice of children had shewn, would ascend even with respired air rarefied by heat. In the same year, Stephen and John Montgolfier, paper-manufacturers, of Annoney, about ten leagues from Lyons, filled a silken bag rarefied by burning paper, which rose first in a room, and afterwards to the height of 70 feet in the open air. Several repetitions of the experiment were made in the ensuing year; and finally, dry straw and chopped wool were consumed instead of paper. One of their balloons, about 13 feet in diameter, rose to the height of 3000 feet in two minutes.

At length, on the 15th Oct. 1783, M. Pilatre de Roziere rose from the garden of the fauxbourg St. Antoine at Paris, in a wicker gallery about 3 feet broad, attached to an oval balloon of 74 feet by 48, which had been made by Montgolfier, and which also carried up a brazier, or grate, for the purpose of continuing at pleasure the inflation of the balloon by a fire of straw and wool. The weight of this machine was 1600 pounds. On that day it was permitted to rise no higher than 84 feet, but on the 19th, when M. Giraud de Villette ascended with him, they rose

to the height of 332 feet, being prevented from further ascent only by the ropes. In November of the same year, M. P. de Roziere, and the Marquis d'Arlanzes first trusted a balloon to the elements, who, after rising to the height of 3000 feet, descended about five miles from the place of their ascent.

About the same time Count Zambeccari sent up from the Artillery-ground in London, a small gilt balloon, filled with inflammable air, which in two hours and a half reached a spot near Pctworth in Sussex, and would not then have fallen had it not burst. The discovery was now nearly as complete as in its present state. Inflammable air produced by iron filings and vitriolic acid was soon used in the inflation of larger balloons, and by one of 27½ feet in diameter. M. Charles and M. Roberts rose in December from the garden of the Thuilleries in Paris, and in an hour and a half descended 27 miles from that city. In this voyage the thermometer fell from 47 to 31, from which *datum* the balloon was supposed to have reached the height of 3500 feet. Subsequent experiments may rather be enumerated than described.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF A PERSON BEING TRIED FOR MURDER ON THE PRETENDED INFORMATION OF A GHOST.

A FARMER, on his return from the market at Southam in the county of Warwick, was murdered. A man went next morning to his wife, and inquired if her husband came home the evening before: she replied no, and that she was under

the utmost anxiety and terror on that account. "Your terror," said he, "cannot equal mine; for last night as I lay in bed quite awake, the apparition of your husband appeared to me, shewed me several ghastly stabs in his body; told me

he had been murdered by such a person, and his carcase thrown into such a marl-pit."

The alarm was given, the pit searched, the body found, and the wounds answered the description of them. The man whom the ghost had accused was apprehended, and committed on a violent suspicion of murder. His trial came on at Warwick before the Lord Chief Justice Raymond, when the jury would have convicted as rashly as the justice of the peace had committed him, had not the judge checked them. He addressed himself to them in words to this effect: "I think, gentlemen, you seem inclined to lay more stress on the evidence of an apparition than it will bear. I cannot say that I give much credit to these kinds of stories; but, be that as it will, we have no right to follow our own private opinions here: we are now in a court of law, and must determine according to it; and I know not of any law now in being which will admit of the testimony of an apparition; nor yet if it did, doth the ghost appear to give evidence. Crier," said he, "call the ghost;" which was thrice

done to no manner of purpose! "Gentlemen of the jury," continued the judge, "the prisoner at the bar, as you have heard by undeniable witnesses, is a man of a most unblemished character; nor hath it appeared in the course of the examination, that there was any manner of quarrel or grudge between him and the party deceased. I do verily believe him to be perfectly innocent, and as there is no evidence against him, either positive or circumstantial, he must be acquitted. But from many circumstances which have arisen during the trial, I do strongly suspect that the gentleman who saw the apparition was himself the murderer; in which case he might easily ascertain the pit, the stabs, &c. without any supernatural assistance; and on such suspicion, I shall think myself justified in committing him to close custody till the matter can be further inquired into." This was immediately done, and the warrant granted for searching his house, when such strong proofs of guilt appeared against him, that he confessed the murder, and was executed at the next assizes.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MANTACCINI, THE FAMOUS CHARLATAN OF PARIS.

A YOUNG man of good family, having in a few years squandered a large estate, and reduced himself to absolute want, felt that he must exercise his ingenuity or starve. In this state of mind he cast his eyes round the various devices which save from indigence, and are most favoured by Fortune. He soon perceived that *charlatanism*

was that on which this blind benefactress lavished her favours with most pleasure and in the greatest abundance. An adroit and loquacious domestic was the only remaining article of all his former grandeur; he dressed him up in a gold-laced livery, mounted a splendid chariot, and started on the town under the name, style; and

title of "the celebrated Dr. Mantaccini, who cures all diseases with a simple touch or a single look." This precious art was possessed by too many of his brethren to draw after him the whole town; he therefore undertook a country excursion, and modestly announced himself at Lyons as the "celebrated Dr. Mantaccini, who revives the dead at will." To remove all doubt, he declared that in fifteen days he would go to the common church-yard, and restore to life its inhabitants, though buried for ten years.

This declaration excited a general rumour, and violent murmurs against the doctor, who, not in the least disconcerted, applied to the magistrate, and requested that he might be put under a guard to prevent his escape, until he should perform his undertaking. The proposition inspired the greatest confidence, and the whole city came to consult Dr. Mantaccini, and purchase his *baume de vie*. His consultations, always well paid, were so numerous, that he had scarcely time to eat and drink. At length the famous day approached, and the doctor's valet, fearing for his shoulders, began to shew signs of uneasiness. "You know nothing of mankind," said the doctor to him; "be quiet." Scarcely had he spoken these words, when the following letter was presented to him from a rich citizen:

"The great operation, doctor, which you are going to perform, has broken my rest. I have a wife buried for some time, who was a fury, and I am unhappy enough already without her resurrection. In the name of Heaven, do not

make the experiment. I will give fifty louis to keep your secret to yourself."

In an instant after, two dashing *beaux* arrived, who, with the most earnest supplications, entreated him not to revive their old father, formerly the greatest miser in the city, as, in such an event, they would be reduced to the most deplorable indigence. They offered him a fee of sixty louis, but the doctor shook his head in doubtful compliance.

Scarcely had they retired when a young widow, on the eve of matrimony, threw herself at the feet of the doctor, and, with sobs and sighs, implored his mercy: in short, from morn till night, the doctor received letters, visits, presents, fees, to an excess that absolutely overwhelmed him. The minds of the citizens were so differently and violently agitated, some by fear, and others by curiosity, that the chief magistrate of the city waited upon the doctor, and said, "Sir, I have not the least doubt, from my experience, of your rare talents, that you will be able to accomplish the resurrection in our church-yard the day after to-morrow, according to your promise; but I pray you to observe, that our city is in the utmost uproar and confusion, and to consider the dreadful revolution the success of your experiment must produce in every family. I entreat you therefore not to attempt it, but to go away, and thus restore the tranquillity of the city. In justice, however, to your rare and divine talents, I shall give you an attestation in due form under our seal."

that you can *revive* the dead, and that it was our own fault we were not eye-witnesses of your power."

This certificate was duly signed and delivered, and Dr. Mantaccini went to work new miracles in some other city. In a short time he returned to Paris loaded with

gold, where he laughed at popular credulity, and spent immense sums in luxury and extravagance. A lady, who was a downright *Marlitan* in love, assisted in reducing him to want, but he set out again on a provincial tour, and returned with a new fortune.

MY OWN CHOICE AND MY MOTHER'S:

A TALE, related in a Letter to a Friend.

(Continued from p. 224.)

I WILL not attempt to paint the sufferings I endured during three years which followed the birth of my daughter. Alas! it is only the wretch whom fate in its wrath has united to a professed gamester, that can conceive what the wife of such a man must suffer. Obligated, in order to keep up appearances, to have recourse to the most degrading expedients, what language can speak the misery which a sensitive mind endures, from the reproaches of tradespeople, the insolence of domestics, and, above all, from the uncertainty whether the very bread you eat is not obtained by promises of payment which you may never have the power to keep!

During this time a ray of hope beamed upon me for a moment, but it as quickly disappeared. Mrs. Fermor married; for some days afterwards Dorrillon behaved with a degree of savage ill-humour, which even exceeded all he had till then shewn: whether the patience with which I bore it operated in my favour, or whether conscience at length awoke, I know not, but for nearly a month he treated me with kindness and affection. His love of play was, how-

ever, too strong for his good resolutions, and I soon found myself as much deserted as I had been before.

One morning he returned home, after a night's absence, with a countenance so full of horror, that I had scarcely courage to inquire what had happened. Instead of answering, he burst into tears, and catching me in his arms, exclaimed, "Oh! Isabella, dear lost girl, why did you throw yourself away on a wretch like me?"—"Do not talk thus, my dear Dorrillon," replied I: "be but just to yourself, overcome one destructive habit, and we shall yet be happy."—"Happy!" exclaimed he wildly; "you, Isabella, happy in beggary with such a guilty wretch as I am! Oh! no, no! if you knew all, you would not talk of happiness."

These words redoubled my terrors: with much difficulty I drew from him an explanation of them. I had never seen Probit since my marriage; immediately on that event he went to reside in Scotland, from whence he had recently returned. He was induced to revisit London by the accounts which he heard of the disordered state of Dorrillon's affairs; his generous

heart could not bear to think of a woman whom he had once loved pining in poverty, and he came to try whether any means could be used to save the deluded Dorrillon from the effects of his rash folly. He was speedily informed of the haunts of my unhappy husband; he repaired to one of them, and soon saw him engaged in play with a professed sharper. Though Dorrillon was more than half intoxicated, yet he regarded his antagonist's play with a jealous eye, and seemed, as Probit thought, on the watch to detect him in some unfair practice. Probit, who stood near the bottom of the table, was in an agony of apprehension at the bitter sarcasms which Dorrillon every moment threw out. At length matters appeared to be coming to a crisis; Probit saw, from the behaviour of Dorrillon, that in a few moments more a challenge must inevitably be given. Dorrillon's antagonist was a noted duellist, and Probit was sensible, that, in the event of their fighting, my poor husband's chance for life would be small indeed. One only means occurred to Probit to prevent this dreaded *rencontre*, and that was by taking the matter into his own hands. He found no difficulty in directing the rising wrath of the sharper, whose name was Crawford, from Dorrillon to himself, and when Crawford indignantly demanded satisfaction for the insult offered to him, he agreed to give it within two hours. He begged of Dorrillon to accompany him to his lodgings, and to remain with him till after the *rencontre* had taken place; which the other, unsuspecting of his real motive, rea-

dily agreed to do. They met at the appointed time: Probit insisted upon his antagonist's taking the first fire: the ball lodged in his side; he fell, begging of Crawford to fly, and was carried to the nearest house. A surgeon was immediately sent for, who gave little hope of his recovery. Probit said it was what he had expected, and desired every one but Dorrillon to leave the room. The latter, now completely sobered by the fatal consequences of the *rencontre*, listened with equal horror and contrition to the detail which Probit gave of the motives that had caused it. "You cannot, Mr. Dorrillon," cried that generous being, "suppose, that at such a moment as this I would deceive you; believe me then, when I assure you on my sacred honour, that no unworthy thought has ever mingled with the tenderness I feel for your angelic wife; use then without scruple the bequest which I have made to her; but afford me, while I am yet capable of receiving it; the satisfaction of renouncing forever that destructive pursuit to which your misery and my death are owing."

Dorrillon instantly gave the required oath. Probit wished him to conceal all that had passed from me, but my poor husband had, with all his faults, too much generosity of spirit to hide the sacrifice Probit made for my happiness. Ah! how bitterly did his generous conduct wring my heart! How deeply did I at that moment regret that I had not followed the advice of my sainted mother!

As soon as Dorrillon saw me a little composed, he hastened back

to our generous friend; nor did he during the following week leave him for more than a few moments at a time. Heaven only knows with what anxiety I expected the accounts which my husband sent me several times every day of his situation: during the week, he continued to hover between life and death, but at the end of it, contrary to the expectation of his medical attendants, his wound took a favourable turn, and after several weeks of severe suffering, he was pronounced out of danger.

I cannot paint our first interview. I strove hard to assume an appearance of calmness, but the sight of his altered and faded form nearly overcame my fortitude: nor was he less affected from a similar cause, for in the poor, pallid, emaciated being before him, he could hardly recognise the Isabella, who, a few years before, was the idol of his generous heart.

As soon as he was completely convalescent, he hastened to put into execution a plan which he formed for my future comfort: he presented me with a small but beautiful estate in the west of England, and knowing that I had long since resigned the settlement Dorrillon made upon me at my marriage, he took care that it should not be in my power to alienate this property. He would have made his gift more valuable, but my pride and sensibility alike revolted from the acceptance of more than a decent competence; nor would I, but for Dorrillon's sake, have accepted even that.

We set out for our new habitation; but, alas! Dorrillon carried

with him feelings which ill accorded with the tranquillity of the lovely scene around us. He had been too long accustomed to vicious and sensual gratifications, to feel any relish for those simple pleasures within the reach of our income. I soon saw with more sorrow than surprise, that he became a victim to *ennui*. In vain did I endeavour to procure him every amusement within my reach, he regarded all my efforts with sullen indifference; sometimes, for days together, he avoided my society, and if by chance I or my child intruded upon him at these times, there was a gloominess, and even ferocity, in his manner, which often alarmed me for his reason.

Some months passed in this way, when one day Dorrillon went out early in the morning, and did not return at night: it was the first time he had been a night absent from home since our removal to the country, and I was almost distracted with apprehension, when not only the night, but nearly the whole of the next day, passed without my receiving any intelligence from him. At length, on the evening of the second day, a messenger brought me the following note:

"I leave you, Isabella, in mercy to you and to myself; I leave you for ever. I can no longer support the miserable existence to which my own follies have reduced me, and I know that feelings which I can neither repress nor disguise, cause me every moment to embitter your life. Farewell then, Isabella, for ever! You will hear of me no more, except in the event of my death: should that take place

before yours, I will take means to let you know that the tie which has caused all your misery is dissolved. Forget me, Isabella! I was always unworthy of you; forget me then, or think of me only with that abhorrence which my conduct deserves. I know that you will not make me detested by our child; you are too good, too gentle, to reveal to her my misfortunes and my shame. Farewell, Isabella! farewell for ever!"

Alas! it was indeed an eternal farewell; vainly did I try to trace the steps of the misguided wanderer. Probit respected my situation too much to intrude upon my retirement, but he exerted himself to the utmost to discover the retreat of Dorrillon; but two years passed without his obtaining any intelligence of it; in the beginning of the third, an account reached him from Italy that Dorrillon was no more. I must draw a veil over the catastrophe of his unfortunate and guilty life; suffice it to say, he met his fate from the dagger of an assassin, which the vengeance of an injured husband had caused to be raised against him.

This latter circumstance Probit would in mercy have concealed from me, but the imprudence of the person who brought the intelligence to England revealed it. My already lacerated heart could ill bear this heavy blow, and I be-

lieve I should have sunk under it but for my child.*

Probit, the faithful, the generous Probit, suffered a year to elapse before he presented himself to me; he sent me at the end of that period a letter, which my unfortunate Dorrillon had caused to be written in his last moments. In this letter he earnestly conjured me by all the love I once had for him, to give myself a protector, and my child a father, in Probit. I could not refuse a request so made, though I thought that love was for ever extinct in my heart. I owned this to Probit, who gladly accepted my hand on the terms I proffered it, of friendship and esteem. We were united, and a short period only elapsed before I was convinced of my mistake in thinking I could not love again: it is true, my present feelings are different from my former ones, but my happiness is as great as even my youthful imagination had pictured. Heaven has, as you know, blessed me with two children, and even a mother's anxious eye cannot discover that they are dearer to their father, than my daughter by my former marriage. Ten happy years have passed since I became the wife of Probit, and each day, while it draws my husband nearer to my heart, gives me additional reason to bless the hour that united me to my mother's choice.

POEMS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

EDITOR,

RESPECTING the quotations I am now about to supply, I beg to refer your readers to the preface I

made to the extracts in your last Number from the Poems of Lady M. W. Montagu, which are very little known, and sometimes con-

founded with the productions of Pope and Gay. *

This last remark applies particularly to the "Town Eclogues." The author of the New Biographical Dictionary seems to have fallen into an error upon this subject when he says, that a satire upon Pope in them contributed to the animosity between "the little crooked mark of interrogation" and Lady Mary. The fact cannot be so, for there is no satire upon Pope in the "Town Eclogues;" and what is more is, that Pope himself wrote one of them, and as some of his critics contend, two, viz. "The Basset-table" and "The Drawing-room." "The Toilet," on the same authority, is given to Gay, and I am not about here to dispute the justice of the claims of either.

By the admission of all parties, three out of six of these "Town Eclogues" are the property of Lady Mary, and I am far from thinking that they are the worst of the set. There is this, however, to be said of the Eclogues by Lady Mary, for Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday, but especially of the two first, that they are not written with so much delicacy or regard for decorum, as those for Monday, Thursday, and Friday, the productions of men. In the specimens I shall furnish from these neglected productions, your readers need, however, be under no apprehensions that I shall offend their eyes by unseemly quotations: I shall carefully shun every thing of the kind. In the Eclogue for Saturday, as I have already indeed remarked, there is little or nothing objectionable. I shall begin with it, and it will be allowed to be no insignifi-

cant specimen of the talents of the authoress.

SATURDAY.

The Small-Pox.

FLAVIA.

The wretched Flavia on her couch reclin'd,
Thus breath'd the anguish of a wounded mind;
A glass revers'd in her right hand she bore,
For now she shun'd the face she sought before:
"How am I chang'd! alas! how am I grown
A frightful spectre, to myself unknown!
Where's my complexion? where my radiant
bloom,

'That promis'd happiness for years to come?
'Then with what pleasure I this face survey'd!
'To look once more, my visits oft delay'd:
Charm'd with the view, a fresher red would
rise,

And a new life shot sparkling from my eyes!

"Ah! faithless glass, my wonted bloom
restore;

Alas! I rave, that bloom is now no more!
The greatest good the gods on men bestow,
Ev'n youth itself to me is useless now.

There was a time (oh! that I could forget!)
When opera-tickets poured before my feet;
And at the ring, where brightest beauties
shine,

The earliest cherries of the spring were mine.
Witness, O Lilly, and thou Motteux, tell,
How much japan these eyes have made ye
sell,

With what contempt ye saw me oft despise
The humble offer of the raffle prize;
For at the raffle still each prize I bore,
With scorn rejected, or with triumph wore:
Now beauty's fled, and presents are no more!

"For me the patriot has the house forsook,
And left debates to catch a passing look;
For me the soldier has soft verses writ;
For me the beau has aim'd to be a wit;
For me the wit to nonsense was betray'd;
The gamester has for me his gun delay'd,
And overseen the card he would have play'd.
The bold and haughty by success made vain,
Aw'd by my eyes, have trembled to com-
plain:

The bashful 'squire, touch'd by a wish un-
known,

Has dar'd to speak with spirit not his own:
Fir'd by one wish, all did alike adore;
Now beauty's fled, and lovers are no more!

"As round the room I turn my weeping
eyes,

New unaffected scenes of sorrow rise.
Far from my sight that killing picture bear,
The face disfigure, and the canvas tear:

That picture, which with pride I us'd to
shew,
The lost resemblance but upbraids me now.
And thou, my toilet! where I oft have sate,
While hours unheeded pass'd in deep debate,
How curls should fall, or where a patch to
place;
If blue or scarlet best became my face;
Now on some happier nymph your aid be-
stow;
On fairer heads, ye useless jewels, glow!
No borrow'd lustre can my charms restore;
Beauty is fled, and dress is now no more!
"Ye meaner beauties, I permit ye shine;
Go, triumph in the hearts that once were
mine;
But 'midst your triumphs with confusion
know,
'Tis to my ruin all your arms ye owe.
Would pitying Heav'n restore my wonted
mien,
Ye still might move unthought of and unseen:
But, oh! how vain, how wretched is the boast
Of beauty faded, and of empire lost!
What now is left but weeping to deplore
My beauty fled, and empire now no more?
"Ye cruel chemists, what withheld your
aid?

Could no pomatums save a trembling maid?
How false and trifling is that art ye boast!
No art can give me back my beauty lost.
In tears, surrounded by my friends, I lay,
Mask'd o'er, and trembled at the sight of day:
Mirmillio came my fortune to deplore,
(A golden-headed cane well carv'd he bore)
Cordials, he cry'd, my spirits must restore!
Beauty is fled, and spirit is no more!

"Galen the grave, officious Squirt, were
there,
With fruitless grief and unavailing care:
Machaon too, the great Machaon, known
By his red cloak and his superior frown;
And why, he cry'd, this grief and this despair?
You shall again be well, again be fair:
Believe my oath (with that an oath he swore);
False was his oath, my beauty is no more!

"Cease, hapless maid, no more thy tale
pursue;
Forsake mankind, and bid the world adieu!
Monarchs and beauties rule with equal sway;
All strive to serve, and glory to obey:
Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow—
Men mock the idol of their former vow.

"Adieu, ye parks! in some obscure recess,
Where gentle streams will weep at my dis-
tress,
Where no false friend will in my grief take
part,
And mourn my ruin with a joyful heart;

There let me live in some deserted place,
There hide in shades this lost inglorious face.
Plays, operas, circles, I no more must view;
My toilet, patches, all the world, adieu!"

From "The Tête-à-tête" for
Wednesday I shall not make any
quotation at all, principally because
Lady Mary has not shewn there
more scrupulousness in her writ-
ing, than she displayed in her con-
duct. Dancinda is represented dis-
coursing with Strephon, her lover,
in a manner that might suit the me-
ridian of Constantinople, where
Lady Mary spent so much of her
time and lost so much of her repu-
tation, but is not precisely adapted
to colder habits and more northern
atmospheres. A short specimen
from the Eclogue for Tuesday, en-
titled "St. James's Coffee-House,"
a dialogue, will be sufficient from
this division of this versatile lady's
Poems:

TUESDAY.

St. James's Coffee-House.

SILLIANDER and PATCH.

Thou, who so many favours hast receiv'd,
Wond'rous to tell, and hard to be believ'd,
Oh! it——d, to my lays attention lend;
Hear how two lovers boastingly contend:
Like thee successful, such their bloomy
youth,
Renown'd alike for gallantry and truth.
St. James's bell had toll'd some wretches in,
(As tatter'd riding-hoods alone could sin),
The happier sinners now their charms put out,
And to their mantuas their complexions suit;
The opera queens had finish'd half their
faces,
And city dames already taken places;
Fops of all kinds to see the lion run;
The beauties stay till the first act's begun,
And beaux step home to put fresh linen on.
No well-dress'd youth in coffee-house re-
main'd,
But pensive Patch, who on the window lean'd;
And Silliander, that, alert and gay,
First pick'd his teeth, and then began to say:

SILLIANDER.

Why all these sighs, ah! why so pensive
grown?
Some cause there is why thus you sit alone.

Does hapless passion all this sorrow move?
Or dost thou envy where the ladies love?

PATCH.

If whom they love my envy must pursue,
'Tis true, at least, I never envy you.

SILLIANDER.

No, I'm unhappy—you are in the right—
'Tis you they favour, and 'tis me they slight.
Yet I could tell, but that I hate to boast,
A club of ladies where 'tis me they toast.

PATCH.

Toasting does seldom any favour prove;
Like us, they never toast the thing they love.
A certain duke one night my health begun;
With cheerful pledges round the room it
run,

'Till the young Silvia, press'd to drink it too,
Started and vow'd she knew not what to do:
What, drink a fellow's health! she dy'd
with shame;

Yet blush'd whenever she pronounc'd my
name.

SILLIANDER.

All fates pursue me, may I never find
The dice propitious, or the ladies kind,
If fair Miss Flippy's fan I did not tear,
And one from me she condescends to wear.

PATCH.

Women are always ready to receive;
'Tis then a favour when the sex will give.
A lady (but she is too great to name),
Beauteous in person, spotless in her fame,
With gentle strugglings let me force this
ring.

SILLIANDER.

I could say something—see this billet-
doux—
And as for presents, look upon my shoe—
These buckles were not forc'd, nor half a
theft,
But a young countess fondly made the gift.

PATCH.

My countess is more nice, more artful too,
Affects to fly, that I may fierce pursue:
This snuff-box which I begg'd, she still
deny'd,
And when I strove to snatch it, seem'd to
hide.

* * * * *

SILLIANDER.

See Titiana driving to the park!
Hark! let us follow, 'tis not yet too dark:
In her all beauties of the spring are seen,
Her cheeks are rosy, and her mantle green.

PATCH.

See Tintoretta to the opera goes!
Haste, or the crowd will not permit our bows:
In her the glory of the heav'us we view,
Her eyes are star-like, and her mantle blue.

Thus Patch continued his heroic strain,
While Silliander but contends in vain;
After a conquest so important gain'd,
Unrivall'd Patch in every ruelle reign'd.

I have already mentioned, that
in 1803 an edition of the works of
Lady M. W. Montagu, in five vo-
lumes 12mo. was published, with
the permission of the Marquis of
Bute. The subsequent poetical
epistle was addressed to the an-
cestor of that illustrious peer. It
is called "An Epistle to Lord
B——."

How happy you, who varied joys pursue,
And every hour presents you something new!
Plans, schemes, and models, all Palladio's
art,

For six long months have gain'd upon your
heart;

Of colonnades, of corridors you talk,
The winding staircase and the cover'd walk:
You blend the orders with Vitruvian toil,
And raise with wond'rous joy the fancy'd
pile;

But the dull workman's slow-performing
hand

But coldly executes his lord's command.
With dirt and mortar soon you go displeas'd,
Planting succeeds, and avenues are rais'd;
Canals are cut, and mountains level made;
Bowers of retreat, and galleries of shade;
The shaven turf presents a lively green,
The bordering flowers in mystic knots are
seen:

With studied art on nature you refine:—
The spring beheld you warm in this design,
But scarce the cold attacks your fav'rite
trees,

Your inclination fails, and wishes freeze:
You quit the grove, so lately you admir'd;
With other views your eager hopes are fir'd:
Post to the city you direct your way,
Not blooming paradise could bribe your
stay;

Ambition shews you power's brightest side,
'Tis meanly poor in solitude to hide;
Though certain pains attend the cares of
state,

A good man owes his country to be great;
Shou'd act abroad the high distinguish'd part,
Or shew at least the purpose of his heart.
With thoughts like these the shining courts
you seek,

Full of new projects for almost a week:

You then despise the tinsel glittering snare;
 Think vile mankind below a serious care.
 Life is too short for any distant aim,
 And cold the dull reward of future fame:
 Be happy then, while yet you have to live;
 And love is all the blessing Heav'n can give.
 Fir'd by new passion, you address the fair;
 Survey the opera as a gay parterre:
 Young Cloe's bloom had made you certain
 prize,

But for a side-long glance from Celia's eyes:
 Your beating heart acknowledges her power;
 Your eager eyes her lovely form devour;
 You feel the poison swelling in your breast,
 And all your soul by fond desire possess'd.
 In dying sighs a long three hours are past;
 To some assembly with impatient haste,
 With trembling hope, and doubtful fear you
 move,

Resolv'd to tempt your fate, and own your
 love:

But there Belinda meets you on the stairs,
 Easy her shape, attracting all her airs;
 A smile she gives, and with a smile can
 wound;

Her melting voice has music in the sound;
 Her every motion wears resistless grace;
 Wit in her mien, and pleasure in her face:
 Here while you vow eternity of love,
 Cloe and Celia unregarded move.

Thus on the sands of Afric's burning plains,
 However deeply made, no long impress re-
 mains;

The slightest leaf can leave its figure there;
 The strongest form is scatter'd by the air:
 So yielding the warm temper of your mind,
 So touch'd by every eye, so toss'd by wind;
 Oh! how unlike the heav'n my soul design'd!
 Unseen, unheard, the throng around me
 move;

Not wishing praise, insensible of love:
 No whispers soften, nor no beauties fire;
 Careless I see the dance, and coldly hear the
 lyre.

So num'rous herds are driv'n o'er the rock;
 No print is left of all the passing flock:
 So sings the wind around the solid stone;
 So vainly beat the waves with fruitless moan;
 Tedious the toil, and great the workman's care,
 Who dare attempt to fix impressions there:
 But should some swain, more skilful than the
 rest,

Engrave his name upon this marble breast,
 Not rolling ages could deface that name;
 Thro' all the storms of life 'tis still the same;
 Tho' length of years with moss may shade
 the ground,
 Deep, though unseen, remains the sacred
 wound.

It is not generally known, I be-
 lieve, that the celebrated and ec-
 centric Duke of Wharton wrote
 either the whole or a part of a
 tragedy on the subject of Mary
 Queen of Scots: if he completed
 it, it has never come down to our
 time, and no more than six lines
 from it are extant: they are the
 following, and if the whole were
 no better, the world has sustained
 no great loss:

"Sure, were I free, and Norfolk were a pri-
 soner,

I'd fly with more impatience to his arms,
 Than the poor Israelite gaz'd on the serpent
 When life was the reward of every look."

The metre is execrable, and the
 allusion forced and affected. How-
 ever, I did not quote them for the
 purpose of criticizing them, but
 for the sake of introducing the
 following epilogue, written by La-
 dy M. W. Montagu for it. Pro-
 bably she wrote it in expectation
 of the tragedy being perfected by
 the author.

EPILOGUE

10

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

Designed to be spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

What could luxurious woman wish for more,
 To fix her joys, or to extend her pow'r?
 Their every wish was in this Mary seen,
 Gay, witty, youthful, beauteous, and a queen.
 Vain useless blessings with ill conduct join'd!
 Light as the air, and fleeting as the wind.
 Whatever poets write, and lovers vow,
 Beauty, what poor omnipotence hast thou!
 Queen Bess had wisdom, counsel, power,
 and laws:

How few espous'd a wretched beauty's cause!
 Learn thence, ye fair, more solid charms to
 prize;

Contemn the idle flatt'ers of your eyes.
 The brightest object shines but while 'tis
 new;

That influence lessens by familiar view.
 Monarchs and beauties rule with equal sway,
 All strive to serve, and glory to obey;
 Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow—
 Men mock the idol of their former vow.

Two great examples have been shewn to-day,

To what sure ruin passion does betray ;
What long repentance to short joys is due ;
When reason rules, what glory does ensue.

If you will love, love like Eliza then ;
Love for amusement, like those traitors, men ;
Think that the pastime of a leisure hour
She favour'd oft, but never shar'd her pow'r.

The traveller by desert wolves pursu'd,
If by his art the savage foe's subdu'd,
The world will still the noble act applaud,
Tho' victory was gain'd by needful fraud :
Such is, my tender sex, our helpless case ;
And such the barbarous heart hid by the
begging face.

By passion fir'd, and not withheld by shame,
They cruel hunters are ; we, trembling game.
Trust me, dear ladies (for I know 'em well),
They burn to triumph, and they sigh to tell ;
Cruel to them that yield, cullies to them that
scill.

Believe me, 'tis by far the wiser course,
Superior art should meet superior force :
Hear, but be faithful to your int'rest still ;
Secure your hearts—then fool with whom you
will.

I have thus afforded sufficient
proofs of the poetical talents of
Lady M. W. Montagu in various
departments, and I have done so
the more readily because her verse
is so much less known than her
prose. I am far from thinking, ne-
vertheless, that her verse is as well
worth knowing as her prose, though
she never did any thing without
much spirit and cleverness. I re-
main yours, &c. A. A.

BRISTOL, Sept. 23.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 26.—VIEW OF MILAN.

THE representation of the city
of Milan, the capital of Lombar-
dy, which accompanies our pre-
sent Number, is taken from one
of the most favourable points for
displaying the general beauty of
the scene, for giving an accurate
notion of the city in its entirety,
and at the same time for supplying
a view of some of the principal
public buildings.

The chief object that presents
itself to the eye of the traveller on
approaching Milan, on every side,
is the celebrated cathedral, the
construction of which has employ-
ed so many years, and which was
not completed until late during
the government of Buonaparte.
It occupies the centre of our view,
and has a very imposing appear-
ance. It is built of marble brought
from quarries near the Lago Mag-
giore, and on the whole is not only
a stupendous, but a beautiful struc-

ture: it is perhaps the largest ca-
thedral of the world, with the ex-
ception of St. Peter's at Rome,
and being placed in the grand
square, it can be seen on every
side to great advantage. The ge-
neral style of the architecture is
Gothic, and the niches in the but-
tresses, as well as in the body of
the building, are so numerous, that
several thousand marble statues of
saints, martyrs, &c. adorn the ex-
terior ; and in consequence of the
mildness of the climate, receive
little injury from the weather.
These ornaments give the exte-
rior an unusual and a very striking
richness, but the interior of the
building is more splendidly deco-
rated, while the length and height
of the aisles are extremely im-
posing.

Much bad taste is, however, ex-
hibited in some parts of the struc-
ture, and chiefly in those that have

been the result of modern labour, under the superintendence of architects employed by Napoleon. The grand west front is peculiarly defective, for while the principal parts are purely Gothic, with pointed arches and all the other ordinary indications, the windows are Grecian, and are supported on either side by Corinthian columns and pilasters. This defect gives the whole of this part of the building a barbarous appearance. In the same style Grecian monuments and ornaments have been thrust into the interior: but this absurdity is visible in many of our own churches, and not least in Westminster Abbey.

The church of St. Ambrose is another structure of great importance and considerable beauty. It was built by Theodosius I. who is buried in it, and the body of the saint is said to be interred underneath the altar. It is filled with many superstitious relics, that in their time have wrought many strange miracles.

The population of Milan has been estimated at between 140 and 160,000 inhabitants, and the whole city is five miles in circumference. In many respects it resembles Paris, and has been not unfrequently called by a name indicating the similarity. It is full of places of public amusement, coffee-houses, and glittering shops; while little or no trade is at present carried on by the population, who devote themselves greatly to pursuits of leisure.

One of the most remarkable edifices in the whole city, and which occupies a very large space of

ground, is the amphitheatre, where plays in dumb show are represented, and which is built in some respects after the Roman model. It is capable of containing not less than 60,000 persons, or nearly half the whole population of Milan; so that it may be easily imagined that if the performance were in dialogue, it could not be audible to more than one sixth part of the audience. It is seen on the right of our view, and its magnitude may be judged of by a comparison with other surrounding objects. Buonaparte appears to have endeavoured at a great expense to conciliate and flatter the people of Milan, for they are indebted to him at least for the completion of this stupendous structure. As may be conjectured, it is open to the sky, and the greater number of spectators seat themselves upon the grass.

The opera-house at Milan is one of the most splendid and beautiful buildings in the world, and the representations are conducted in a style of great magnificence. The other theatres are not upon the same scale, but are by no means despicable.

The greatest inconvenience felt at Milan is the want of water: it is true that the river Tessino, rising near St. Gothard, flows through the surrounding plains; but it is a small stream, the waters of which are not considered very pure, and are of course rendered less so in the city by the amount of the population, and the general want of proper drains and sewers.

Some other interesting particulars regarding this ancient city, rendered peculiarly curious at the pre-

sent moment from passing circumstances, may be found in a work just completed by Mr. Shoberl, and published by Mr. Ackermann, under the title of "A Picturesque Tour from Geneva to Milan."

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LIX.

Then, like the Sibyl's leaves,
O scatter them abroad! ———— DRYDEN.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

MADAM,

I, who have some concern in the instruction of the youth of our sex, am so sensible of the value of your sentential papers, that I earnestly recommend, as they appear to be drawing to a conclusion, the collection of them under their respective heads; and, with such additions as your mind and experience will suggest, the forming of them into a little volume, which will prove extremely useful in fixing early principles in the minds of the other sex, as well as of ours. I leave such a hint to your consideration, and remain your sincere admirer,

LUCY CONSONANT.

VOWEL-PLACE, No. 24.

Encourage and pursue an inclination to reading early in life; it is laying up a treasure for the latter part of it, provided you collect it from such authors as may guard and guide your steps in it.

Prefer, on the subject of piety, the plainest lessons, and what is written to your heart, and not your head.

Throw not away your time on metaphysics: your faith once settled, let no specious fabulist shake it.

Read with constancy the New Testament, that your memory may be furnished with sure but cheerful admonition.

Choose all which is consolatory in religion: the first approaches of pious sentiments are often repelled by an unjust dread of all-pitying Providence.

Let your prayers be humble, short, but energetic.

If unhappily turned towards severity on the non-observance of religious precepts by others, an impartial examination of your own conduct will be your most effectual corrector.

If abundance of leisure shall allow you to extend your studies, let arithmetic, geography, chronology, and natural history, compose the principal part.

Observe to begin your day with reading of some serious nature.

The reading of elegant authors will insensibly polish your language; but adhere not to the beauty of sounds and the brilliancy of images alone.

The early part of female education has sometimes accustomed the mind to credulity, from the pleasure that the marvellous then afforded.

Endeavour, by solidity of reading, to overthrow phantoms that may disturb your peace in your latter days.

Exclude all trifles, while any part of your time can be usefully employed in the art of reading.

Romances of a moral tendency

may not prove unuseful in their effects on a mind fatigued by unavoidable application. An excessive love of romance will make you expect to lead the life of one, and will place common cares too low in your estimation for you to attend to them.

A melancholy turn may dispose the mind to gloomy sensations; but it is dangerous to indulge it too far, unless accompanied by religious submission.

If naturally blessed with a good memory, exercise it continually.

Rest not contented with the plea of a bad memory; it is but another name for negligence among young persons.

There are certainly degrees of memory; some more feeble, some more perfect than others: for the one there are many helps; the other must be supported properly.

Resolution and perseverance are correctives to an indolent memory.

Repeat to yourself, or transcribe, what is necessary to retain for your instruction.

When you seriously wish for, and seek information, and would avoid those mistakes which are the result of ignorance, return to the passages you found difficult to comprehend, and by writing them down, they will remain fixed in your memory.

If you venture to hazard your opinions on past events, be sure of dates and names; for incorrectness in these are mistakes imputed to our sex.

It will not degrade you, if you modestly interrogate those whose characters for learning and principle are established in the world:

lights from such will clear your way in the path of knowledge.

An extensive and tenacious memory should be allied to sound judgment, that it may not be a storehouse of minutiae and useless epochas.

Materials which memory may collect ought to be of the benevolent kind; and when reproduced, let discretion and charity distribute them.

Employ the powers of memory in the recollection of the favours of Providence, of the blessings and escapes we have received from that all-giving hand.

You should apply to the succour of memory, when trouble inclines you to fix your eye too closely on the present.

Endeavour to set the remembrance of former kindness against the sense of recent injury.

It is a happy and laudable memory that is willing to return the good offices of those who are no longer in a state to serve you.

There exists sometimes, and too much among the weak of our sex, a certain malicious kind of memory, that can call forth the defects or errors of contemporaries, or some family blemish, at the moment when good-nature is bestowing its encomium on the object.

Unless it be to give assistance in some material point which may concern the interests or happiness of your acquaintance, it becomes often necessary to restrain quotations or recitals your memory may furnish you with, particularly in mixed assemblies.

A female traveller should be doubly cautious in the communication her memory may urge her

to make of her observations, as the minutest mistakes in geography, ancient history, &c. will expose her to just, though perhaps envious, criticism.

To preserve a memory long, good hours are requisite; for its decay usually keeps pace with that of the body.

The hours you can steal from the idle must secure your superiority over them; and in rising early, you will find you have been able to bestow a due portion of time on religion, worldly business, and the cultivation of your mind.

Your health, your spirits, and your interests, will all finally be sufferers by the fashionable habit of keeping late hours.

The only reparation you can make to your own conscience, or your friends and family, for the throwing away of time that cannot be recalled, will be your redoubled endeavours to employ the remainder well.

When you rise in a morning with strength of body and an unrepenting heart, you will be amply recompensed for your resistance to fashion, and for having been one of the earliest in quitting the ball or the card-table.

If the love of admiration in your youthful days shall bear no part in your attachment to the amusements of the theatre, there are none more instructive, nor more eligible for relaxation.

When you can fix your mind on the scenes before you, when the eye shall not wander to, nor the heart flutter at, the surrounding objects of the spectacle, you will return home instructed and improved.

The great utilities you may reap

from well-acted tragedy are, the exciting your compassion to real sufferings, the suppression of your vanity in prosperity, and the inspiring you with heroic patience in adversity.

In comedy you will receive continual corrections, delicately applied to your errors and foibles: be impartial in the application, and divide it humbly with your acquaintance and friends, and even your enemies.

Let nothing termed diversion absorb all your leisure; it will pall finally on your taste, and become insipid from frequency.

Endeavour to check an early propensity to play, beyond what is merely requisite to keep up society.

Moderate play, at seasonable hours, proves sometimes a happy interposition, when it silences the voice of slander, and stops the idle volubility of the tongue.

If, from connections and complaisance, you are obliged constantly to play, let moderation be your leading rule. Great sensibility at play will, on some occasions, carry the same appearance as avarice; you must therefore endeavour to subdue it.

Avoid the exclamations and gestures of joy or sorrow, so common at the card-table, and so ridiculous to the uninterested spectator.

Weary not the ears of your society with the recapitulation of your own losses, and the mistakes of your partners.

Support with decency every provocation that ill-breeding and avarice may give you at play; but you will merit a repetition of that be-

haviour if you ever play again with such persons: the one maintains, the other lessens, your dignity.

Listen with patience to the criticisms of superior players to yourself.

Should good luck enable you to add something to your expense, apply at least a portion of it to the relief of distress: this is a kind of retribution for your dissipation.

It has happened, that, in order to maintain useful connections, persons of limited fortunes have been compelled to dress or play beyond their faculties: if such come in your way, endeavour to soften the pain of their subjection to custom, by not profiting of your advantages over them, and which your better fortune may have offered you.

When time, sorrow, or other causes, shall have abated your love of diversion, make your retreat silently, and without censure on the taste of others.

If you desire to continue agreeably in the world in the latter season of your life, rather promote, than restrain the innocent amuse-

ments of younger persons, that the echo of cheerfulness may reach your ears.

Prepare yourself for durable solitude and retreat by some transient essays from time to time.

Be thoroughly assured of the constancy of your disposition, and the solidity of your motives, before you totally engage in retirement.

It is not a recent loss, nor a sudden disgust, that should urge you to take a step, which, if attended by perseverance, would be respectable.

If envy, pride, severity, or a lurking love of the world's amusements, haunt your solitude, your vocation is false.

We have almost to every one of us some part allotted in the chain of society, that will not permit us to detach ourselves entirely from it.

Supposing your retreat authorized by your position, obey each call of friendship or duty that for a time may demand you to abandon it. F— T—.

PLATE 27.—SIDEROGRAPHIA,

Or the Mode of perpetuating Impressions on Steel or other Metals, invented by Messrs. PERKINS, FAIRMAN, and HEATH.

WE this month lay before our readers a specimen of one of the most useful, and at the same time one of the most beautiful, inventions ever discovered by human ingenuity: its utility is not confined even to the extended circle of science, for it is capable of being employed most effectually in the preservation of human life, by preventing the possibility of committing the crime of forging the notes, whether of the Bank of England, or of other similar though less important establishments. After the inquiries that have of late been instituted into this interesting subject by the labours of a committee of the House of Commons, and after the many discussions of it both in and out of Parliament, it is not necessary for us

to dwell upon it further, than to invite a minute examination of the annexed plate for a proof of the utter impracticability of imitation, at least without that vast complication of exquisite machinery by which all the *engine* part of the work is accomplished. This of itself must be obvious, even independent of any knowledge of the nature and operation of that machinery.

The modes in which the general objects of science may be advanced, are very numerous, nor do we at all pretend, in the space to which we are necessarily limited, to go through them. The most striking and generally lamented disadvantage in all engravings upon copper is, the gradual deterioration of the plate according to the number of impressions taken from it: this circumstance has even value to what are called proofs, and when the plate has yielded a thousand or more impressions, all the finer parts of the work are nearly obliterated. In this respect, the invention of Messrs. Perkins, Fairman, and Heath is most advantageous, there being no perceptible difference between the first impression, and after the ten or twenty thousand copies have been struck from one of their plates. This will more particularly appear from a brief statement of the nature of their discovery, and the process by which it is performed.

The invention is called a method of perpetuating engravings upon steel or other metals, and it is thus executed: Steel blocks, or plates of a fit size to receive the intended engraving, have their surfaces soft-

decarbonated, which renders the metal even a better material for the most delicate species of engraving than copper itself. The intended engraving is then executed upon the block or plate, which is afterwards again hardened with great care by a new process, which prevents the slightest injury to the work. A cylinder of steel, which has been previously softened or decarbonated, is then placed in what is called the transferring press, and repeatedly passed over the engraved block, by which the engraving is transferred in relief to the periphery of the cylinder; the press having a vibrating motion equalling that of the cylinder upon its periphery, by which new surfaces of the cylinder are presented equal to the extent of the engraving. This cylinder is then hardened in the same way that the block or plate had been previously done, and is employed to indent copper or steel plates with engravings, identically the same with that upon the original block: this may be repeated *ad infinitum*, as the original engraving will remain, from which other cylinders may be impressed if required.

It is evident that this invention may be applied with benefit in many ways, and especially for the improvement of several branches of our manufactures. In the ingenious process of calico-printing, entirely new patterns may be produced upon the cylinders from which the calico is printed: this of itself is a most important consideration, and might give this country one more advantage over other nations in this most extensive

business. It may be also employed in our potteries, which of late years have so successfully rivalled those of our neighbours, and by this addition competition will be placed at a distance. Upon this part of the subject we need not dwell, as the information of our readers will readily supply our omissions. As not less than 200,000 impressions, absolute fac-similes, and without deterioration, may be taken, all great standard works, at least such as require illustration by the art of the engraver, may be supplied with plates, all of which will be equally perfect.

After all, perhaps the most interesting, if not the important ap-

plication of the discovery, is that to which we at first alluded, the prevention of the forgery of Bank-notes: its efficacy in this respect has been testified under the hands of some of the most scientific men of the day, Messrs. Maudsley, Brunel, Donkin, Bramah, Rennie, &c.

The plate which accompanies this article will require no particular description: it contains in itself specimens of various modes of engraving by hand or engine, of the most exquisite workmanship. For the skill with which it is performed, we need say no more than that Mr. Charles Heath has been associated with the original inventors of this admirable process.

DR. SYNTAX IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

WE have before announced that the ingenious and humorous author of *Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque and of Consolation*, was preparing a third Tour of his celebrated hero, in which he should be occupied in the discovery of a substitute for the amiable and affectionate wife whom he lost at the commencement of the second volume of his adventures. The first number of it has now been published by Mr. Ackermann, with designs by Rowlandson, who it will not be forgotten executed the drawings for the plates accompanying the two preceding Tours.

Were the anonymous writer of these productions, to use a phrase somewhat paradoxical, less known, we should feel bound perhaps to give some sort of criticism on his merits; but he is so deservedly popular, even more so after his

second Tour than after the completion of his first, that such an attempt is rendered quite needless. It has been remarked, that in the second Tour the Doctor became more didactic than in the first: we cannot say that we agree in this opinion, though if it were so, it would be quite in character; and we always thought that the good-tempered and instructive humour of the "Tour in Search of the Picturesque" formed one of its chief recommendations. In no part of either did the author allow the attention or interest to flag, but kept up a pleasing excitement of one faculty or another from beginning to end. This formed one great distinguishing feature between the real productions of the writer of *Dr. Syntax*, and the shameless imitations which his success occasioned: the latter were mere gross

burlesques, with nothing but their absolute coarseness to recommend them.

However, if by some few the second Tour was considered too grave in some of the reflections, if the remaining part of this third narrative of adventures be on the same plan as the first number, now before us, there will be no reason to complain in that particular. We will give some extracts, which we think will establish what we have stated. Dr. Syntax leaves Sommerden to visit his acquaintance 'Squire Bumpkin, his friends the Worthies having left his neighbourhood for a season. The following is a part of the scene at dinner, which gives an excellent notion of the different characters present:

"Why still so grave, my worthy friend?"

The 'Squire exclaim'd; "where will this end?"

I prithee, why make all this pother?
You've lost one wife—then get another;
And sure, in all this country round,
Another may be quickly found.
From different motives people grieve,
For wives that die, and wives that live.
—That scarecrow Death is oft a sad one,
Takes the good wife and leaves the bad one:

As sure as that bright sun doth shine,
I wish that he had taken mine.
Not that I suffer such disaster
As to let madam play the master,
Nor yet to let the lady boast,
That o'er her lord she rules the roast:
I learn'd not, where I went to school,
In such a way to play the fool.
'Tis true, from harshness I refrain,
But then I always hold the rein:
For he who ventures on a wife,
To be the comfort of his life,
Should never this advice refuse:—
Take her down in her wedding shoes."

—Syntax, his fancy to beguile,
Here sunk his laughter in a smile;
For it was known to great and small
How things went on at Bumpkin Hall:
Nay, 'twas a well-known standing joke,
Among the neighb'ring country folk,
That when the lady was in the way
The 'Squire would ne'er say *yea* or *nay*,
But as her ruling spirit told him,
Or with a certain look controul'd him;
Though now his tongue ne'er seem'd to rest,

And thus his invitation press'd:

"Doctor, come here next hunting-season,

And faith, my friend, I'll shew you reason:

You shall mount on my Yorkshire grey,
And gallop all your cares away."

"I doubt not," Syntax smiling said,

"Your recipe would be obey'd;

It would afford a speedy cure

For ev'ry evil I endure:

But for my kind physician's sake,

I do not wish my neck to break."

They talk'd, when soon the bell's shrill chime

Declar'd it to be dinner-time,

Nor was it an unwelcome call

That bade their footsteps seek the hall;

For though the Doctor's whims prevail'd,

His appetite had never fail'd.

By madam he was kindly greeted,

As, "How d'ye do?" and "pray be seated.

It doth a perfect age appear

Since we enjoy'd your presence here;

I feel it always as a treasure,

And wish I oft'ner felt the pleasure."

"Bumpkin, I pray you move the dish,
And help the Doctor to some fish."

"Indeed I hope, 'tis in your view

To pass with us a day or two;

Nay, I could wish it might be more,

And lengthen'd out unto a score."

"Bumpkin, you think not as we dine,
That some folks love a glass of wine."

"I have not seen you for an hour,

Since you have made your charming tour,

And I shall ask you to display
Its hist'ry in your rapid way."

"*Husband, I'll bet my life upon it,
Our kind guest's plate has nothing on it;
Make haste, and give it a supply
Of that well-looking pigeon-pie.*"

"Tis a fine match Miss Worthy made:
A charming girl, I always said;
And does those qualities possess
That claim the promis'd happiness.
Some may think one thing, some another;
But is she handsome as her mother?
Her mamma's auburn locks, I own,
Are better than her daughter's brown;
Although the latter, you may see,
Dame nature has bestow'd on me."

"*'Squire Bumpkin, were it not my
care*

*To see how all about me fare,
Our rev'rend friend would have good
luck*

To get a wing of that fine duck."

"Since, Doctor, you were here before,

I've added to my floral store,
And some fine specimens have got
Which are not ev'ry florist's lot;
They're in the happiest state to view,
And will be much admir'd by you."

"*As some folk do not seem to think,
That when we eat we want to drink,
I ask you, Doctor, if you'll join
Your hostess in a glass of wine?
Your better taste, sir, will prevail,
Nor share in vulgar cups of ale.*"

"My new piano has a tone
Which your judicious ear will own,
At least to me it so appears,
Such as one very seldom hears.
I too of late have practised much,
And am improv'd in time and touch;
Thus with your fiddle's well-known
power,

We shall delight an ev'ning hour."

The Doctor made his frequent bow,
And *yes* replied, or answer'd *no*,
Just as the lady's words requir'd,
Or as his empty plate inspir'd.
Indeed it clearly must appear
He'd nought to do but eat and hear;

While the calm husband's sharpen'd
knife

Obeys'd the orders of his wife.

Thus madam, with habitual art,
Continued her presiding part;
Did with her smiles the Doctor crown,
Or silence Billy with a frown,
And, in a well-adapted measure,
Alternately display'd her pleasure;
Her tongue was never at a stand,
But play'd at question and command:
She could affirm and could deny
With mild impetuosity,
And scarce her question could be heard,
Ere she an answer had prefer'd:
Thus till the absence of the cloth,
She to and fro employ'd them both,
At once th' attention to delight,
And give a grace to appetite.

The dinner pass'd as dinners do;
Ma'am's health was drunk, and she with-
drew;

But as the lady left the chair,
With solemn smiles, but gracious air,
"Doctor," she said, "I know your taste
Is not your time and thoughts to waste
In that intemperance which gives birth
To boist'rous noise and vulgar mirth,
Which, with its loud and clam'rous
brawls,

Too oft has echoed in these walls;
But, if I can such feats restrain,
Shall seldom echo here again.
Pray let not that good man prevail
To swill yourself with soggard ale;
But when you've sipp'd a glass or so
Of wine, that makes the bosom glow,
Let him go booze his fav'rite liquor
With the exciseman and the vicar,
While I expect my rev'rend friend
Will in the drawing-room attend."
The rev'rend friend bow'd his assent,
And with a flut the lady went.
The 'Squire, who scarce had spoke a word
While dinner smok'd upon the board,
No sooner was the fair-one gone
Than he assum'd a lofty tone.

BUMPKIN.

"Doctor, I hope you know me better,
Than to suppose that I can fether

My sports and pleasures to the will
Of that same tongue that ne'er lies still:
You saw what pretty airs she gave,
As if I were a very slave;
But, my good friend, as you were by
I did not choose to look awry.
Nor would I wound your rev'rend cloth
By rapping out a swinging oath,
Which, but from my respect to you,
I was full well inclin'd to do,
And would at once have brought her to.
Yes, she may toss her head and hector,
But she shall have a certain lecture:
I'll make the saucy madam weep,
Believe me, ere she goes to sleep.
I married Mary for her beauty,
And faith I'll make her do her duty.

In the evening the 'Squire throws
himself on a sofa, from which he
tumbles and snores on the floor: at
last he goes, or rather is sent, to
bed, when the following dialogue
takes place between the Doctor and
the 'Squire's lady:

Mrs. BUMPKIN.

"Since, my good sir, what has ap-
pear'd,
Which you have seen as well as heard,
You must acknowledge my complaint
Doth ask the patience of a saint."

SYNTAX.

"Excuse the liberty I take,
When thus I most sincerely speak;
But that same virtue would confer
Perfection on your character.
Oh! let me beg you to attend
To the kind counsels of a friend!
The die is cast, the deed is done,
The cord is fast that makes you one;
Though, if well order'd, I confess
I see no bar to happiness.
When I perceive the nat'ral state
Of reason in your married mate,
I would consent, in word and deed,
That you, fair dame, should take the lead;
But then employ your better powers
To rule by sweets, and not by sour.
Madam, the ancient proverb says,
Which words can never duly praise,

That one rich drop of honey sweet,
As an alluring, luscious treat,
Is known to tempt more flies, by far,
Than a whole tun of vinegar.
Ask with kind words, he'll ne'er deny;
Give winning looks, and he'll comply,
With waken'd sensibility.
If you but smile, and never frown,
He'll shape his wishes to your own:
Nay, symptoms of obedience shew,
Whether you do obey or no.
Thus blest with temper's cloudless ray,
Your morrow will be like to-day.
Oh! let him not perceive you rule,
Nor ever treat him like a fool;
Do not, at least, to others shew,
If he be such, you think him so.
Oh! ne'er again delight to tease him,
But look as if you wish to please him.
Check notions, that so idle prove,
Of shepherds and Arcadian love:
Your active, well instructed mind,
To such vagaries should be blind.
Let not your fancy e'er refine
Beyond calm reason's fair design,
But leave to misses of eighteen
The raptures they from novels glean.
You surely have the means to bless
Your life with social happiness;
And, oh! beware, you do not spoil
Your comforts with domestic broil!"

Mrs. BUMPKIN.

"Doctor, I do admire your plan,
And I'll pursue it, if I can:
But as so learn'd you seem to be
In all domestic policy,
'Tis pity you do not again
Assume the matrimonial chain."

SYNTAX.

"Madam, you've touch'd a tender
string,
That doth to my remembrance bring
The heavy loss I have sustain'd,
Of virtues ne'er to be regain'd.
My dearest Dolly was to me
What I wish ev'ry wife to be;
And since the darling saint is gone,
I feel it sad to be alone;
But still my doubts I cannot smother,
Of ever getting such another."

Mrs. BUMPKIN.

" You have my happiness in view,
And I must feel the same for you.
I have a very pleasing friend;
Whom to your thoughts I shall commend;
And if my judgment do not err,
In form, and age, and character,
Dear Mrs. Hyacinth will prove
An object fit for you to love.
She in retirement's peaceful dell
Doth in her widow'd cottage dwell,
Though, if her thoughts to me are known,
She wishes to live less alone.
Her mind employs the quiet hours
In study, and in nursing flowers;
For, as I hope, you soon will see,
She has a taste for botany;
And her delight, as well as glory,
Is in her gay conservatory.
Nor is this all, for you will find,
That with chaste manners is combin'd
A well-form'd and accomplish'd mind.
At all events, my friend may call
To make his bows at Tulip Hall;
(For by that name the place is known,
Which she is proud to call her own:)

While I, its mistress, will prepare
To give you a kind welcome there;
And much I wish that Heaven may bless
My friends with mutual happiness;
That flowers which sweetest fragrance
breathe,
May form an hymeneal wreath,
With fairest hopes your life to crown,
When this fair dame may be your own."
The Doctor promis'd to obey,
And in high spirits more than gay,
He joyous kiss'd the lady's hand,
And bade her all his soul command.
Brief was the evening's calm repast;
The time of rest arriv'd at last,
When the sage pass'd its balmy hours
Indreams of Hymen crown'd with flowers.

We with difficulty restrain ourselves from quoting more, but our space will not allow us to indulge ourselves or our readers further.

In a future number we shall not fail to give some further specimens of the third Tour of this entertaining adventurer.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

An Introduction to the elementary Principles of Thorough-Bass and Classical Music, by J. F. Danneley.

INSTEAD of adopting this very comprehensive title, Mr. D. would have done better to call this little treatise, A concise view of the nature and formation of the major and minor scales in all the keys; including directions for ascertaining the key-note of a musical composition, illustrated by examples, and by a brief analysis of Steibelt's sonatas, op. 50. These constitute the precise contents of the publication. Of thorough-bass, whether that vague term be understood to imply a short-hand system of in-

dicating chords by figures, or the theory of chords itself, or the science of accompaniment, or even the wide field of composition in general, Mr. D.'s book does not treat. It is true, he promises in the preface two further works on chords, cadence, rhythm, &c.; but the one before us, being a distinct publication, ought more strictly to have limited the title to its actual contents.

With regard to the matter actually propounded, we observe in Mr. D.'s book a laudable degree of method, and a zealous desire to initiate the pupil, step by step, in the first rudiments of that branch of music which is confined to mere

melody. The plan he has adopted is by question and answer. The questions are judiciously arranged and framed; and the answers, in general, appear satisfactory, although occasionally we miss sufficient precision and perspicuity. The definition of a musical composition, viz. "a correct combination of two scales, viz. major and minor," appears to us rather singular: it puts us in mind of the definition of *man* by the Greek philosopher, who described our species to be beings with two legs and a smooth skin; upon which a wag of a disciple set loose a cock, picked to the skin. Upon the whole, perhaps, Mr. D.'s definition might as well have been omitted altogether, and the term *scale* clearly explained instead of it. Another question, "What constitutes a scale?" is obscurely answered: "Every *interval* being a tone, except the fourth and octave." Here the term *interval* is confounded with *degree*. In some few instances, we have perceived ambiguities, which might lead the pupil into error. Of this description is, among others, the sentence p. 7. which states "the dominant or *fourth* of a minor key to become tonic to the next." May not this be easily misunderstood by a beginner? Even if we substitute "subdominant" for "4th," it is questionable whether the scholar will readily know, that the dominant is for the sharp signatures, and the subdominant for the flat ones. We should forbear adverting to minor imperfections like these, were it not that in elementary books the greatest precision and

clearness are indispensable requisites.

There is a section on "Enharmonic intervals in major and minor scales." Whatever the moderns may wish to understand by the term "enharmonic," which has been engrafted on our system from that of the Greeks, where its meaning was defined, and different from that with which we use it*, we must observe that neither the major nor minor scale, in any one key, has an enharmonic interval. An interval is the *distance* between two sounds; and if we have any enharmonic intervals, the distances between C sharp and D flat, D sharp and E flat, &c. (commonly called enharmonic diesis), belong to that class. Mr. Danneley conceives that, in the scale of C sharp major, E sharp is an enharmonic interval. Here E sharp is a major third, and a major third has nothing to do with enharmonic. No good violin-player would think

* Although the enharmonic *genus* of the Greeks forms no part of modern music, a glimmer of it, we think, presents itself occasionally in our compositions. For instance, let the ascending notes C, C \sharp , D, be accompanied by the upper thirds E, E, F (a progression of frequent occurrence): although in this instance, no distinction is made between the first and second E, even on the violin, we think the latter is precisely the second sound of the enharmonic tetrachord E, E, F, A; i. e. higher than the first sound, E, and lower than the third, F. In executing it thus on a violin, or with the voice, simultaneously with the lower thirds C, &c. a peculiar, strange, yet not unpleasant effect is produced. We are aware that this harmony is explained on other ground, in modern science.

R R

of calling that third an enharmonic interval; and the imperfection of keyed instruments, which compels us to play it on the key of F natural, does not alter the matter.

In the 5th section, "Rules to find a key-note," Mr. D. has taken considerable pains in illustrating the object he had in view by the help of the dominant and characteristics. In the course of our own experience with learners, we never met with any difficulties in this respect. The pupil knew from the signature, that the piece must be either E flat major, or C minor, we will say: when he had played a bar or two, he knew from ear, that he was playing in a minor mood, and the inference followed logically in an instant. In the case of changes of key, the harmony was made to be the guide; the prevailing common chord, or its inversions, were soon discovered, and we knew where we were. To ascertain the key-note from the melody alone, we found to be a much more intricate attempt for the pupil; there are cases indeed where the same melody may answer to different keys.

The book concludes with a *melodic* analysis of six sonatas of Steibelt, op. 50. This method of illustration is so excellent, that we regret the previous theoretical part, which is confined to scales and mere melody, did not allow its being extended to *harmony* likewise. Men like Steibelt do not compose melodically, but harmonically; that is to say, their ideas are imagined, and come forth at once, with all their harmony: perhaps the latter is the parent of the melody itself in most instances. Without refer-

ence to harmony, any analysis is almost premature, imperfect, and, indeed, liable to misconceptions. Thus, to select one or two instances from the rondo in Son. 1., if Mr. D. will reconsider line 6, he will find that neither bar 3, nor the last triplet of bar 5, is in G major, as he states.

As Mr. D. proposes to enter upon the science of harmony in a future work, we hope he will recur to these sonatas, with a view to give a complete analysis of their composition. The path which he has found, to lead his pupils through the domain of the art, is so good, so practically useful, that it ought by all means to be re-entered, as soon as ever he shall have duly prepared them for the journey.

"*How sweet to see young roses blooming;*" a Ballad, written, and adapted to a favourite Air by Mozart, by D. A. O'Meara, Esq.; the Symphonies and Accompaniments composed by N. Smith. Pr. 1s. 6d. — (C. Wheatstone, Strand.)

This, and some previous adaptations of a similar nature, exhibit Mr. O'Meara's taste to advantage. In singing his verses to melodies beforehand provided by classic composers, rather than run the risk of obtaining original compositions for his labour, the chances are greatly in his favour. In the present instance he has been particularly successful. The air of Mozart from *L'Enlèvement du Sérail*, if we may trust our memory, is one of those lightsome, simple, innocent, and graceful inspirations of genius, which fascinate a child as well as the adept; and the poetry appears—what may be literally the

fact—as if absolutely made for it. Mr. Smith's accompaniment and symphony are correct and apt; here and there, perhaps, a little too florid, considering the simplicity of character. One thing, and an essential one, he has omitted: it is the indication of time. Few, we fear, will take it sufficiently quick. It should be, according to the Metronome, 126 for crotchets.

Hodsoll's Collection of Duets for two Performers on one Piano-forte.

No. 48. Pr. 3s. (Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

Many of the preceding numbers of this collection have, from time to time, appeared in our critical catalogue; and few, if any, without some mark of approbation. The work, as it proceeded, acquired additional interest, both from the good choice of the subjects, and the merit of their treatment. By a mixture of the light and fanciful with pieces of the higher order, every taste was suited in turn. The present number is of the latter class; it contains the overture to "Le Nozze di Figaro," arranged for four hands by Mr. Rimbault. Like other adaptations by this gentleman, it avoids overcharging the score, contenting itself with the preservation of what is essential. lest by exacting too much from performers not arrived at perfection, discouragement might mar their exertions and zeal.

Mozart's celebrated grand Symphony adapted for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad libitum), by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 6s.; without Accompaniments, 4s. (Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

A careful inspection of the adaptation of this symphony enables us to speak of it in unqualified terms of commendation. Mr. R. as he goes on in his praiseworthy undertaking, appears to us to augment his exertions, and to avail himself of the accumulating experience which a man of sense cannot fail to store up in the course of continued occupation of this description. His piano-forte edition of Mozart's Symphonies, three of which have now appeared, will form a valuable addition to the musical library. As the title of the symphony before us is too general, a circumstance which we have regretted on other occasions, we shall mention the successive movements: *adagio* $E\flat \frac{4}{4}$ —*allegro* $E\flat \frac{3}{4}$ —*andante* $A\flat \frac{3}{4}$ —*minuetto* $E\flat$ —*allegro* $E\flat \frac{3}{4}$.

"*The Thurst Quadrille,*" composed by Miss Harriet Ann Mallocks, and arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte by John Parry. Pr. 1s. 6d. (Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

The fair composer of this quadrille has modelled her motive upon that of Haydn's 'Surprise,' which, we are happy to find, makes a lively dance by being a little metamorphosed into $\frac{6}{8}$ time. Mr. Parry has had the gallantry to further metamorphose Miss Mallocks's quadrille into a rondo of light texture, but sufficiently sprightly and entertaining to merit all the commendation which he can fairly claim at our hands for a production of this class.

Three favourite Waltzes for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute or Violin (ad libitum), composed, and inserted, by Miss

Agassiz of Layham-Cottage, Suffolk, by E. Frost. Price 1s. 6d. (Metzler & Son, Wardour-street.)

Among the many waltzes which have formed subjects of our critical notice, few rose beyond the rank of imitations, or reminiscences newly strung together. The tune thrives as little in this country as the dance itself. Indeed we have heard it said by a composer of acknowledged fame, that he would rather write a sonata than a waltz. Novelty and the right tact and trim in the latter is no easy matter, and the experienced pot-house fiddler in Germany frequently succeeds better in the compositorial attempt, than the grandee in the art of court terpoint; just the same as in the execution of the dance, he would beat hollow Spohr or Vaccari. Of Mr. Frost's waltzes, the second and third are very fair; indeed we may call them pretty; and the flute and nœuvres are sprinkled through the evolutions of the piano-forte in a fanciful and effective manner. The first is the most homely, and its first part more homely than the rest. Without entering into the theory of the beautiful in waltz composition, we will just observe, that to let a whole part of eight bars run on in one unvaried motion, modelled upon the first bar, is a monotony not relished even in a drum-beat, which it resembles. Some new idea, or some variation, ought to intervene half way at least. To this observation the subjects of all the three waltzes are liable.

"*The Zodiac*," a Series of favourite Songs written by S. Richards Esq. adapted to Airs of the most admired Country-Dances and Waltzes,

arranged with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-forte, by J. Monro. Nos. 5. to 10. Pr. 1s. 6d. (Monro, Skinner-street.)

parts of this collection have not come to our notice, but their nature is obvious from the above portions. The title is apposite enough, every number containing one song, more or less related to the months in the year. The numbers before us, the following titles, and the tunes of the under-mentioned songs, are—
No. 5. May.—*Tune*: "Voulez-vous danser, Mademoiselle?"
No. 6. June.—*Tune*: "The Rose in June."
No. 7. July.—*Tune*: "Lord Galloway's Welcome to Scotland."
No. 8. Aug.—*Tune*: "Welcome to School after the holidays."
No. 9. Sept.—*Tune*: "The Highland Lullaby."

No. 10. Oct.—*Tune*: "Harvest-home."
No. 11. Nov.—*Tune*: "The Hungarian Waltz."
No. 12. Dec.—*Tune*: "Smile of Content."
No. 13. Jan.—*Tune*: "Kinloch Loch."
No. 14. Feb.—*Tune*: "The Bird's Address to the Sportsman."
No. 15. March.—*Tune*: "Lieber Augustin."

A vein of unassuming simplicity prevails in the poetry of these songs, and they are moreover distinguished by the pure sentiments of morality or innocent mirth more or less to be found in them. These merits, and the circumstance of the themes being almost universally familiar, contribute to render "the Zodiac" eminently calculated for juvenile minds. Mr. Monro's harmonic arrangement is correct and tasteful, and some of his symphonies are particularly neat.

"*The Evening Walk*," a Glee for four Voices, sung at the Catch Club by



WALKING DRESS

Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, Elliott, and the Author, composed, and inscribed to the Rev. Frederic Beadon, by W. Beadon, and H. M. Chapels Royal. Price 1s. 6d. (Bishop's, New Bond-street.)

The voices in this glee, D major consist of counter-tenor, two tenors and bass, and the text by Miss Carter. The composition presents a degree of originality and taste very creditable. The first part, the outset of the glee, is in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, *largo*, we may call it, for a grand and melodious melody.

by the way, which applies to half the glee on hand: but the construction of the harmonies, we are bound to own, is contrived in a manner indicative of Mr. B.'s experience in the art, and productive of much effect. The successive imitations between the two tenors and alt (l. 2, p. 3,) not to mention other passages of interest, may serve as vouchers for this assertion. The second movement, a siciliana in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, and the concluding slow part in $\frac{4}{4}$ time, display several features of attraction, and a pathetic melody quite analogous to the poetry.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 28.—

A ROUND dress, of a beautiful colour, something between a lilac and a purple; it is padded, and the skirt is made prettily full: the body is tight to the shape; the waist, which is of a moderate length, is ornamented at the bottom by a knot of ribbon. The pelerine is of the same material as the pelisse; it is rounded behind, comes only to the point of the shoulder, and tapers down in front in a manner very advantageous to the shape. The long sleeve is rather tight to the arm; it is finished at the wrist with a very full trimming of *gros de Naples* to correspond. The half-sleeve is very full, and of a novel and pretty form, for which we must refer to our print; as we must also for the trimming of the pelisse, which is composed of the same material, and is extremely novel and striking: it goes round the bot-

tom of the dress, and is finished with a small collar, which sits rather close to the neck. Epaulette, composed of satin in the form of a wing; there are two double folds, one a little smaller than the other. The bottom of the long sleeve is finished with three narrow satin rouleaus, disposed to form points in front of the arm. The pelisse worn over this dress is composed of *gros de Naples*, of a singular but very

tom and up the fronts of the pelisse, and also encircles the peleurinc. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of the same material as the pelisse, and lined with white satin. The brim is very large; it is finished at the edge with gauze to correspond: the crown is moderately high, and is ornamented with a full bouquet of flowers made of feathers, which corresponds with the bonnet. Limeric gloves, and boots the colour of the pelisse.

PLATE 29.—EVENING DRESS.

A white *gros de Naples* round dress, ornamented at the bottom of the skirt by a broad band of bias white satin disposed in deep plaits; this is surmounted by three white satin rouleaus, which are wreathed with pearl. The *corsage* is cut low round the bust; it fastens behind, and the back is full; the bust is ornamented with a fullness of white satin, and tastefully intermixed with pearls: the shape of the front is formed by a white satin stomacher crossed with bands of *gros de Naples* wreathed with pearl; a pearl button is placed in the middle of each band, and it terminates with a double scollop at the bottom of the waist. A broad white satin sash is disposed in folds round the waist, and tied in a bow and long ends behind: the sleeve is a mixture of white satin and *gros de Naples*; the first disposed in irregular puffs, the last forming bands of a very novel and pretty form; they are intermixed with pearl: the sleeve is the usual length. Hair dressed in light loose ringlets, and much divided on the forehead; the hind hair dressed low. Head-dress, a full garland of damask roses, placed rather far back

on the crown of the head. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON
FASHION AND DRESS.

The slow approach of the fashionable winter gives our *élégantes* and their *marchandes de modes* full time for the invention of new fashions. The change produced by the month of November is, in general, rather in the material, than in the form of fashionable costume: this is easily accounted for; most ladies of rank retire to their family seats till after Christmas. The youthful fair grants herself a respite from the labours of the toilet, while she ruminates upon the triumphs of the past winter, and anticipates those of the approaching one. Nor does the more mature *belle* less enjoy the short repose which the season allows her to snatch from the task of outvieing her competitors in the art of inventing new fashions, or at least of sporting them to advantage. Female genius is, however, too inventive in the grand affairs of the toilet, to suffer a month to pass without making some change: we have given a proof of this in the elegant dresses which our prints present to our fair subscribers. The pelisse is truly a winter dress, being wadded all through: it is generally thought that silk pelisses made in a similar manner will be fashionable during the winter.

Some few, but as yet very few,

have also been made in cloth richly trimmed with fur: this last article is expected to be quite as fashionable as it was last winter. The muffs now in preparation are of a large size, and we have seen several tippets of a round shape large enough to fall considerably below the waist. We believe that a greater variety of furs than usual will be worn, but ermine and sable will of course be highest in estimation.

Bonnets at present are composed chiefly of *gros de Naples*: we have, however, seen a few made of those rich silks which have stripes or spots thrown up in imitation of velvet, and which the French call *velours épingle*, *velours natté*, &c.: these bonnets have in general a mixture of satin. The trimmings of thread lace, blond lace, &c. at the edge of the brim, begin to disappear, and gauze, to correspond with the bonnet, is substituted in its stead. Flowers made of feathers are the ornaments most in favour for bonnets; they are in fact the only novelty that has appeared during the month: plumes of feathers to correspond with the bonnet are also worn, as are likewise bouquets of winter flowers.

Muslin is now no longer seen either in morning or dinner dress; tabbinets, poplins, and bombasines are worn in the former: they are always trimmed either with a mixture of gauze and satin, or

gauze and *gros de Naples*, to correspond with the dress. There is not any thing novel either in trimmings or the form of dresses.

Gros de Naples is the material most in favour for dinner or evening gowns: all kinds of this silk, whether plain, figured, or watered, are fashionable. *Reps* is also in request. The trimmings are composed of satin disposed in various ways, and in some instances we have noticed gauze *bouillonné* intersected with chain trimming; the chain is composed of a plaiting of satin or *gros de Naples*.

Waists and sleeves remain the same length as they were last month. Gowns have now been for some months past cut in a very decorous manner about the bust, and we hope they will continue so.

Half-dress caps are very much in favour for social parties; they are of the demi-cornette kind, and composed of a mixture of satin and net, or satin and lace; the crowns are always low: the headpieces of some are a little pointed in front; many have a profusion of lace about the face; others have a fulness of lace quilled at the edge of the headpiece to stand up. These caps are ornamented with winter flowers mixed with ears of ripe corn and bows of ribbon.

Fashionable colours are, poppy, purple, Provence rose-colour, dark chesnut, and an infinite variety of shades of ruby, lavender, and lilac.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Oct. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

PROMENADE dress wears just now a very undecided appearance:

the garb of many of our *élégantes* exhibits a singular mixture of summer and winter costume: we see frequently spencers, and even pe-

lisses, of black velvet, worn with *chapeaux* of white *gros de Naples*, adorned with spring or summer flowers. Percale gowns also are still in request; but Merino, levantine, and *gros de Naples* are more worn.

Pelisses are not yet generally worn, spencers and shawls being more in request: we see, however, a few pelisses both in velvet and *gros de Naples*, or levantine; but those made of the two latter materials are not considered very fashionable. I saw one the other day composed of *velours simulé*, a material which I think will be in great request during the winter: the colour was a very bright ruby, and it was lined with sarsnet to correspond: the skirt was rather scanty, and fastened in front up to the waist with ruby silk buttons: the body was plain, extremely long in the waist, and a little sloped in the front, so as to display but very partially the *fichu*, or high dress worn underneath; the collar, which stood up, was rounded a little in front, but very high behind. The sleeves were rather straight, and slashed up the front of the arm with ruby satin: the slashes are long and narrow; they are confined at each extremity by buttons to correspond with those on the front of the dress. The trimming is composed of two *ruches* of *gros de Naples*, between which is a row of satin puffs; it corresponds in colour with the pelisse. The epaulette is extremely pretty: it consists of *ruches* put close together in such a manner as to form a kind of drapery; the effect of which is whimsical, but very elegant: the cuff is formed of a broad full rouleau

of narrow *ruches* disposed lengthwise, but in bias. A broad sash of bias satin to correspond finishes the pelisse; it ties at the left side in short bows; the ends are long, and one much longer than the other; they are finished with Brandenburgs.

Spencers are of two kinds; those made high and with collars, and those which are only a three-quarter height: the first are made tight to the shape; the collar turns over; the fronts fasten with buttons to correspond; the waist is peaked before, and a very rich cord and tassel is suspended from the peaks. The half-sleeve has a very ungraceful effect; it reaches more than half way to the elbow: a plain band encircles the middle, but the upper and lower, which are both very full, are slashed, to display silk or satin, in general white, beneath. The long sleeve is almost tight to the arm; it is finished at the hand with a single slash, which is crossed in general by a gold loop attached to a gold button at each side.

Where the spencer is cut low, a shawl is thrown carelessly over it: these spencers are made to resemble a gown-body; they are cut a three-quarter height, and are either laced or buttoned behind; instead of a peak, they have a round point in front: they are always made tight to the shape, and are ornamented with a girdle fastened on the left side with a gold buckle. The half-sleeve is made of a piece of the same material, disposed in very small puffs, which are turned in various directions, and the cuff corresponds.

Waists have neither increased

nor decreased in length since I wrote last. The skirts of dresses are now made much wider at bottom; but from being so much gored, they are unbecomingly tight at the top. There is no distinction between the gowns used for the promenade and those worn in dinner dress: this, however, will not strike you as so very singular; first, because, as you know, no woman of any fashion can possibly be seen in the streets here; and in this respect I cannot quarrel with the mode, for certainly, from the very wretched and inconvenient manner in which they are paved, it would be a real penance to walk in them: secondly, because, except in grand costume, there is little or no difference in the make of gowns, a high one being often worn in an evening. You are not, however, to suppose, my dear Sophia, that the French ladies do not dress for dinner; I mean merely to say, that they have not had for a short time a distinguishing style of dinner dress.

At present, *levantine*, *gros de Naples*, *percale*, and Merino cloth, are all worn indiscriminately.—Gowns are either made quite high with collars, or else a three-quarter height; but I think the latter are most general: there is very seldom any trimming round the bust; the long sash has given place to a girdle of the same material as the dress, which is fastened at the side by a gold buckle, or in full dress with one of precious stones. Embroidery is now very little used for trimmings: we see indeed sometimes three flounces of very rich work at the bottom of a dress; but the most fashionable style of trim-

ming is what our *marchandes de modes* call an imitation of yew-trees: it is formed by flounces, which are cut in separate pieces, and disposed in plaits one above another; there are six, each narrower and narrower till the last, which forms the top of the trimming, and which has not more than two or three plaits; there are from twelve to fourteen of these kinds of ornaments go round the bottom of a gown: the broad part, intended to represent the top of the tree, is turned downwards. It is very necessary that one should be told beforehand what this trimming is intended to represent, for in truth the resemblance is not striking.

Another kind of trimming is a chain formed of ribbon, satin, or sometimes *gros de Naples* plaited; the bottoms of some dresses are adorned with one very broad row of this kind of trimming, above which, and at some distance from it, is a narrower band of the same description.

I see, my dear Sophia, that I have just made a terrible blunder: I have finished my description of promenade dress without saying any thing to you about our *chapeaux*. The materials of them at present are various enough: *gros de Naples* is still much worn; a new description of *pluche* has just appeared, which promises to become very fashionable; the silk is left longer than in the other kinds of *pluche*, and has rather a curly appearance: another sort of *pluche*, which resembles granite, is also much in favour. Satin, figured in imitation of trellis-work, or sometimes to resemble branches of flowers or small fruits, begins to

be worn; and though last not least in estimation, is a new kind of metallic gauze, of a singularly beautiful quality: it is called after different precious stones, to which it is similar in colour, as ruby, amethyst, emerald, and topaz gauze.

Thus you see there is no want of materials; as to the form, that has not varied since I wrote last. The edges of the brims of bonnets are now adorned either with broad bands of *pluche* or *ruches* of *gros de Naples*; the top of the crown is also sometimes bordered with a *ruche*. Flowers are still worn, but they are not in so much estimation as they were; the most novel are composed partly of cambric, partly of chenille: wreaths of marigolds, which are very often of four or five different colours, are most in favour. Feathers are very fashionable. Many *chapeaux* composed of *pluche* are fancifully ornamented in front of the crown with satin or *gros de Naples*; these hats have neither feathers nor flowers. Others, made of satin or *gros de Naples*, are trimmed with *pluche*, and have no other ornament.

I expected to have had a good deal to say to you about full dress,

but I have been disappointed. *Gros de Naples*, satin, and *levantine* are the materials at present in favour for it; but neither the make nor trimmings afford any thing worthy of remark. Patience, *ma chère*, another month will I hope enable me to gratify your curiosity in this respect. I had forgot to tell you that the most fashionable Merino gowns are those printed in running patterns: camel's hair, blue, or chesnut, are the colours most fashionable for the ground of these gowns.

Rose-colour, blue, grey, and a particularly pretty shade of lilac, which I do not recollect ever to have seen before, are the colours at present most in favour; but the versatility of fashion in that respect is such, that some of them may be obsolete at the end of a week. I do not think it is more than nine days since there was hardly a colour to be seen but grey; even rose, that hue so delightful in a French eye, suffered a temporary eclipse, but it is now *la couleur dominante*. Adieu, my dear friend! Believe me always your

EUDOCIA.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications.

THE CELL OF ST. CUTHBERT.

(From *The Abbot*, by the Author of *Waverley*.)

(Continued from p. 245.)

ROLAND GREME, secretly nursed in the tenets of Rome, saw with horror the profanation of the most sacred emblem, according to his creed, of our holy religion.

"It is the badge of our redemp-

tion," he said, "which the felons have dared to violate: would to God my weak strength were able to replace it—my humble strength to atone for the sacrilege!"

He stooped to the task he first

meditated, and with a sudden, and to himself almost an incredible exertion of power, he lifted up the one extremity of the lower shaft of the cross, and rested it upon the edge of the large stone which served for its pedestal. Encouraged by this success, he applied his force to the other extremity, and, to his own astonishment, succeeded so far as to erect the lower end of the limb into the socket, out of which it had been forced, and to place this fragment of the image upright.

While he was employed in this labour, or rather at the very moment when he had accomplished the elevation of the fragment, a voice, in thrilling and well-known accents, spoke behind him in these words: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant! Thus would I again meet the child of my love—the hope of my aged eyes."

Roland turned round in astonishment, and the tall commanding form of Magdalen Grame stood beside him. She was arrayed in a sort of loose habit, in form like that worn by penitents in Catholic countries, but black in colour, and approaching as near to a pilgrim's cloak as it was safe to wear in a country where the suspicion of Catholic devotion in many places endangered the safety of those who were suspected of attachment to the ancient faith. Roland Grame threw himself at her feet. She raised and embraced him with affection indeed, but not unmixed with a gravity which amounted almost to sternness.

"Thou hast kept well," she said, "the bird in thy bosom. As a boy, as a youth, thou hast held fast

thy faith amongst heretics—thou hast kept thy secret and mine own amongst thine enemies. I wept when I parted from thee—I, who seldom weep, then shed tears, less for thy death than for thy spiritual danger. I dared not even see thee to bid thee a last farewell—my grief, my swelling grief, had betrayed me to these heretics. But thou hast been faithful—down, down on thy knees before the holy sign, which ill men injure and blaspheme; down, and praise saints and angels for the grace they have done thee, in preserving thee from the leperous plague which cleaves to the house in which thou wert nurtured."

"If, my mother—so I must ever call you," replied Grame—"if I am returned such as thou wouldst wish me, thou must thank the care of the pious father Ambrose, whose instructions confirmed your early precepts, and taught me at once to be faithful and to be silent."

"Be he blessed for it!" said she, "blessed in the field in the field, in the pulpit and at the altar—the saints rain blessings on him!—they are just, and employ his pious care to counteract the evils which his detested brother works against the realm and the church: but he knew not of thy lineage?"

"I could not tell him," answered Roland, "that myself. I knew but darkly from your words, that Sir Halbert Glendinning holds mine inheritance, and that I am of blood as noble as runs in the veins of any Scottish baron: these are things not to be forgotten, but for the explanation I must now look to you."

"And when time suits thee

shalt not ask for it in vain. But men say, my son, that thou art bold and sudden; and those who bear such tempers are not lightly to be trusted with what will strongly move them."

"Say rather, my mother," returned Roland Græme, "that I am laggard and cold-blooded: what patience or endurance can you require of which *he* is not capable, who for years has heard his religion ridiculed and insulted, yet failed to plunge his dagger in the blasphemer's bosom?"

"Be contented, my child," replied Magdalen Græme; "the time which then and even now demands patience, will soon ripen to that of effort and action: great events are on the wing, and thou—thou shalt have thy share of advancing them. Thou hast relinquished the service of the Lady of Avenel?"

"I have been dismissed from it, my mother—I have lived to be dismissed, as if I were the meanest of the train."

"It is the better, my child," replied she; "thy mind will be the more hardened to undertake that which must be performed."

"Let it be nothing, then, against the Lady of Avenel," said the page, "as thy looks and words seem to imply. I have eaten her bread—I have experienced her favour—I will neither injure nor betray her."

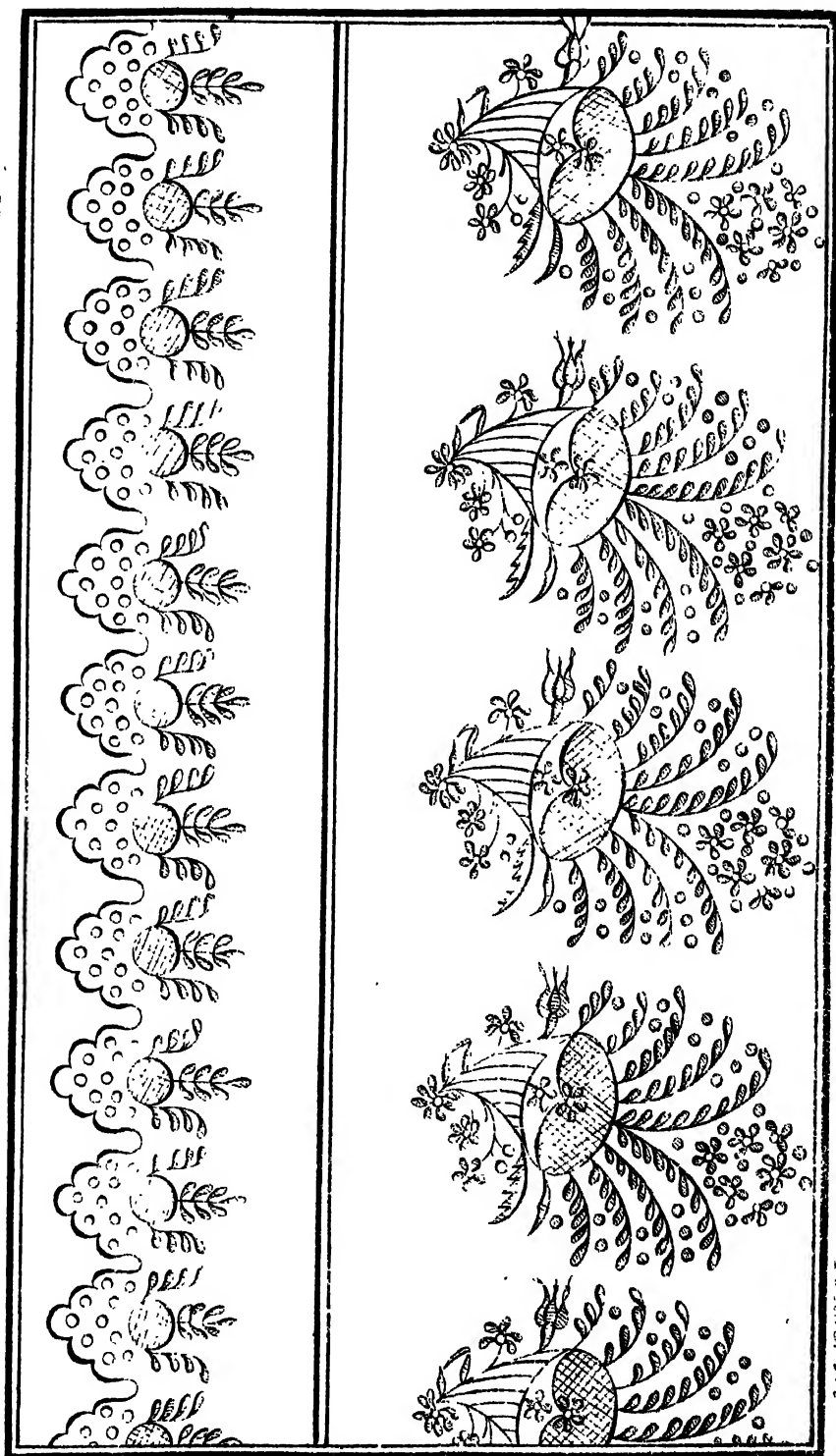
"Of that hereafter, my son," said she; "but learn this, that it is not for thee to capitulate in thy duty, and to say this will I do, and that will I leave undone. No, Roland! God and man will no longer abide the wickedness of this generation. See, thou these fragments—knowest thou what they represent?"

and canst thou think it is fit for thee to make distinctions amongst a race so accursed by Heaven, that they renounce, violate, blaspheme, and destroy, whatsoever we are commanded to reverence?"

As she spoke, she bent her head towards the broken image, with a countenance in which strong resentment and zeal were mingled, with an expression of ecstatic devotion; she raised her left hand aloft as in the act of making a vow, and thus proceeded: "Bear witness for me, holy saint, within whose violated temple we stand, that, as it is not for vengeance of my own that my hate pursues these people, so neither, for any favour or earthly affection towards any amongst them, will I withdraw my hand from the plough when it shall pass over the devoted furrow. Bear witness, holy saint, once thyself a wanderer and fugitive, as we are now—bear witness, mother of mercy, queen of heaven—bear witness, saints and angels!"

In this high strain of enthusiasm she stood raising her eyes through the fractured roof of the vault to the stars, which now began to twinkle through the pale twilight, while the long grey tresses which hung down over her shoulders waved in the night breeze which the chasm and fractured windows admitted freely.

Roland Græme was too much awed by early habits, as well as by the mysterious import of Magdalen's words, to ask for further explanation of the purpose she obscurely hinted at; nor did she further press him upon the subject, for having concluded her prayer, or obtestation, by clasping her hands



together with solemnity, and then signing herself with the cross, she again addressed her grandson in a tone more adapted to the ordinary business of life.

"Thou must hence," she said, "Roland; thou must hence, but not till morning. And now, how wilt thou shift for thy night's quarters? Thou hast been more softly bred than when we were companions on the misty hills of Cumberland and Liddesdale."

"I have at least preserved, my good mother, the habits which I then learned—can lie hard, and think it no hardship. Since I have been a wanderer, I have been a hunter, fisher, and fowler; and each of these is accustomed to sleep freely in a worse shelter than sacrilege has left us here."

"Than sacrilege has left us here!" said the matron, repeating his words and pausing on them. "Most true, my son; and God's faithful chil-

dren are now worse sheltered, when they lodge in God's own house, and the demesne of his blessed saints. We shall sleep cold here under the night wind, which whistles through the breaches which heresy has made. They shall lie warmer who made them—aye, and through a long hereafter."

Notwithstanding the wild and singular expressions of this female, she seemed to retain towards Roland Græme, in a strong degree, that affectionate and sedulous love which women bear to their nurslings and children dependent on their care. It seemed as if she would not permit him to do aught for himself which in former days her attention had been used to do for him, and that she considered the tall stripling before her as being equally dependent on her careful attention, as when he was the orphan child who had owed all to her affectionate solicitude.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

R. ACKERMANN has in the press, and will shortly publish, a third edition of the Second Volume of *The Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque and of Consolation*: also, a new edition of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, illustrated with twenty-four coloured engravings, by T. Rowlandson.

The following prospectus has been issued by Sir Wm. Adams, and as we conceive it holds out superior opportunities of instruction to the young surgeon, than is afforded in any similar institution in this or probably any other country,

we think it right to give it all the publicity which is in our power, and therefore publish it verbatim.

Sir W. Adams having had the honour to be nominated by his Majesty's government to superintend the Institution appropriated to the reception of the Blind Pensioners belonging to the Army, Navy, and Artillery, has felt it a duty to lay open to the profession at large his improved modes of treating these patients. With this view, he published, in the beginning of March 1818, a general invitation to the profession, to witness his opera-

tions and practice upon these pensioners; which invitation has been answered by the attendance of several hundreds of professional gentlemen, both civil and military. During the same period, Sir Wm. Adams has, from time to time, delivered short courses of clinical lectures, in which, after describing the operations and modes of practice hitherto employed in the treatment of the diseases under consideration, he has pointed out their defects, and explained by what means these defects might be obviated. On fixed days, he has performed his operations in presence of the professional visitors, exhibited to them his modes of treatment, and upon every occasion has particularly directed their attention to the results. Those results are now before the public. This mode of proceeding having obtained the approbation of those who attended the government hospital, and having received numerous applications from the pupils, Sir Wm. Adams has formed a regular school for teaching ophthalmic surgery. The government establishment of itself, however, being insufficient for this purpose (the cases of the pensioners being almost exclusively of the chronic kind), a dispensary in its vicinity, for the admission of the poor in civil life, has been established, where ample opportunity is afforded of shewing the various acute forms of disease. To render the school complete, Sir Wm. Adams further proposes to deliver lectures on the theory and treat-

ment of all the important diseases of the eye, in which it will be his particular care, whenever a practice differing from the usual routine is recommended, to refer all the points of difference to the test of practical effects, produced under the inspection of the pupils.

A new edition of Walton and Cotton's *Complete Angler* is preparing for the press by Mr. Bagster. It will be printed in a pocket size, with entirely new embellishments; Wale's designs for the edition of 1760 will be engraved upon a reduced scale, as well as the portraits of Walton and Cotton. Other fresh prints from the real scenery of both parts of the work will be introduced; and amongst them, an exterior View of the Palace of Theobalds in its perfect state, from an ancient painting. This edition will be accompanied by new Lives of Walton and Cotton; and great improvements and additions will be made to the notes throughout. The representations of the fish, with numerous smaller embellishments, will be cut in wood. It will be published under the care of the gentleman who edited the last edition.

On the 1st of December will be published, the prospectus of a new work, to be called *Physiognomical Portraits*; to consist of plates and letter-press; the former to be engraved in the line manner by the first artists of this country, so as to form first-rate specimens of British art, and to rival the most celebrated productions of the Continent.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

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DECEMBER 1, 1820.

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TO OUR READERS AND COPRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

An unusual press of interesting matter, together with the Index for the 10th vol. just completed, has obliged us to give some pages extra to our readers this month. We shall never be backward in making any sacrifice that may tend to give our Subscribers satisfaction.

In our next, the "Account of the recent endeavours in France to improve the construction of the Violin, and of some extraordinary Phenomena in Acoustics discovered in the course of the experiments made with a view to those improvements," accompanied by a plate representing the new French Violin, and illustrating the above Phenomena.

We have again to apologize for the non-insertion of the Correspondence of the Adviser.

We owe amends to our friend C. at Worcester for the temporary postponement of his contributions, which shall be resumed without fail in the first number of our new volume.

T. L. probably in our next.

Antiquarius is under consideration.

Dr. Franklin's Economical Project will probably appear; those who wish that the calculations had been made for this country.

Our Poetical Correspondents must excuse an apparent slight of their favours.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. X

DECEMBER 1, 1820.

No. LX.

HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from page 219.)

PLATE 31.—A FOUNTAIN.

Architectural embellishment, as an effect of taste, invention, and being capable of an innumerable variety of design, situation, and magnitude, it is rather a matter of surprise that their beauties have been neglected ever since the general abandonment of them nearly a century ago. At that time, certainly their whimsical and profuse introduction in all places suitable and otherwise, naturally satiated the taste, and for a time was altogether fatal to their farther cultivation; but since they have been almost extirpated so long from our country, the motive which affected it is surely banished also, and they may again very properly meet with encouragement, and succeed to some of the patronage by which far less valuable materials are now fostered.

When a supply of water is adequate and natural, fountains may

in most cases be introduced with propriety; it being that part of their artificialness which implies scarcity of water, and manual labour in effecting a display of its powers, that is offensive to true taste; and surely it must be most painful to witness such a display, when it is known that, to produce it, a poor fellow, hid in some nook of the premises, is pumping most lustily, and anxiously wishing you would turn your attention to some other object, that his labours may be over. It was formerly, however, no uncommon thing to witness extensive displays at the expense of proportionate and laborious means.

The annexed design is simple in its form, and consequently limited in its show of water; but if its jet were amply supplied, the overflow of the tables would produce the effect desired.

Designs of this kind are now

T T

usually manufactured in artificial stone, or sculptured in Portland stone; as they were formerly of lead, the convertibility of which valuable metal undoubtedly assisted in the rapid disappearance of fountains so soon as they fell into disrepute. The present rage for cast iron will probably supersede the use of such leaden works, and as iron would offer no premium for their demolition, they may be expected to enjoy a longer triumph of fashionable importance in our gardens.

MISCELLANIES.

SINGULARITIES OBSERVED BY VARIOUS NATIONS IN THEIR REPASTS.

THE philosophical compiler of *L'Esprit des Usages et des Coutumes*, has furnished the greater part of the present article.

The Maldivian islanders eat alone. They retire into the most hidden parts of their houses; and they draw down the cloths that serve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unobserved. This practice probably arises from the savage, in the earlier periods of society, concealing himself to eat: he fears that another, with as sharp an appetite, but more strong than himself, should come and ravish his meal from him. Besides, the ideas of witchcraft are widely spread among barbarians; and they are not a little fearful that some incantation may be thrown among their victuals.

In noticing the solitary meal of the Maldivian islander, another reason may be alleged for this misanthropical repast. They never will eat with any one who is inferior to them in birth, in riches, or dignity; and as it is a difficult matter to settle this equality, they are condemned to lead this unsocial life.

On the contrary, the islanders of the Philippines are remarkably social. Whenever one of them finds himself without a companion to partake of his meal, he runs till he meets with one; and we are assured, that however keen his appetite may be, he ventures not to satisfy it without a guest.

The tables of the rich Chinese shine with a beautiful varnish, and are covered with silk carpets very elegantly worked. They do not make use of plates, knives and forks; every guest has two little ivory or ebony sticks, which he handles very adroitly.

The Otaheitans, who are lovers of society, feed separately from each other. At the hour of repast, the members of each family divide; two brothers, two sisters, and even husband and wife, father and mother, have each their respective basket. They place themselves at the distance of two or three yards from each other; they turn their backs, and take their meal in profound silence.

The custom of drinking at different hours from those assigned for eating, is to be met with

amongst many savage nations. It was originally begun from necessity. It became a habit, which subsisted even when the fountain was near to them. "A people transplanted," observes our ingenious philosopher, "preserve in another climate, modes of living which relate to those from whence they originally came. It is thus the Indians of Brazil scrupulously abstain from eating when they drink, and from drinking when they eat."

When neither decency nor politeness are known, the man who invites his friend to a repast is greatly embarrassed to testify his esteem for his guests, and to present them with some amusement; for the savage guest imposes on him this obligation. Amongst the greater part of the American Indians, the host is continually on the watch to solicit them to eat, but touches nothing himself. In New France, he wearies himself with singing to divert the company while they eat.

When civilization advances, we wish to shew our confidence to our friends; we treat them as relations; and it is said that in China, the master of the house, to give a mark of his politeness, absents himself while his guests regale themselves at his table with undisturbed revelry.

The demonstrations of friendship in a rude state have a savage and rude character, which it is not a little curious to observe. The Tartars pull a man by the ear to press him to drink, and they continue tormenting him till he opens his mouth. It is then they clap their hands and dance before him.

No customs seem more ridicu-

lous than those practised by a Kamtschatskan, when he wishes to make another his friend. He first invites him to eat. The host and his guest strip themselves in a cabin, which is heated to an uncommon degree. While the guest devours the food with which they serve him, the other continually stirs the fire. The stranger must bear the excess of the heat as well as of the repast. He vomits ten times before he will yield; but at length, obliged to acknowledge himself overcome, he begins to compound matters. He purchases a moment's respite by a present of clothes or dogs, for his host threatens to heat the cabin, and to oblige him to eat till he dies. The stranger has the right of retaliation allowed him: he treats in the same manner, and exacts the same presents. Should his host not accept the invitation of his guest whom he has so handsomely regaled, he would come and inhabit his cabin till he had obtained from him the presents he had in so singular a manner given to him.

For this extravagant custom a curious reason has been alleged. It is meant to put the person to a trial whose friendship is sought. The Kamtschadale who is at the expense of the fire and of the repast, is desirous to know if the stranger has the strength to support pain with him, and if he be generous enough to share with him some part of his property. While the guest is employed on his meal, he continues heating the cabin to an insupportable degree; and for a last proof of the stranger's constancy and attachment, he exacts more clothes and more dogs. The host

passes through the same ceremonies in the cabin of the stranger, and he shews, in his turn, with what degree of fortitude he can defend his friend. It is thus the most singular customs would appear simple, if it were possible for the philosopher to contemplate them on the spot.

As a distinguishing mark of their esteem, the Negroes of Ardra drink out of one cup at the same time. The king of Loango drinks in one house and eats in another. A Kam-

tschadale kneels before his guest; he cuts an enormous slice from a sea-calf; he crams it entire into the mouth of his friend, furiously crying out *Tana!*--There--and cutting away what hangs about his lips, snatches and swallows it with avidity.

A barbarous magnificence attended the feasts of the ancient monarchs of France. After their coronation or consecration, when they sat at table, the nobility served them on horseback.

ACCOUNT OF THOMAS BRITTON, THE MUSICAL SMALL-COAL-MAN.

MR. EDITOR,

I DARE say some of your readers have been struck, as I was the other day, by the following passage in Sir R. Steele's 144th Guardian: "Every mechanic has a peculiar cast of head and turn of wit, or some uncommon whim, or a characteristic that distinguishes him from others in his trade, as well as from the multitudes that are upon a level with him. We have a small-coal-man, who, from beginning with two plain notes which make up his daily cry, has made himself master of the whole compass of the gamut, and has frequent concerts of music at his own house for the entertainment of himself and friends." I was not aware until lately that this man, whose name was Thomas Britton, had made so much noise in the world at the time, as I found, upon consulting various authorities, that he had done; and I accordingly set myself to collect some particulars regarding his life and habits, which are very much at your

service, and I am sure will be entertaining.

He was born at Hingham-Ferrers in Northamptonshire, but at what date has not been ascertained; it was probably about the year 1650, where he remained until he was about twelve years old, when he came to London, and was bound apprentice to a hawker of small coals. There seems to have been an apprehension of rivalry on the part of his master, who, at the end of his time, gave him a sum of money to return into the country, and not to set up against him in his trade. Britton, however, does not appear to have been very scrupulous, for as soon as the money was spent, he came back to London, and commenced business for himself in the small-coal line. He appears always to have had a turn for chemistry, and becoming acquainted with the celebrated Dr. Garaniere, who lived in his neighbourhood, he obtained a great deal of knowledge upon the subject, and furnished for himself, with the aid of

his friend, a small laboratory, where he performed many singular experiments, that astonished all his acquaintances.

What gave him originally his fondness for music is not known, but being able to read, he bought and borrowed a great many books upon the subject, and made himself a considerable master of the science, both in theory and practice. His favourite instrument appears to have been the violoncello, and certain it is that he gave concerts over his coal-shed in a large room, the only entrance to which was by a ladder on the outside, and miserably furnished, excepting with instruments. Hughes, a poet of no very mean name, was frequently a performer there on the violin, and has left behind him the following lines upon Britton :

“ Though low thy rank, yet in thy humble
cell

Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell;
Well pleas'd, Apollo thither led his train,
And music warbled in her sweetest strain.
Cyllenius so, as fables tell, and Jove,
Came willing guests to poor Philemon's
grove.

Let useless pomp behold, and blush to find,
So low a station, such a liberal mind.”

It has been also asserted, that Handel himself in his earlier days, before the patronage of princes made him haughty and dignified, condescended to perform in this room; but Mr. Chalmers, without, however, assigning any sufficient reason, is of a different opinion. It is very clear that his musical parties became notorious, and in time were frequented by the *dilettanti* of various kinds, and especially musical amateurs, who are said (and most likely truly) to have performed some first-rate pieces over Britton's coal-shed. Dubourg, one

of the most celebrated musicians, here exhibited his powers for the first time mounted upon a stool, for he was then not high enough to be seen. It has been supposed that Britton's were the first concerts, properly so called, given in this kingdom; and Sir John Hawkins, in his “History of Music,” has given strength to the opinion: but it has since been pretty evidently shewn that he was mistaken, and that concerts were known as early as the reign of Charles I. In the time of Charles II. they were not uncommon.

Britton's turn for chemistry has been already mentioned, and he carried this pursuit to a great extreme. He was a believer in the existence of the philosopher's stone, though the elixir of life does not seem to have made a part of his faith. Like Friar Bacon, he was a Rosicrusian; and it is repeated, that he exhausted not a few of his small coals in the secrets of alchemy; but, like all his predecessors, never accomplishing the transmutation of metals farther than the change of his own money expended in his fruitless endeavours.

During the greater part of his life, he continued to cry his small coals about the streets of the metropolis. Steele informs us, that he continued to do so in 1713, which was only one year before his death. He, notwithstanding, pursued several other occupations, and among them, that of a collector of old books and manuscripts on music, chemistry, including alchemy, and various branches of philosophy. It may be seen by the long list supplied by Sir J.

Hawkins, that he had a vast quantity of printed music, and some of it very valuable. It would scarcely be believed, if we had not positive proof of the fact, that he was an intimate acquaintance of the Earls of Oxford, Pembroke, Sunderland, and Winchelsea, and of the Duke of Devonshire. The fact is, that all these noblemen were collectors of old books on the arts, sciences, and poetry; and they employed Britton to look out among the stalls for them, which he did when he went his rounds with his small coals. The noblemen themselves employed every Saturday in the same way, appointing a rendezvous at some bookseller's shop, where Britton used to meet them with an account of his success: he was a diffident, well-behaved man, and was permitted to join in the conversation, although in his black dress, and with a sack of small-coal pitched at the door. The following passage regarding him is worth extracting from Lord Orford's "Anecdotes of Painters:" he is speaking of Woolaston:

"Besides painting, he performed on the violin and flute, and played at the concert held at the house of that extraordinary person Thomas Britton, the small-coal-man, whose picture he twice drew; one of which portraits was purchased by Sir Hans Sloane, and is now in the British Museum. There is a mezzotinto from it. Thomas Britton, who made much noise in his time, considering his low station and trade, was a collector of all sorts of curiosities, particularly drawings, prints, books, MSS. on uncommon subjects, as mystic di-

vinity, the philosopher's stone, judicial astrology, and magic; and musical instruments, both in and out of vogue. Various were the opinions concerning him: some thought his musical assembly only a cover for seditious meetings; others for magical purposes. He was taken for an atheist, a Presbyterian, a Jesuit. But Woolaston the painter, and the father of a gentleman from whom I received this account, and who were both members of the music club, assured him that Britton was a plain simple honest man, who only meant to amuse himself. The subscription was but ten shillings a year: Britton found the instruments, and they had coffee at a penny a dish. Sir Hans Sloane bought many of his books and MSS. (now in the Museum) when they were sold by auction at Tom's coffee-house near Ludgate."

Whether he had any family is not mentioned; but his wife lived for some years after his death, which was very singular, and somewhat premature. His excessive superstition made him the laughing-stock of many of his friends, and a justice of the peace of the name of Robe, who appears to have been fond of playing tricks, one night brought into the room, unknown to Britton, a ventriloquist, who, in a voice appearing to come from above, announced that Britton was approaching his end, and commanded that he should instantly fall down on his knees and pray. The poor man did so with great fervour, being well persuaded that he was addressed by some supernatural being; and though the cheat

was afterwards avowed to him, he never was able to overcome the shock, and within a week he died of the fright he had received. His music, books, and curiosities were sold in 1715. F. F.

PLAYING-CARDS, THEIR ORIGIN AND EMPLOYMENT.

(Continued from p. 253.)

THE early specimens of playing-cards that have been produced differ very little in their form from those now used. This form is certainly the most convenient for the purposes assigned to them, and has been most generally adopted: we shall, however, prove that it was subject to variation. The figures and devices that constitute the different suits of the cards seem eminently to have depended upon the taste and invention of the card-makers; and they did not bear the least resemblance to those in present use.

It has been observed, that outlines made upon blocks of wood were stamped upon the cards, and afterwards filled up by the hand; but soon after the invention of engraving upon copper, the devices were produced by the engraver, and sufficiently finished, so that the impressions did not require any assistance from the pencil. It appears also, that the best artists of the time were employed for this purpose. A set or pack of cards of a very curious description was in the possession of the late Dr. Stukeley: the four suits upon them consisted of bells, of hearts, of leaves, and of acorns; by which the doctor imagined were represented the four orders of men among us: the bells are such as are usually tied to the legs of the

hawks, and denoted the nobility; the hearts were intended for the ecclesiastics; the leaves alluded to the gentry who possess lands, woods, manors, and parks; the acorns signified the farmers, peasants, woodmen, park-keepers, and hunters. But this definition will, I trust, be generally considered as a mere effusion of fancy. It is remarkable that in these cards there are neither queens nor aces, but the former are supplied by knights; the latter have no substitute. The figured cards, by us denominated court cards, were formerly called coat cards; and originally, I imagine, the name implied coated figures, that is, men and women who wore coats, in contradistinction to the other devices of flowers and animals not of the human species. The pack or set of cards in the old plays is continually called a pair of cards, which has suggested the idea, that anciently two packs of cards were used, a custom common enough at present in playing at quadrille and whist; one pack being laid by the side of the player who is to deal next time. But this supposition rests entirely upon the application of the term itself, without any other proof whatever*.

* And seems indeed to be entirely overturned by a passage in a very old play, entitled "The longer thou livest the more Foole thou art" in which

Primero is reckoned among the most ancient games of cards known to have been played in England: each player, we are told, had four cards dealt to him one by one; the seven was the highest card in point of number that he could avail himself of, which counted for twenty-one, the six counted for sixteen, the five for fifteen, and the ace for the same; but the two, the three, and the four, for their respective points only. The knave of hearts was commonly fixed upon for the quinola, which the player might make what suit he pleased: if the cards were of different suits, the highest number won the primero; if they were all of one colour, he that held them won the flush.

Prime, mentioned by Sir John Harrington in his satirical description of the fashionable court games, a modern writer thinks was not the same as primero; but he has not, however, specified the difference between them. The poet says:

The first game was the best, when, free from
crime,
The courtly gamesters all were in their
prime.

Trump, a game thus denominated in the old plays, is perhaps of equal antiquity with primero, and at the latter end of the sixteenth century was very common among the lower classes of people. Dame Chat, in Gammer Gurton's *Needle*, says to Dicon, "We be set at trump, man, hard by the fire; thou shalt

Idleness desires Moros the clown "to look at his booke," and shews "him a paier of cardes."—Garrick's *Collect.* vol. I. 18. In a comedy called "A Woman killed with Kindness," a pair of cards and counters to play with are mentioned.

set upon the king." Trump is thought to have borne some resemblance to the modern game of whist.

Gresco is mentioned in conjunction with primero in the comedy of *Eastward Ho*: "He would play his hundred pounds at gresco and primero as familiarly as any bright piece of crimson of them all."

Sir John Harrington, after having mentioned prime, proceeds to enumerate the games that succeeded, in the following manner:

The second game was post*, until with post-
ing

They paid so fast, 'twas time to leave their
boasting.

Then thirdly follow'd heaving of the maw,
A game without civility or law,

An odious play, and yet in court oft seen

A saucy knave to trump both king and
queen.

Then follow'd lodain† ———

Now noddie follow'd next———

The last game now in use is bankrou†,

Which will be play'd at still, I stand in
doubt,

Until lavalta turn the wheel of time,

And makes it come about again to prime.

Gleck is mentioned with primero in Green's "Tu quoque," where one of the characters proposes to play at twelpenny gleck, but the other insists upon making it for a crown at least.

Coeval with gleck, we find mount saint, or more properly cent§. This

* Called also post and pair.

† Called St. Lodain by Mr. Barrington, I know not upon what authority, *Archæologia, ut supra.*

‡ Perhaps the same with bankafelt mentioned in "The Complete Gamester."

§ In Spanish *cientos*, or hundred, the number of points that win the game. Thus in a play called 'The Dumb Knight,' the queen says of this game, "The game is taken from hundreds;" and afterwards to Philocles, "You are a double game,

game, which was played by counting, probably did not differ much from picquet, or picket, as it was formerly written, said to have been introduced into France about the middle of the seventeenth century.

New cut is mentioned in an old play written by Thomas Heywood*, where one of the characters says, "If you will play at new cut, I am soonest hither of any one here for a wager."

Knave out of doors occurs also in the same play, together with ruff, which is proposed to be played with honours: double ruff and English ruff with honours are mentioned in "The Complete Gamester†," and distinguished from French ruff.

Lausquenet is a French game, and took its name from the Lausquenets, or light German troops, employed by the Kings of France in the fifteenth century.

Basset, said by Dr. Johnson to have been invented at Venice, was a very fashionable game towards the close of the seventeenth century; and ombre, brought into England by Catherine of Portugal, queen to Charles II. The modern game of quadrille bears great analogy to ombre, with the addition of a fourth player, which is certainly a great improvement.

Whist, or as it was formerly writ-

and I am no less; there is a hundred;" and all cards made but one knave.—Written by Lewis Mielin; printed A. D. 1608.—See also Mr. Barrington *ut supra*.—Picket is mentioned in *Flora's Vagaries*, printed in 1670, and said to be played with counters.

* "A Woman killed with Kindness." Third edition, 1617.

† Published 1674.

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ten, whisk, is a game now held in high estimation. At the commencement of last century, according to Swift, it was a favourite pastime with clergymen, who played the game with swabbers: these were certain cards by which the holder was entitled to part of the stake, in the same manner that the claim is made for the aces at quadrille. Whist, in its present state of improvement, may properly be considered as a modern game, and was not, says a very intelligent writer, played upon principles till about fifty years ago*, when it was much studied by a set of gentlemen who frequented the Crown coffee-house in Bedford-row.

To the games already mentioned, we may add the following: put, and the high game; plain dealing, wit and reason, costly colours, five cards, bone aces, queen nazareen, lanterloo, pennuch, art of memory, beast, cribbage, and all fours‡. Crimp, mentioned in the *Spectator*, I take to be a game played with the cards; and one might be led to think the same of roulet by the

* This paper was published A. D. 1787; and the author says, that the first mention he finds of the game of whist is in the *Beaux Stratagem*, a comedy by George Farquhar, published A. D. 1707. He also thinks whist might have originated from the old game at trump. Cotgrave explains the French word *trionphe* in this manner, the game called ruff or trump; also the ruff or trump in it.

† Perhaps this may be the same as the game called ace of hearts, prohibited, with all lotteries by cards or dice.

‡ Nearly all the above-mentioned games may be found in a small book entitled "The Complete Gamester," with the directions how to play them.

U 2

wording of the act by which it is prohibited*.

* AN. 18 Geo. II. The words are, "And whereas a certain pernicious game called roulette, or rolypoly, is daily

practised:" the act then states, that "a place shall be kept for playing at the said game of roulette, or rolypoly, or any other game with cards or dice," &c.

A DREAM.

MR. EDITOR,

BEING the other day in high spirits, because I had just finished a work, which I intend to call "A brief Plan to pay the National Debt," and which, as it is pretty voluminous, has employed me for a long time, I determined to give myself a holiday; and having taken an early dinner, I set out from my lodgings at Islington to Drury-lane Theatre, to see Kean in a favourite character.

My purse contained just four shillings, which was all the money I possessed. His circumstance gave me very little concern, for I had no doubt that my plan to pay the national debt would effectually recruit my own finances: I set off therefore in high spirits, considering as I went in what way I could most advantageously place the price of my work. On reaching the pit-door and presenting my money, the door-keeper returned one of my shillings, with an observation that it was a French *Monsieur*, and on looking at it, I saw that it was actually and *bonâ fide* a franc of the year 1810.

Pride forbade my making any effort to obtain admission, I therefore took my money and walked away, vexed and mortified more than the matter deserved. Unwilling to return home, I strolled into a neighbouring coffee-house, and called for a dish of coffee; in

paying for it I threw upon the table the unlucky cause of my disappointment, and examined attentively the head of Napoleon with which it was stamped.

Neither the ex-emperor, nor the great nation so lately under his sway, had ever stood very high in my good graces, and the disappointment which I had just experienced, made me heartily incline to quarrel with both. I continue looking at the franc, and indulging in a mental invective against the French and their idol, till I dropped asleep; when my thoughts still remaining in the same direction, fancied that my philippic was interrupted by the word *sacre*, pronounced in a low but extremely indignant tone. I paused, and looked around to see from whom the voice proceeded: to my very great astonishment, I found it came from the franc, which, indignant at the insults offered to its country, itself and Napoleon le Grand, began in French a voluble harangue, of which the following is the substance:

"Ah, Heaven! to what degrading vicissitudes am I exposed! I, who was first introduced into the world under the happiest auspices, and who enjoy the glory of bearing the impress of the august, the invincible Napoleon! yes, I have had the honour to touch that hand which swayed the destinies of Europe, and

though never actually in his own possession, I have moved in the circle of his splendid court. How great did I think my humiliation when I descended from that brilliant sphere, to become the companion of less exalted personages; and how little did I then foresee the possibility that I should one day be transported to a barbarous little island, where my services would be useless; where, instead of the respect and veneration my features ought to meet with, they would be regarded with a malignant scowl, or a sneer of contempt; and where, as the very climax of my wretchedness, I, who have served princes and nobles, should become the despised property of a scribbling garreter!"

The franc had worked itself into such a rage, that the last words of his speech were scarcely articulate. Though I could not refrain from laughing at its gasconade, yet as I am not ill-natured, I turned my thoughts to console it if I could. To all appearance, this franc seemed to partake largely of the spirit of its country, and I knew that if its nature were truly French, the readiest way to make it forget its misfortunes, would be to give it an opportunity of relating them. I apologized therefore in civil, and even flattering terms, for the invective into which my disappointment had betrayed me: the franc accepted my excuses with true French urbanity, and readily promised to comply with my request to relate its adventures.

"As the English," said the franc, in a very serious tone, "are, with all their foibles, a reflecting and philosophic people, I shall not attempt to dazzle you by boasting, as I might do, of the remote antiquity of my origin, nor of the advantages I enjoy of being, with one exception, composed of the noblest of metals. I leave these idle boasts to such of my fellows as are not, like myself, superior to vain glory. As to me, I shall say, in the words of my illustrious master, that I wish to owe my nobility only to the French people. In a word, sir, I desire to be valued solely according to the use which I have made of my many opportunities of acquiring useful knowledge, just habits of thinking, and enough insight into the genius and characters of mankind; and from the observations I shall have the honour to make to you in the course of my narrative, you will soon see that my judgment, sagacity, and penetration do not deserve to be lightly estimated."

The modest tone in which the franc delivered this eulogium upon itself completely conquered my gravity; I burst into a loud fit of laughter, which awoke me, and as the remembrance of my dream was fresh in my memory, I determined to try if you, sir, would give it a corner in the *Repository*: by so doing you will oblige

Your very humble servant,
E.

ACCOUNT OF THE SCHOOL CONDUCTED BY DOCTOR CHARLES LANG

At WACKERBARTHSTRUHE, near DRESDEN, in SAXONY.

WITHOUT entering upon the question of the propriety or policy of a foreign education for English youth, we admit that there are benefits attending it which are well worthy of consideration; though, in our opinion, they are more than balanced by various disadvantages. Be this as it may, we know that many parents prefer sending their children abroad for instruction, under the idea of their acquiring foreign languages in higher perfection, as well as from motives of economy, to which the late pressure of the times has called the serious attention of numerous families. To those who are disposed to feel this predilection, and particularly to such as are at a loss for an eligible situation for boys, we recommend the perusal of the following account of an institution near the metropolis of Saxony, where the education of youth is conducted, not as a trade for the mere profit to be derived from it, but with a thorough conviction of the important duties attached to so sacred a charge.

Dr. Charles Lang, in compliance with a powerful internal impulse, devoted himself in 1810 to the scholastic profession, and with a single pupil fixed his residence at Tharand, about twelve miles from Dresden. His undertaking prospered, and notwithstanding the calamitous years of war which followed, and in which troops of all nations were quartered upon him, his establishment increased to such a degree, that he found it neces-

sary to remove to a more spacious house, and gradually to hire various buildings contiguous to the latter. These in their turn became too confined for the accommodation of his pupils, who by this time amounted to thirty-six, at the library, the museum of natural history, and the collection of philosophical and mathematical instruments, which were constantly receiving fresh accessions. At this juncture, the mansion and estate of Wackerbarthstruhe, about eight miles from Dresden, was advertised for sale, and by the assistance of some generous friends, Dr. Lang was enabled to purchase this property in February 1816. To this place, which was peculiarly adapted for his purpose, he completed the removal of his institution in May following. Here the number of pupils was soon augmented upwards of fifty, who receive instruction from nine resident teachers, besides the master.

Wackerbarthstruhe is situated very near to the high-road from Dresden to Leipzig, in a country not surpassed in fertility and beauty of scenery by any part of Saxony. It was built about a century ago by a Count Wackerbarth, after whom it is named: but from the multiplicity of his titles and offices, it may justly be questioned whether he enjoyed much repose (*ruhe*) here. Two alleys of lime-trees lead from the high-road to an area covered with gravel, which serves the pupils for exercise and play. The house itself is a spa-

cious, handsome building; the apartments and windows are lofty, and there are two elegant stone staircases up to the very roof; a circumstance of no trifling consequence in case of accidents. In the centre of the area before the garden front is a basin of water, with a copious fountain, surrounded by green turf. The area itself is encircled with beds of flowers, and bordered on the right and left with cool, embowered walks; beyond these, on either side, are the gardens of the pupils, each of whom has his own bed, which he cultivates as he pleases. The open spot round the fountain is devoted to gymnastic sports and exercises.

Under the windows of the principal building, on the side next to the garden, are beds of flowers, which are kept in order by some of the teachers. On either hand, long walks of tall shady trees, which afford shelter even in wet weather, conduct to the other parts of the gardens. On the left is an octagonal building appropriated to the purpose of a bath; and on the right, an oval structure of larger size, containing a spacious room adapted for exercise in winter, and for a dancing and fencing school.

In the rear of the dwelling-house, at a suitable distance, are other buildings of considerable extent. That on the right contains apartments for the teachers, and some of the servants, the wardrobe, wine-press, &c. Behind this edifice is the kitchen-garden, and under it a very spacious wine-cellar. The building on the left contains apartments for others of the domestics, the kitchen, laundry, bake-house, store-rooms, and other requisite offices.

In the principal structure, besides several spacious halls, are the dwelling and school-rooms of the pupils; contiguous to which are the apartments of the master, and some of the teachers. In the upper story are the dormitories, two of which are very spacious, each holding the beds of twenty-five pupils and two teachers; whilst one teacher and some of the oldest scholars sleep in a third, which is smaller.

Before the back front of the house is the orchard, laid out in terraces rising successively one above another, and bordered with the choicest species of fruit-trees. Beyond these terraces is level ground; on either side of which is a large open arbour, where the pupils occasionally sup on fine summer evenings. Here is another basin, filled by an artificial spring, which issues from the foundation of a beautiful octagon building, containing a single hall, surmounted with a turret and cupola, in which are fixed a clock and two large bells, which are indispensably necessary for persons who are obliged to pay strict attention to the division of their time. This hall was adorned at a great expense with paintings by Baron Gregory, one of the latest possessors, to whom indeed the whole property is indebted for many capital improvements. This edifice is set apart for the chapel of the institution, which is provided with an organ, and is spacious enough to hold two hundred persons.

The prospect from the front of this building over the valley watered by the Elbe, is truly magnificent: it extends far beyond Dresden, and comprehends Meissen.

Peaceful villages are thickly scattered far and near; while at the distance of about a mile, flows the majestic Elbe, bordered on one side by woody hills, and on the other by delicious fields. The beautiful Saxon capital is seen distinctly in the back-ground, which is closed by the view of Königstein, Libenstein, and other remarkable buildings of Saxon Switzerland. Just behind the chapel is a hill covered with the oldest vineyard in the whole country, stocked by its former possessors with the best sorts of vines. The hill shelters the domain from the north wind, and the vineyard is celebrated for the excellence of the wine which it produces. Convenient steps and baths lead to its summit, which commands a highly diversified prospect, including the course of the Elbe for many miles, the capital with its beautiful churches and steeples, the distant mountains of Bohemia, and on the other side, the city of Meissen, with numberless intermediate picturesque objects. A wall 2320 feet long incloses the whole property, the immediate environs of which are remarkably agreeable. The proximity of the Elbe affords abundant facilities for bathing and learning to swim; while very extensive ponds, from half a mile to a mile distant, enable the pupils to enjoy in winter the favourite amusement of skating.

In regard to externals, therefore, this institution seems to combine every thing that could be wished; and its internal arrangements, as displayed in the rules and regulations, which are read to every new-comer at a solemn meeting of all the pupils and teachers, and

subscribed by him, appear to be most judiciously calculated to promote the morals, the health, and the intellectual improvement of the young student.

The languages taught here, besides the Greek and Latin, are, German, English, French, Italian, and Polish. The other branches of instruction embrace religion, in which department provision is made for the children of Catholic parents; mathematics in all its branches, natural philosophy, history, geography, natural history, music, dancing, drawing, fencing, and equitation. Children are not admitted under seven, nor above fourteen years old; but they may remain in the institution beyond the latter age so long as the profession for which they are destined may render it desirable. The stipend for board and instruction is 300 dollars per annum; besides which, twelve dollars are paid annually for washing, three for regular medical attendance, two as a gratuity to the servants at Christmas, and ten on the entrance of each pupil, to keep up the apparatus for natural history and philosophy, and for gymnastic exercises. Thus the total expense may be estimated at about 50*l.* sterling a year; a sum surprisingly moderate when compared with the charges for education on a similar scale in England. The paternal sentiments of the principal, who treats all his pupils as if they were his own children, and the constant superintendence of their teachers, both night and day, are circumstances which will be duly appreciated by all parents anxious for the comfort, safety, and morals of their offspring.

ALL RIGHT AT LAST.

THE beautiful Antoinette Bergen became at a very early age the wife of Count Walstein, a man who was more than old enough to be her father. The heart of Antoinette had no share in inducing her to form this disproportionate union; she contracted it merely in obedience to the wishes of her parents, and her filial duty met with its merited reward: her marriage was happy, according to her ideas of happiness; for nature, though it had bestowed upon her a kind and benevolent heart, had withheld that exquisite sensibility which too often renders love in the female mind the master passion, that swallows up every other. The placid and gentle Antoinette had, fortunately for herself, no idea of this terrible passion: she met with respect and kindness from her husband, she desired no more; and her days glided on in uninterrupted tranquillity, till, in two years after her marriage, she became a mother.

It was then, for the first time, that Antoinette found there was a pleasure more lively than any she had yet conceived; her affection for her boy soon grew into a passion, which engrossed her so wholly, that every thing that did not relate to him, became distasteful in her eyes; and although she had never desired to inspire her husband with ardent love for herself, yet she could hardly forgive him, because he seemed less dotingly attached than she was to her child.

But though not a doting, the count was an affectionate father; he listened with delight to the praises which his wife bestowed

upon their little Albert, and joined her very readily in the plans which she laid down for his education and his future happiness. As the most effectual means of securing the latter, the countess projected a marriage between him and the daughter of her favourite friend, Madame Sternheim. She seriously arranged this union when Albert was three, and his intended bride two years of age. It was in vain that the count tried to persuade her that various things might happen to prevent it, she saw nothing that could do so, except death. The mother of Matilda, who was a widow, was less sanguine about the match, but not less desirous that it should take place; and the count, perceiving that every attempt to reason the matter with the ladies, only served to put them out of humour, desisted, and left them to settle the affair as they pleased.

It was the will of Heaven that he should not see how it terminated, for, before Albert was five years old, he died, leaving his lady sole guardian to his son. Never was mother more worthy of this sacred trust: much as she idolized her boy, she had the resolution to restrain outwardly the expression of her maternal fondness, and to let Albert see that she knew how to support the authority of a mother. She engaged a gentleman of learning and probity as a tutor for her boy, and resolving to devote herself wholly to her precious charge, she quitted Vienna, and retired to an estate at a considerable distance from it.

This step was more than a nine-

days' wonder in the brilliant circles which she had left: innumerable were the *good-natured* conjectures to which it gave rise. Some said it was a romantic whim, which the fair countess would speedily get tired of; others, still more charitable, thought it was a refined species of coquetry, practised for the purpose of drawing lovers after her to her retreat. One friend could only account for her conduct, by attributing it to avarice; and another thought it was more likely to spring from pride. In one respect, however, they were all of the same opinion, that she would very soon get tired of seclusion; but the event belied their sagacious conjectures, for years passed, and found the countess still the contented inhabitant of her country-seat.

In quitting Vienna, the countess had but one cause of regret, and that was, the impossibility of prevailing on Madame Sternheim to accompany her: they kept up, however, a constant correspondence, the principal subject of which was the growing perfections of their children.

Madame Sternheim was not rich, but she resided with a brother who possessed considerable property, which he had promised to leave to Matilda. When the latter had attained her fourteenth year, Madame Sternheim died suddenly, leaving her child under the sole guardianship of her uncle. The countess was extremely urgent to have Matilda entrusted to her care, but her uncle, who doted upon her, refused to part with her, though he signified at the same time, that when she had attained a

proper age, he would gladly bestow her hand upon the young count.

The countess wavered whether to return to Vienna, or to remain some time longer in retirement; but the remonstrances of her son's tutor determined her on the latter step. Ten years more passed; Albert was every thing that a fond mother could wish, and the countess began to exult in the near accomplishment of her darling scheme, when a circumstance occurred that threatened to frustrate it for ever.

Nature had bestowed upon Albert a heart uncommonly susceptible of female charms, and just as he attained his nineteenth year, Fortune maliciously threw in his way an object that might have warmed even the coldest bosom. This lovely creature was the daughter of a farmer on the countess's estate: she had passed her infancy and a part of her youth with an aunt, who lived at some distance from her father; she returned home just as Albert had completed his nineteenth year, and it was on the festival of his patron saint that he beheld her for the first time, when she led the train of virgins who came with their simple offerings of flowers to do homage to their young lord. As the procession advanced, the eyes of Albert were riveted with admiration on her slender and graceful figure; but when she looked up, and he beheld a countenance glowing in all the charms of loveliness and innocence, his heart became her instant captive. Though unconscious of the nature of his sentiments, the impression was too deep

to find vent in words; and his mother, who it must be confessed had little penetration in love affairs, wondered, that when every tongue was united in praise of the fair peasant, his alone should be silent.

The countess's unsuspecting disposition was fatal to the repose of her son, because it gave him so many opportunities to see and converse with the fair Ulrica, that his passion for her soon became a sentiment too powerful for the wisdom of nineteen to controul. He forgot all that he owed to his mother and to his rank, and neglecting his other pursuits, he haunted the habitation of the farmer so incessantly, that the old man's suspicions were awakened, and he revealed them to the countess.

This was a thunder-clap to the fond mother; but she had the prudence to disguise her anger and her fears. She praised the conduct of the farmer, begged him to send his daughter back to her aunt, and assured him that a handsome marriage portion awaited the girl, provided she married within three months.

She expected that Albert would have shewn some symptoms of chagrin and disappointment at the departure of his fair mistress; and she intended, as soon as he had a little recovered his spirits, to propose their removal to Vienna; but day after day passed, and instead of recovering his spirits, he became more and more gloomy and dejected. The visible alteration in his appearance might indeed have affrighted a less tender mother; but fortunately for the countess, she had no notion that love

could produce any fatal effects, and she waited without apprehension, though not without impatience, till her son appeared restored to his usual health.

But cheerfulness came not with health; on the contrary, his gloom and dejection continued unabated: the patience of the countess was at length exhausted, and she resolved, as he was now drawing towards his twentieth year, to put things in train for his intended marriage.

It was not without some trepidation that she opened the matter to him, but she found a resistance which she little expected; for the first time, her son, hitherto so tender and dutiful, found courage to oppose her will, and even peremptorily to refuse obedience to her commands. But he could not see without extreme agony the tears which his refusal cost her: the countess saw his resolution falter; she pursued her advantage, she threw herself at his feet, nor would she rise from her knees, till he had solemnly pledged his word that he would immediately espouse Matilda.

"Heaven be praised," cried his transported mother, fondly embracing him, "the honour of our house is safe!"—"And the happiness of your son," exclaimed Albert, as he burst from her arms, "is forever destroyed!"

These words grieved but did not alarm the countess: the charms of Matilda, thought she, will speedily erase the remembrance of Ulrica. She accordingly hastened their departure for Vienna, and the first glance of Matilda con-



vinced her, that the heart of Albert would be speedily transferred to the daughter of her election.

Matilda was indeed lovely enough to have captivated any disengaged heart, but prepossessed as that of Walstein was, it was no wonder that he viewed her with indifference. This feeling was by no means reciprocal: Matilda, naturally of an ardent and romantic temper, and passionately fond of her mother, had early imbibed from her an opinion, that in Walstein every virtue was combined with every grace. Thus prepossessed, it is no wonder, that when she found him as handsome and as graceful as ever her fancy had pictured, that she surrendered her heart at their first interview; and engrossed by the care of concealing her own feelings, she observed nothing strange in his manner, but a gravity, which excited her surprise, unmixed with any suspicion of its cause.

The countess took care to hurry on the nuptials, and to keep the young people as much apart as she could till they were celebrated.

Albert struggled hard to obtain a victory over his feelings, and to behave to his bride with an appearance of tenderness; but his naturally ingenuous temper rendered the effort so difficult, that he formed the desperate resolution of confessing the state of his affections to her. "Had I a heart to give, madam," cried he, when he had finished his detail, "I could not refuse it to charms and graces like yours; but, alas! I find that the fatal passion which makes me unworthy of your regard, is but rendered more violent by every effort

to conquer it. I repent, with all my soul, that, by a weak compliance with my mother's wishes, I have embittered your days. I cannot repair the wrong I have done you; I dare not ask your forgiveness; all that remains for me is, to fly from my country for ever: I will expiate my fault in some distant clime. To you, madam, I leave the care of my mother: my heart tells me, that she will soon need all the consolation your tenderness can bestow, for I feel that despair will soon rob her of her son."

"Hold, rash man!" cried his weeping wife, as he was hurrying from her, "what wilt you do? Would you then strike a dagger into the heart of a mother who adores you? and wherefore, since unhappily I am so odious in your eyes, cannot we, without exposing our situation to the world, estrange ourselves from each other? Is it not possible to be completely separated, even under the same roof?"

"Ah! madam, but could I demand from you such a sacrifice?"

"Yes, count; I make it willingly, for the sake of your respected mother."

Had the count at that moment looked in the eyes of his beautiful wife, he would have found that she thought less of the mother than of the son; the truth was, that her heart was so wholly devoted to her ungrateful husband, that the thoughts of parting with him appeared to her a misfortune which no sacrifice could be too great to avert.

Relieved by this arrangement from the task of affecting sentiments that he did not feel, the mind of Albert insensibly grew

work in it, for I know the hand that drew the heads, but the hand that did the rest I never saw before.' Upon this a gentleman that had been at Rome about ten years before, affirmed that he saw this very picture, with the two heads unfinished at that time, and that he heard his brothers (who staid there some years after him) say, that the widow of the painter that drew it, wanting money, got the best master she could find to finish it, and make it saleable." This story, which in truth is but a blind one, especially as Mr. Atkyns does not even mention the name of the painter of his own picture, seems calculated to prove a fact, of which I have no doubt—his majesty's knowledge of hands. The gentleman who stood by, and was so long before he recollected so circumstantial a history of the picture, was I dare say a very good courtier.

The king is said not only to have loved painting, but to have practised it: it is affirmed that Rubens corrected some of his majesty's drawings.

It was immediately after his accession that Charles began to form his collection. The crown was already in possession of some good pictures: Henry VIII. had several. What painters had been here had added others. Prince Henry, as I have said, had begun a separate collection both of paintings and statues. All these Charles assembled, and sent commissions into France to purchase more. Cross was despatched into Spain to copy the works of Titian there; and no doubt, as soon as the royal taste was known, many were brought over, and offered for sale at court. The

ministers and nobility were not backward with presents of the same nature.* Various are the accounts of the jewels and baubles presented to magnificent Elizabeth.

In the catalogue of King Charles's collection are recorded the names of several of the court who ingratiated themselves by offerings of pictures and curiosities. But the noblest addition was made by the king himself: he purchased at a great price* the entire cabinet of the Duke of Mantua, then reckoned the most valuable in Europe. But several of those pictures were spoiled by the quicksilver on the frames, owing, I suppose, to carelessness in packing them up. Vanderdort, from whom alone we have this account, does not specify all that suffered, though in general he is minute even in describing their frames. The list, valuable as it is notwithstanding all its blunders, inaccuracy, and bad English, was I believe never completed, which might be owing to the sudden death of the composer. There are accounts in MS. of many more pictures, indubitably of that collection, not specified in the printed catalogue. Vanderdort, in his catalogue, mentions presents made by him to the king of a book of prints by Albert Durer, of a head in plaster of Charles V. and of the arm of the King of Denmark modelled from the life. It is certain that the poor man had great gra-

* The lowest I have heard was 20,000*l.*: so R. Symondes said. At Kensington are several pieces of the Venetian and Lombard schools, in uniform frames of black and gold, the pictures themselves much damaged. These I take to have been part of the collection from Mantua.

titude to, or great awe of Charles I. The king had recommended to him to take particular care of a miniature by Gibson, the parable of the Lost Sheep. Vanderdort laid it up so carefully, that, when the king asked him for it, he could not find it, and hanged himself in despair. After his death, his executors found and restored it. As this piece is not mentioned in the catalogue, probably it was newly purchased. There is an admirable head of Vanderdort by Dobson at Houghton.

The king, who spared neither favours nor money to enrich his collection, invited Albano to England by a letter written with his own hand. It succeeded no more than a like attempt of the Duke of Buckingham to draw Carlo Maratti hither. Carlo had drawn for that duke the portraits of a Prince and Princess of Brunswick, but excused himself from obeying the summons, by pleading that he had not studied long enough at Rome, and was not yet worthy of painting for the king. Simon Vouet (an admired French painter, who, while very young, had been sent over in 1640, to draw the portrait of some lady of great rank retired hither from Paris,) was invited by King Charles, with promise of great rewards, to return to England, but declined the offer. His majesty was desirous too of having something of the hand of Bernini. Vandyck drew in one piece the full face and the three-quarter face and the profile of the king, from which Bernini made a bust, that was consumed or stolen in the fire of Whitehall. It was on seeing this picture, that Bernini pro-

nonced, as is well known, that there was something unfortunate in the countenance of Charles. The same artist made a bust too of Mr. Baker, who carried the picture to Rome. The Duke of Kent's father bought the latter bust at Sir Peter Lely's sale, which is now in the possession of Lord Royston, and was reckoned preferable to that of the king. The hair is in prodigious quantity, and incomparably loose and free; the point-band very fine. Mr. Baker paid Bernini a hundred broad pieces for his; but for the king's, Bernini received a thousand Roman crowns. The king was so pleased with his own, that he desired to have one of the queen too, but that was prevented by the war.

Among the Strafford papers is an evidence of this prince's affection for his pictures. In a letter from Mr. Garrard, dated Nov. 9, 1637, speaking of two masks that were to be exhibited that winter, he says, "A great room is now building only for this use, betwixt the guard-chamber and the banqueting-house, of fir, only weather-boarded, and slightly covered. At the marriage of the Queen of Bohemia, I saw one set up there, but not of that vastness that this is, which will cost too much money to be pulled down, and yet down it must when the masks are over."

In another, of Dec. 16, the same person says, "Here are two masks intended this winter: the king is now in practising his, which will be presented at Twelfth-tide: most of the young lords about the town, who are good dancers, attend his majesty in this business. The other, the queen makes at Shrove-

calmer. His mother having accomplished her object, returned to her country-seat, having first received a promise from her children that they would frequently visit her there.

This promise was not made by Albert with any intention of being kept, for he dreaded that his mother's observant eye would soon discover the terms he was on with his wife; and in order to evade the promised visit, he accepted an employment at court, the duties of which would of necessity detain him almost constantly at Vienna.

But as Matilda had not the same reason for refusing the countess's invitation, she visited her often, and soon became deeply and tenderly attached to her.

Nearly two years elapsed from the celebration of these inauspicious nuptials, and to the surprise of the count, the inviolable passion which he had repeatedly said to himself, could never expire but with his life, gradually faded from his mind. He found with astonishment, that he was not only no longer miserable, but even that he was very much disposed to be happy: he no longer indulged in gloomy reveries, or amused himself by execrating, in the solitude of his chamber, the bitterness of his destiny; on the contrary, he entered with spirit into the bustle and the pleasures of life, and completely recovered his natural vivacity.

Often did he now reflect with a mixture of repentance and mortification on his conduct to Matilda; yet how to break the arrangements he had himself made he knew not, for he feared that, by his conduct,

he had for ever alienated from him the heart of his wife; and the studied coldness of Matilda's manner gave him but too much reason for this apprehension.

This coldness, however, sprang neither from hatred nor resentment; it was merely a veil which the proud and sensitive Matilda threw over an ardent, and, as she supposed, a hopeless affection. Many a hard struggle did it cost her to retain this appearance of apathy, when she received from her husband some marks of attention; but female pride, though it could not conquer love, was yet strong enough to suppress all outward appearance of it; and Albert often and deeply execrated the folly which had cut him off, as he thought, for ever from the joys of domestic life.

Matilda was passing a few weeks with her mother-in-law, when the latter was attacked with an illness, which soon threatened to prove fatal. She despatched an express instantly to Albert, but before he arrived all was over. Matilda had remained till the eyes of her beloved mother were closed in death, and then retired to give vent to the agony of her soul in her own apartment.

Shortly afterwards Albert arrived; fearful of disturbing his mother, he left his equipage in the road, and entered the house by a back way. When he was informed of the melancholy event, he ordered that his lady should not be told of his arrival, till he had visited the remains of his mother.

As he entered the chamber of death, all the follies and inadvertences by which he had ever griev-

ed his excellent parent, rose in aggravated colours to his memory; and when he beheld the loved features cold and lifeless, which a short time before had glowed with the most animated delight at his approach, he seemed for the first time to awake to a sense of real sorrow, and tears, the bitterest he had ever shed, poured in torrents from his eyes.

He had indulged his grief for some time before any thought intruded; save that of the beloved lost object before him, but when the first burst of sorrow was over, he recollected too that Matilda had lost a parent. The recollection of his wife came over his mind with unusual tenderness; he longed to see her, but thinking that perhaps she slept, he went himself softly to her chamber, determined, that if so, she should not be disturbed.

He tapped gently at the door; no answer was returned, but the deep sobs which he heard convinced him that she did not sleep. He opened the door softly, and beheld her kneeling with her back to

him; her attitude was that of prayer; she murmured a few sentences; Albert caught the words, "O my God, thou who art my only friend, give me strength to support the loss of my dear mother; and, oh! enable me to bear without murmuring, what I have suffered, and must suffer, from Albert's indifference!"

At these words, Walstein could no longer restrain himself; he caught the lovely petitioner to his heart, and while his tears mingled with hers for their common loss, he adjured the shade of his beloved mother to witness the sincerity with which he vowed, that his life should be devoted to the wife she had given him.

He found no difficulty in keeping his word: Matilda, now released from all restraint, soon gained, by her virtues and winning qualities, an entire ascendancy over his heart; and the felicity which crowned their long and happy union, amply recompensed them for the misery they had endured in the beginning of it.

CHARACTER OF CHARLES I. AND HIS PATRONAGE OF THE ARTS.

WITH regard to his knowledge of pictures, I find (says Walpole) the following anecdote from a book called "The Original and Growth of Printing," by R. Atkyns, Esq. "This excellent prince," says that author, "who was not only *aliquis in omnibus*, but *singularis in omnibus*, hearing of the rare heads (painted), amongst several other pictures brought me from Rome, sent Sir James Palmer to bring them to Whitehall to him, where were present divers picture-

drawers and painters. He asked them all of whose hand that was: some guessed at it; others were of another opinion, but none was positive. At last said the king, 'This is of such a man's hand; I know it as well as if I had seen him draw it. 'But,' said he, 'is there but one man's hand in this picture?' None did discern whether there was or not, but most concluded that there was but one hand. Said the king, 'I am sure there are two hands have

tide. a new house being erected in the first court at Whitehall, which cost the king 2500*l.* only of deal boards, because the king will not have his pictures in the banqueting-house hurt with the lights."

The most capital purchase made by King Charles were the cartoons of Raphael, now at Hampton-

Court. They had remained in Flanders from the time that Leo X. sent them thither to be copied in tapestry, the money for the tapestry having never been paid. Rubens told the king of them, and where they were, and by his means they were bought.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

MR. EDITOR,

IN your two preceding Numbers, I have noticed some articles, the object of which has been to set the poetical reputation of Lady M. W. Montagu in its true light; and the writer, who signs himself A. A. has incidentally touched upon the private character and conduct of this irregular, inconsistent, but, at the same time, delightful authoress.

In the Rev. Joseph Spence's "Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters of Books and Men," 829. edited by Mr. Singer, I have found several passages relating to Lady Mary, which throw, I think, considerable light on her habits and history: for the sake of completeness, I have extracted two or three of them; the first alluding to a most singular project and production, by her recommending that husbands and wives should be bound together for no longer than seven years, unless it was the wish of both parties to continue longer united. Perhaps A. A. may possess a copy of this work, which I have never seen; and if he has, no doubt a few amusing quotations might be made for the entertainment of your readers. That such a work did once exist, is obvious from what

Spence says of it, though perhaps it never appeared in print; and I perceive that the Quarterly Reviewers are as much in the dark about it as myself. It seems that Lady Mary had been talking with Spence upon the subject, and observed to him, that it was from the customs of the Turks she had first thought of *a septennial bill for the benefit of married persons*, and of the advantages that might arise from wives having no portions. Upon this remark, Spence, in the work I have quoted, makes the following note:

"That lady's little treatise upon these two subjects is very prettily written, and has very uncommon arguments in it. She is very strenuous for both these tenets: that every married person should have the liberty of declaring, *every seventh year*, whether they chose to continue to live together in that state for another seven years or not; and she also argues, that if women had nothing but their own good qualities and merit to recommend them, it would make them more virtuous, and their husbands more happy, than in the present marketing way among us. She seems very earnest and serious on the subject, and wishes the legislature

would take it into their consideration, and regulate those two points by her system."

The residence of Lady M. W. Montagu at Constantinople, while her husband Mr. Wortley was there in an official capacity, had given her certain liberal notions, by which, as your readers no doubt are aware, the Grand Turk in all likelihood profited. The following quotation tends to shew that she had no very strong attachment to her first husband, though she preferred him, out of a love of opposition and independence more than any thing else, to the man whom her father had chosen for her. Spence, in a letter from Rome, writes to his mother in the following terms:

"I always desired to be acquainted with Lady Mary, and could never bring it about, though we were often together in London: soon after we came to this place, her ladyship came here, and in five days I was well acquainted with her. She is one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet. She is all irregularity, and always wandering; the most wise, the most imprudent; loveliest, most disagreeable; best natured, cruellest woman in the world; 'all things by turns, and nothing long.' She was married young, and she told me, with that freedom which travelling gives, that she never was in so great a hurry of thought, as the month before she was married; she never slept any one night that month. You know she was one of the most celebrated beauties of her day, and had a vast number of offers; and the thing that kept her awake was, whom to

fix upon. She was determined as to two points from the first; that is, to be married to somebody, and not to be married to the man her father advised her to have. The last night of the month she determined, and in the morning left the husband of her father's choice, buying the wedding-ring, and *scuttled away to be married to Mr. Wortley.*"

I do not recollect that A. A. mentions the acquirements of Lady Mary in either of his communications; but perhaps it was unnecessary, as they may be gathered very much from her extant productions. It has been asserted, that she obtained a knowledge of Latin from her brother's tutor, who at the same time instructed her; but this appears, on the evidence now obtained, to be an often repeated error. She owed her education principally to her own industry and exertions; and, at the same time, took great pains to conceal, not so much her learning, as the means by which she acquired it. She gave out that she was reading for five or six hours a day Madame Scudery's romances (translated into English in the reigns of Charles and James II.); when, in fact, she was busily employed in studying Virgil, Horace, and the other Latin classics. The only service Mr. Wortley seems to have done her, was the encouragement, and perhaps assistance, he gave her in this pursuit. Of the origin of this taste Lady Mary says:

"When I was young, I was a great admirer of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and that was one of the chief reasons that set me upon the thoughts of *stealing the Latin lan-*

guage. Mr. Wortley was the only person to whom I communicated my design, and he encouraged me in it. I studied five or six hours a day, for two years, in my father's library, and so got that language, whilst every body else thought I was reading nothing but novels and romances."

I might find other matters from

the same work perhaps quite as much in point as those I have transcribed, but I do not think at this time of day that I should do so, considering how much is already known of the subject of this letter: I shall therefore take my leave for the present.

DION.

LONDON, Nov. 9, 1820.

SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER XXIV.

I KNOW not where the kind of indolence which I am most fond of, can better be indulged than in this busy city. Every thing serves to convince me, that the sight of industrious persons keeps not only the soul, but likewise the body, in much more salutary motion than lonely walks, even supposing, which is not always the case, we had in ourselves a companion whose conversation compensated for every other. What the representations of my physician could not effect, is here accomplished by the spirit of commerce. This power, which animates so many machines, rouses mine from bed with the dawn of day, draws me to the window, and opens both my eyes and ears. But no where is the reaction of external energies upon mine more powerful and more beneficial, than when I visit the harbour. My body then unconsciously imitates, in the closest manner, the models of the severest labour that present themselves to my view; and while I observe, for instance, the violent exertions of men raising prodigious weights into a vessel by means of a groaning crane, I too extend my arms, and bend my back, while

my veins swell, and the perspiration bedews my brow, till the difficulty is overcome. I then lighten my labouring bosom with a sigh, as they do theirs. The bracing sea-breeze cools us, and I at length carry home with me so much of the excellent appetite which they have gained for their repast, as my weak stomach stands in need of. This experiment, which I made this morning preparatory to the afternoon's entertainment to which I am invited, I shall repeat daily while I remain here; for you cannot imagine with how much greater pleasure I now think of M. Frege's invitation than I did yesterday, when, for many successive hours, I moved no other part of my crazy machine than my fingers.

But why, my dear Edward, have we such an aversion to all bodily labour? Should we not, since the mere sight of it is capable of performing such wonders, greatly heighten our enjoyment of life, if, according to Locke's advice, we were, in addition to an education suitable to our rank, to learn some handicraft business, by which we might at least earn the bread that we consume? Is it right that we,

by proudly strutting with our hands in our pockets, should throw upon the poor day-labourer more hunger than he can satisfy, while we have appropriated to ourselves those recreations which ought to be the reward of industry alone, as the means of keeping our useless machines in motion? I should think this self-reproof must occur to every one who rides past a company of busy reapers, who rolls along for many an idle hour in his carriage, who fatigues himself at balls and hunting parties, and who annually visits some bathing-place to drown the *ennui* that assails him at home.

We all knew a man of fortune who led such a life, and who being at length seized with a putrid fever, hurried along with him to the grave six useful persons who attended him during his illness. This circumstance was related in our circles as a matter of the utmost indifference; but ought it not to have revolted our feelings as much as the Indian custom of slaughtering slaves at the obsequies of their deceased master? But how the deuce have I come by these moral conceits, the most unfit that I could possibly have picked up to accompany me to the entertainment of a wealthy banker!

A doctor's hat has this advantage belonging to it, that let us be in what company we will, whether *tête-à-tête* with a pretty woman, among a party of jolly fellows, or in the circle of the fashionable world—in short, on every occasion when it is in our way, we can lay it aside like any ordinary hat. It continues nevertheless to be ours,

together with all its claims and prerogatives; and we are sure to find it again among all the hats, fine and coarse, which have been meanwhile thrown upon or about it. Thus have I too brought mine safe home, without changing it, and as I shall scarcely put it on again to day, I have brushed and hung it upon a peg. What else could I do with it just now? It would not particularly set off the figure which I now cut in my arm-chair, any more than it would dispel the indolence that alone prevents me from enumerating all the exquisite dishes to which this listlessness is owing.

I have spent five luxurious hours in forming a great number of new acquaintances—not among the company present—but among the dishes; for good company is nearly alike in all large places, but not so their dishes. The science of education, though every where carried to so high a pitch, fails but too frequently of its intended effect. It cuts and salts and dresses its subjects in different methods, and at last produces mere made dishes or kickshaws, that exhibit the same appearance in every country. She is far less expert in seconding nature than her elder sister Cookery, who so skilfully combines the peculiarities of every region with universal experience, that every kind of fish, flesh, and vegetable has its appropriate sauce; she assigns to each its particular pot, and knows to a nicety how much water will be required to do this, and how much fire to dress that.

As, however, I have always been of opinion, that nothing has a stronger tendency to produce delicate

sentiments, highly seasoned sallies, and new turns of wit, than dishes of a similar quality, I cannot help feeling some surprise, that, considering the many excellent dishes which Marseilles pre-eminently affords, the Academy of Sciences of this city is not more distinguished. Several of its members were of our party to-day; but, so far as I could observe, there was no Chaulieu, no Lafontaine, no Anacreon among them, though not one forgot, while swallowing the delicacies set before him, that his tongue was an organ of speech as well as taste.

Notwithstanding all this, I felt not a moment's home sickness during the whole of this long entertainment, and should the evening realize what M. Frege has promised, I hope to be exempt for the rest of the day from this patriotic disorder. He assures me, you must know, that a ball, to which he has most obligingly given me his ticket of admission, will not fail to convince me of the superiority of the ladies of this city over the fair sex in every other part of the world, without exception. I paused when he told me so, hastily enumerated the most celebrated beauties of our Berlin, and shook my head somewhat incredulously. "Well, countryman," replied M. Frege, "you may nevertheless find reason to change your opinion: only remember to take a good glass with you."—"That," I rejoined, "I shall not fail to do; I have one of the best that ever was made, and that has done me excellent service at Caverac, at Avignon, and I know not how many more places."—"Well then," answered he, "I wish you a pleasant evening, and am sorry

that business will not permit me to accompany you."

This confident assertion of a person tenacious of truth, of a German who is intimately acquainted with Leipzig, Dresden, Frankfort, and Berlin, and who resides in a place to which all the nations of the earth daily resort with their commodities, cannot but raise my curiosity to the highest pitch. If he be right, one would almost be tempted to believe that those vaunted dishes operate more beneficially upon the external internal organs. In a commercial and seaport town this circumstance may be overlooked; but were Marseilles a university, this phenomenon would do more mischief than the whole philosophical faculty could prevent. Believe me, Edward, if I go to the ball, it is much less for the sake of pleasure, than to decide this question, which is perhaps one of the most important in natural history.

The ball is just over—and to what nation of the earth, I hear you ask, belongs the fairest of the fair to whom you would adjudge the apple? Patience, Edward, I have not yet time to chat with you; for though it is some hours past midnight, my eyes are still too much dazzled by the objects that have glided before my opera-glass, for me to close them in a hurry. Amidst the optic beams of beauty, and the magic tones of music, which I have so profusely imbibed, that I could give out fire like a flint, and harmony like an Æolian harp, I have not only succeeded in completely settling the important point in dispute between the fair of all nations, but have accidentally hit

upon a singular discovery; that is, how new measures, in which our poetry is so deficient, may be produced without any intense study.

This operation is perfectly easy to any one, who, like me, cannot help keeping time with every word that he speaks and thinks during and after a ball. Let him but place the feet of his verses in the same order, variation, and measure, as a fair dancer gives to hers, and he will perceive with admiration how many different measures, which no poet ever yet thought of, will be formed by her harmonious steps. When I see you again, I shall shew you, as a specimen of my new invention, the first impression of the whole upon my astonished senses, in no other than such borrowed verses. I caught the metre from merely the last movements of the dance, which was just finishing as I entered the room.

I immediately prepared to exercise my judicial office, applied my opera-glass to my eye, and as a florist in the gardens of Harlem passes in silent contemplation from the auricula to the carnation, and from the hyacinth to the tulip; descends with his remarks from the corolla to the peduncle, and from the latter with bold inferences to the hidden root; here admires in one flower the large circumference of its ample leaves, there in another the more concentrated beauties of its calix, and surveys them all several times before he returns with the result of his comparisons to that flower which has most enchanted him: so conscientiously did I pursue my investigation, untired by the review, which I always recommenced with fresh pleasure,

and long undecided what judgment to pass upon all the nations of the earth. At length, after examining these exquisite flowers of the physical world in every point of view, after re-examining and comparing them together, my impartiality could do no other than coincide with M. Frege, and adjudge to the natives the pre-eminence in beauty above all the foreign ladies whom I saw intermixed with them. I can neither help you, ye ardent black-eyed damsels of Italy, nor you, ye elegant daughters of England, nor you, my lovely fair-complexioned countrywomen—nor all you whom Spain, and Poland, and Russia, and Sweden, and Denmark, deputed to appear before my tribunal. In you, indeed, I was moved, dazzled, and transported by individual charms, but in none were they so harmoniously, so faultlessly, and so manifestly combined, as in the ethereal forms of Marseilles. No one resembled the other, and yet each was perfect.

M. Frege was in the right. He continued to be in the right from eight o'clock in the evening till past midnight; but just as the clock struck one, a fair Greek presented herself as a competitor for the prize, and I was forced with shame to retract my decision. A favourable wind had wafted her an hour before into the port, under the care of her uncle, the famous Chevalier de Tott. He who had for many years defended the Dardanelles, and taught the infidels to conquer, had won for himself a beautiful Circassian, and now prudently retired with his wealth, his wife, and her niece, to France.

Too long had this peerless dam-

sel, in the close confinement of a vessel, been obliged to dispense with the tribute to which her charms were accustomed; too long had she been estranged from her finery and the amusement of dancing. It is easy to conceive with what impatience she looked forward to her landing. "Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the chevalier, as he entered the harbour, "we have now reached the wealthiest city in my native country, and the best asylum against *ennui*. You have now only to choose, my dear. What kind of recreation would you prefer?"—"A ball," replied the lady; quitted the open sea for an open mirror, hurried perhaps too much with her toilet, and now rose above the horizon of our brilliant *fête*, like the star of morning eclipsing a whole galaxy.

The female part of the company conceived an evident and very just displeasure at her appearance; for not one of the other sex remained so true to his partner, as not to turn his eyes from her, and greet with admiration the entrance of this new idol.

But before I proceed with my story, I cannot help remarking, Edward, that this is the fourth niece whom my journal has introduced to your acquaintance. As a writer of delicate moral feeling, this accidental circumstance cannot be otherwise than agreeable to me; for I should be extremely sorry if I had to say of a daughter what I occasionally narrate without scruple of a niece. Though I am no more related than the reader either to the one or the other, still it is certain, that we feel more cordial sympathy with daughters than

with nieces, on account of any unpleasant circumstances in which they happen to be involved. In a word, when we hear mention made of merely an uncle, aunt, or guardian, we seem to experience a kind of joy that neither father nor mother has lived to witness the distinctions in which a traveller, like myself, Cook, or Vaillant, is often compelled to exhibit such charming creatures to the curious eye of the world. It would indeed be more prudent in me to throw down my pen, and repair to bed, if I knew any other way of ridding myself—But why this circumlocution? Wherefore should I conceal from you what happened at a public ball, and what to-day, which is already breaking, one half of the city will whisper as a piece of news to the other, at the risk of driving by their tattle the beauteous stranger for ever from their walls!

It had just struck one, then, as I before observed, when the niece of the valiant Tott, hanging on his arm, entered the astonished throng. As she passed gracefully through their ranks, envy took possession of one sex, and desire of the other. A train of admiring youths followed this phoenix of the East, but for some time none of them could muster sufficient courage to approach her. At length, a knight of the Holy Ghost, and a knight of the Papal Spur, advanced at once, and respectfully solicited the honour of her hand. Without deigning to look at either, she gave it to the latter, who threaded with her the mazes of the dance, till, in an unlucky waltz, his lovely partner fainted away. She fell—alas! not so decently, but far more beau-

tifully than Cæsar of old. The other females ran off uttering at the situation of the object of their envy; but the men, and myself among the rest, maintained a decorous silence, and advanced nearer. In this dilemma, the chevalier manifested his accustomed presence of mind; for no sooner was he aware of the unprotected state of his niece, than, dashing through the gazing crowd, he rescued the insensible fair-one from her painful situation. The lightning of his dark eye dispersed the bystanders. When the innocent cause of all this bustle had come to herself, he gave her his arm; and deeply blushing, she hastened through the buzzing crowd of men, who were unanimous in their praises of Grecian charms. For my part, as umpire, I no longer hesitated about my decision, which, with the full accord of all the witnesses, assigned the prize to the lovely girl, who

had furnished more convincing proofs of her superior attractions than Venus herself. The atmosphere of Greece alone, as Winkelmann tells us, is congenial to the graces: she has confirmed this position of the German archæologist, and fully established the claim of Greece to the title of the workshop of beautiful Nature. Such too is the judgment which I pronounce, and which I shall maintain till Fortune throws in my way some female whose superior claims shall demand its reversal. The men applauded this decision; but the female part of the company appealed against it, one railing against my taste, and another protesting that I must certainly be blind. Against these attacks I had no other expedient than flight; and to cool the ferment of my blood before I retire to rest, I have devoted an hour to this account of the events of the evening.

ORIGIN OF PARNELL'S "HERMIT."

THE following letter from the celebrated James Howel to the Earl of Hertford, contains what has not hitherto been published—the original from which Dr. Parnell borrowed the idea and plan of his apologue called "The Hermit." Some of the circumstances were of course varied and improved by the ingenuity of the versifier of the narrative. Voltaire's *Zadig* is constructed upon a similar foundation, as our readers are no doubt aware.

My Lord,

I received your lordship's of the 11th current, with the commands it carried, whereof I shall give an account in my next. Fo-

reign parts afford not much matter of intelligence, it being now the dead of winter, and the season unfit for action. But we need not go abroad for news, there is store enough at home. We see daily mighty things, and they are marvellous in our eyes; but the greatest marvel is, that nothing should now be marvelled at: for we are so habituated to wonders, that they are grown familiar unto us.

Poor England may be said to be like a ship tossed up and down the surges of a turbulent sea, having lost her old pilot; and God knows when she can get into safe harbour again: yet doubtless this tempest,

according to the usual operations of nature, and the succession of mundane effects by contrary agents, will turn at last into a calm, though many who are yet in their nonage may not live to see it.

Your lordship knows that this fair frame of the universe came out of a chaos, an indigested lump; and that this elementary world was made of millions of ingredients repugnant to themselves in nature; and the whole is still preserved by the reluctancy and restless combatings of these principles. We see how the shipwright doth make use of knee-timber and other cross-grained pieces, as well as of straight and even, for framing a goodly vessel to ride on Neptune's back. The printer useth many contrary characters in his art to put forth a fair volume, as *d* is a *p* reversed, and *n* is a *u* turned upward, with other differing letters, which yet concur all to the perfection of the whole work. There go many and various dissonant tones to make an harmonious concert. This puts me in mind of an excellent passage which a noble speculative knight (Sir P. Herbert) hath in his late conceptions to his son: how a holy anchorite being in a wilderness, among other contemplations, he fell to admire the method of Providence, how, out of causes which seem bad to us, he produceth oftentimes good effects; how he suffers virtuous, loyal, and religious men to be oppressed, and others to prosper. As he was transported with these ideas, a goodly young man appeared unto him, and told him: "Father, I know your thoughts are distracted, and I am sent to quiet them: therefore, if

you will accompany me a few days, you shall return very well satisfied of those doubts that now encumber your mind." So going along with him, they were to pass over a deep river, whereon there was a narrow bridge, and meeting there with another passenger, the young man jostled him into the water, and so drowned him. The old anchorite being much astonished hereat, would have left him, but his guide said, "Father, be not amazed, because I shall give you good reasons for what I do, and you shall see stranger things than this before you and I part; but at last I shall settle your judgment, and put your mind in full repose." So going that night to lodge in an inn, where there was a crew of banditti and debauched ruffians, the young man struck into their company, and revelling with them till morning, while the anchorite spent most of the night in numbering his beads; but as soon as they were departed thence, they met with some officers who went to apprehend that crew of banditti they had left behind them. The next day they came to a gentleman's house, which was a fair palace, where they received all the courteous hospitality which could be; but, in the morning, as they parted, there was a child in a cradle, which was the only son of the gentleman, and the young man espying his opportunity, strangled the child, and so got away. The third day they came to another inn, where the man of the house treated them with all the civility that could be, and gratis: yet the young man embezzled a silver goblet, and carried it away in his pocket, which still

increased the amazement of the anchorite. The fourth day, in the evening, they came to lodge at another inn, where the host was very sullen and uncivil to them, exacting much more than the value of what they had spent; yet, at parting, the young man bestowed upon him the silver goblet he had stolen from that host who had used them kindly. The fifth day they made towards a great rich town; but some miles before they came at it, they met with a merchant at the close of the day, who had a great charge of money about him, and asking him the next passage to the town, the young man put him in a clean contrary way. The anchorite and his guide being come to the town, at the gate they espied a devil, who lay as it were sentinel, but he was asleep; they found also both men and women at sundry kinds of sports, some dancing, others singing, with divers sorts of revellings. They went afterwards to a convent of Capuchins, where about the gate they found legions of devils laying siege to that monastery: yet they got in, and lodged there the night. Being awaked the next morning, the young man came to that cell where the anchorite was lodged, and told him, "I know your heart is full of horror, and your head full of confusion, astonishments, and doubts, for what you have seen since the first time of our association. But know I am an angel sent from Heaven to rectify your judgment, as also to correct a little your curiosity in the researches of the ways and acts of Providence too far; for, though separately they seem strange to the shallow apprehen-

sion of man, yet conjunctly they all tend to produce good effects.

"That man whom I tumbled into the river was an act of Providence, for he was going upon a most mischievous design, that would have damnified not only his own soul, but destroyed the party against whom it was intended; therefore I prevented it.

"The cause why I conversed all night with a crew of rogues was also an act of Providence; for they intended to go robbing all that night, but I kept them there purposely till the next morning, that the hand of justice might seize upon them.

"Touching the kind host from whom I took the silver goblet, and the clownish or knavish host to whom I gave it, let this demonstrate to you, that good men are liable to crosses and losses, whereof bad men oftentimes reap the benefit, but it commonly produces patience in the one, and pride in the other.

"Concerning that noble gentleman whose child I strangled, after so courteous an entertainment, know, that that also was an act of Providence; for the gentleman was so indulgent and doting on that child, that it lessened his love to Heaven; so I took away the cause.

"Touching the merchant whom I misguided in his way, it was likewise an act of Providence; for had he gone the direct way to this town, he had been robbed and his throat cut; therefore I preserved him by that deviation.

"Now, concerning this great luxurious city, whereas we spied but one devil who lay asleep with-

out the gate, there being so many about this poor convent, you must consider that Lucifer being already assured of that righteous town by corrupting their manners every day more and more, he needs but one single sentinel to secure it: but for this holy place of retirement, this monastery, inhabited by so many devout souls, who spend their whole lives in acts of mortification, as exercises of piety and penance, he hath brought so many legions to beleaguer them; yet he can do no good upon them, for they bear up against him most undauntedly, maugre all his infernal power and stratagem." So the young man, or divine messenger, suddenly disappeared and vanished; yet leaving his fellow-traveller in good hands.

My lord, I crave your pardon for this extravagancy, and the tediousness, but I hope the sublimity of the matter will make some compensation, which, if I am not de-

ceived, will well suit with your genius; for I know your contemplations to be as high as your condition, and as much above the vulgar. This figurative story shews that the ways of Providence are inscrutable; his intention and method of operation not conformable oftentimes to human judgment, the plummet and line whereof are infinitely too short to fathom the depth of his designs: therefore let us acquiesce in an humble admiration, and with the confidence that all things co-operate to the best at last, as they relate to his glory, and the general good of his creatures, though sometimes they appear to us by uncouth circumstances and cross mediums.

So in due distance and posture of humility, I kiss your lordship's hands, as being, my most highly honoured lord, your thrice obedient and obliged servant,

J. HOWEL.

LITERARY, HISTORICAL, AND PERSONAL ANECDOTES.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury attended Queen Elizabeth in the last moments of her life. He endeavoured to console her, by saying she had every thing to hope from the mercy of the Almighty, for her piety, her zeal, and the admirable work of the Reformation which she had so happily established.

The queen, who had turned to the other side of the bed, interrupted the archbishop by saying, "My lord, the crown which I wore for many years made me suffi-

ently vain while I lived; I beg you will not now increase it while I am so near death."

After this, her respiration failed; she fell into agonies that lasted eighteen hours, and then expired.

ANTIPATHIES.

Under this article, it is our intention merely to relate some very remarkable antipathies, and not to inquire into their causes, that being a subject which we must leave to the more profound philosopher.

A lady, a native of France,

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would faint on seeing boiled lobsters. Some other persons of the same country would experience the same inconvenience from the smell of roses, though particularly partial to the odour of jonquils or tuberoses.

I have read of a gentleman who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp.

Erasmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish, that the smell of it gave him a fever.

Ambrose Paré mentions a gentleman who never could see an eel without fainting.

Joseph Scaliger and Peter Abono never could drink milk.

Cardon was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs.

Uladislaus King of Poland could not bear to see apples.

If an apple were shewn to Chesne, secretary to Francis I. a prodigious quantity of blood would issue from his nose.

Henry III. of France could never sit in a room with a cat.

The Duke of Schomberg had the same kind of antipathy.

A gentleman in the court of the Emperor Ferdinand would bleed at the nose on hearing the mewing of a cat, however great the distance might be from him.

M. de Lancré, in his *Tableau de toutes Choses*, gives an account of a very sensible man who was so terrified at seeing a hedgehog, that for two years he imagined his bowels were gnawed by such an animal.

In the same book we find an account of a very brave officer who never dared to look at a mouse, it would so terrify him, unless he had his sword in his hand. M. de Lancré knew him perfectly well.

There are some persons who cannot bear to see spiders, and others who eat them for a luxury.

Mr. Vangheim, a great huntsman in Hanover, would faint, or if he had sufficient time would run away, at the sight of a roast pig.

The philosopher Chrysippus had such an aversion to being revered, that if any one saluted him he would fall down.

John Rol, a gentleman in Alcantara, would swoon on hearing the word *lana* (wool) pronounced, although his cloak was made of wool.

DEATH-WATCHES.

Of these death-watches, or insects, there are two sorts: one is about a quarter of an inch in length, of a dark dirty colour, with a broad helmet over its head, under which, when quiet, it draws up its head; so that this helmet, when the insect rests, is a very considerable defence against such falls as are frequent in rotten and decayed places, which are the habitations of this species of insect.

The other death-watch is a small greyish insect, much resembling a louse.

Both these insects have wings, but not perceptible to the naked eye.

The tinkling noise of these insects, which is generally considered by the superstitious and ignorant as portentous of death; and even our poet Gay has said,

"The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she died;"

is nothing more than an amorous notice to each other, or when they eat. The noise is produced by striking their foreheads against the place they lodge in, which is either in or near paper.

The former of these insects seldom beats above seven or eight strokes, and those very quickly; but the latter will beat many hours without intermission, and more leisurely.

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES AMONG THE CARIBBEES.

P. Gumilla, in his book entitled *L'Orignogue illustrée*, says the Caribbees make their daughters fast four days preceding their marriage. The ceremonies of their marriages are very singular. The men and women are crowned with flowers; and they assemble in a wood at the sound of a great number of various instruments, with their chief marching in the front; and before they quit the wood, a plate of meat is brought, which the chief throws upon the ground, saying these words: "There, take that, thou wicked demon, and leave us in tranquillity this day."

The company then goes dancing all the way to the door of the new-married couple; they find them walking in a circle of old women, half of them crying, and the other half laughing heartily: the first party sings these words: "Oh! my child, if you knew the trouble and embarrassments in taking care of a family, you would not have taken a husband." The second party sings: "Ah! my child, if you knew the pleasures of taking care of a family, you would have taken a husband long since."

Thus the young men and women dance, the old women cry and laugh, the musicians make a great noise, the children cry loudly, and the new-married couple remain silent spectators: at length they ar-

range themselves round a table covered with turtles; they all get drunk, and remain drinking till next day.

TOBACCO.

In the collection of *Bulls* deposited in the Seraphim, there is a remarkable one of Pope Urban VIII. against the use of tobacco: by it, all persons who take snuff in church are excommunicated. It is added, that the reason of its being issued, is, to remedy the very just complaints of the dean and chapter of the cathedral at Seville.

The priests in Spain were very much addicted to snuff-taking until the promulgation of this *bull*.

The Abbé Nissino says, it was the devil who first brought tobacco from India into Spain, and introduced it all over Europe.

Monsieur Nicot was the first who introduced tobacco in France, after whom it was called Nicotiana.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

At the time that Michael Angelo flourished, the connoisseurs (as they called themselves) preferred the works of the ancients to the moderns. This preference gave him much disgust; and in order to expose the ignorance and injustice of these judges, he adopted the following expedient.

Privately he made a beautiful marble figure, with all the perfection and elegance he was capable of bestowing. When it was entirely finished, he broke off one of its arms, which he concealed at home; and by the power of his art, he gave the rest of the figure all the appearance of an antique.

He buried it in a place which he knew would soon be dug up to lay the foundation of some building; soon after this, as he expected, the workmen found the figure, and it was immediately exposed to the inspection of the curious: on examining it, nothing was heard but the greatest applauses of the ancients; and the moderns were only mentioned with the greatest contempt.

Michael Angelo, who, among

the rest, went to see the statue, patiently listened to the unjust remarks of these great adnoisseurs, and then shewed the arm which belonged to it, and proved to them, by the exactness with which he placed it to the shoulder, that it was his production.

Thus did he establish the honour of the age in which he lived, and confounded those who prided themselves on their great powers of judging.

TAMEAMEA KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, AND HIS COURT.

It will be recollected by our readers, that a few years since a Russian vessel was equipped at the expense of Count Romanzoff, for the purpose of seeking a north-east passage between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. The command of this vessel, the *Rurick*, was given to Lieutenant Otto von Kotzebue, a son of the late celebrated dramatic writer of that name. A narrative of this voyage in German is now preparing for publication: we have been favoured with the following specimen, which cannot fail to give the English reader a high idea of the interest that may be expected from the work, which will be illustrated with twenty plates and seven charts.

SANDWICH ISLANDS, Nov. 23, 1816.

Owing to the light winds, we made but little way the whole day. Early in the morning, a canoe came along-side to inquire what kind of a ship ours was, and to bring us intelligence that the king had left *Karakakoa* and gone to *Teiatatua*, a bay some miles to the north-

ward; where, however, he would only pass the night, intending to-morrow to proceed still farther to the north along the coast. I immediately sent back the canoe to the king with this message: That it was a Russian ship of war, which had come with friendly views; that its commander was desirous of an interview with his majesty, and therefore requested him not to quit *Teiatatua*, where he hoped to arrive to-morrow. In the following night a brisk wind carried us near to the latter place. The current set in the daytime to the north, and at night to the south, parallel to the coast, which is a consequence of the land and sea breezes.

Nov. 24.

At daybreak we were approaching the bay. Some boats, despatched by the king, came to meet us, and I availed myself of the opportunity to send Elliott, with the scientific gentlemen, to the shore, to acquaint the king with the object of our expedition. As the island of *Owhyhee* contains no commodious harbour, I had resolved, as

soon as I should have arranged with the king for a supply of provisions, to sail to the island of Wabuh, where, as Elliott assured me, there was a more secure haven, not yet mentioned by any voyager: I therefore left the Rurick under sail, and stood off and on at a little distance from the coast. About eight in the morning, Elliott, having successfully performed his errand, returned on board, with two chiefs of the country, one of them brother to the queen, who welcomed us in the name of his majesty. They were a couple of uncommonly tall stout men, whose dress, agreeably to the newest fashion of Owhyhee, struck us much, as it consisted only of a black frock, and a small white straw hat. The American ship which we had seen at Karakakoa, now sailed past us to Teiatatua, where she came to anchor, though ships cannot lie with safety in that bay, because it is open, and the bottom is of coral. Elliott informed me that the king actually expected the arrival of the enemy's vessel, and had instantly issued orders to line the whole coast with troops, who, to the number of 400, armed with muskets, were already at their posts. The king sent me word, that he regretted much that he could not pay me a visit on board, as his jealous people would not allow him to do so, but that he himself had a better opinion of us; and therefore, in token of his friendly sentiments, he invited us to his residence, where he would entertain me with a hog roasted in the earth. For my security, he had commanded one of his chiefs to remain on board as long as I should

be on shore; and thus, about ten o'clock, I went on shore, accompanied by Messrs. Elliott and Schischmaref, and a chief named John Adams. It is customary with these people to assume the names of such Europeans with whom they have contracted a friendship.

The view of the king's residence was intercepted only by a narrow promontory composed of naked rocks, on doubling which, a most enchanting country opened to the eye. We were now in a small sandy bay, protected from the waves of the sea, and the surface of which was smooth as a mirror: on the shore there was a pretty wood of palms, in the shade of which stood several well-built straw houses; through the green foliage of the bananas, on the right, appeared two dazzling white habitations of stone, in the European fashion, which gave the place the mingled aspect of a European and an Owhyhee village, that produced a singular but yet highly pleasing effect. To the left, on an artificial mount raised close to the water, was the *morai* of the king, surrounded by large wooden statues, which exhibit caricature representations of human figures, and are his gods. The back-ground of this delicious valley is formed by the lofty and majestic mountain of Mauna-Worraroy, whose height, according to my calculation, is 1697 fathoms (10,182 feet): on this side it is very steep, and on its declivity, verdant fields and dales alternate with beautiful woods, between which are not unfrequently perceived vast overhanging rocks of lava, which, by the variation of wildness and culture, give the

whole country, a picturesque appearance. A great number of islanders armed with muskets were posted on the shore. The king, accompanied by some of his principal officers, came to the landing-place to receive us; and as soon as I had stepped on shore, he advanced to me, and shook me heartily by the hand. Curiosity assembled the people from all quarters, but the utmost order prevailed, and neither noise nor annoyance was permitted. Here then was I in the presence of the celebrated Tameamea, who had attracted the attention of all Europe, and who, by the dignity and yet unaffected cordiality of his demeanour, inspired me with the greatest confidence. He conducted me into his straw palace, which, according to the fashion of the country, consists of only a single spacious apartment, and, like all the houses here, affords a free passage both to the land and sea breeze, whereby the oppressive heat is moderated. We were offered neat chairs of European workmanship; a mahogany table was set before us; and thus we had all the furniture of the palace in requisition. Though the king has stone houses built in the European style, he prefers this simple habitation, that he may not violate the custom of the country: whatever he regards as useful he imitates, and endeavours to introduce among his people; but palaces of stone seem to him to be superfluous, since straw houses are commodious; and it is his object to increase the prosperity, not the wants, of his subjects.

I was struck by Tameamea's

dress, which consisted of a white shirt, blue breeches, a red waistcoat, and a black handkerchief; for my imagination had drawn a very different picture of his royal paraphernalia. We were told, however, that he sometimes dresses splendidly, since his wardrobe contains several embroidered uniforms and other suits of apparel. The grandees, who were present at our interview, and had all taken their seats on the floor, were habited in a costume still more singular than the king's, for the black frocks on their naked bodies make a most ludicrous appearance; besides which, they seldom fit them, as they are obtained by barter from American vessels, whose people seldom attain the stature and corpulence of the chiefs of the Sandwich Islands. One of the ministers had a coat with a waist ridiculously short, and so narrow that it could not have been buttoned without the greatest difficulty; he perspired copiously, and was evidently miserable in his confinement, but fashion forbade him to release himself from its trammels. It is extraordinary, that the savages should surpass us Europeans in the endurance of the inconveniences to which they are subjected by the power of fashion. The sentinels at the door were stark naked; a cartouch-box and a pair of pistols were fastened about their bodies, and each of them had a gun in his hand.

After the king had given us some excellent wine, and drunk of it to our health, I communicated to him my intention of taking in fresh provisions, water, and wood, at this place. A young man named Cook, the only white whom the king had

about him, was intelligent, not without polish, and spoke the language of the country with great fluency: he had formerly served on board a ship, but had settled many years ago in this island, where he enjoyed the king's favour, and possessed a considerable tract of land. This man officiated as interpreter between us. Tameamea spoke as follows: "I am informed that you are commander of a ship of war, and are engaged in a voyage similar to that of Cook and Vancouver, consequently do not meddle with commerce; it is not therefore my intention to carry on any traffic with you, but to supply you gratuitously with whatever my islands produce. There then is an end to this matter, which needs no farther mention; but now I request you to tell me, whether it is the will of your emperor that his subjects should begin to annoy me in my old age. Since Tameamea has been king of these islands, no European has had occasion to complain of having suffered any injury here. I have made my islands an asylum for all nations, and every ship that wanted provisions I have honestly furnished with them. Some time since there came from the American colony of Sitka some Russians, a nation with which I had formerly no connection: they were kindly received and supplied with necessaries, but they have ill requited me, since they have committed hostilities against my subjects in the island of Wahu, and threatened to bring ships of war to conquer the islands: however, that shall not happen so long as Tameamea lives. A Russian physician, named Scheffer, who came hither

some months ago, pretended that he was sent by the Emperor Alexander to make botanical researches on my islands. Having heard many favourable things of the Emperor Alexander, and being above all delighted with his bravery, I not only permitted Mr. Scheffer to botanize, but promised him every kind of support, gave him a piece of land and people, so that he could never be in want of the necessities of life; in short, I strove to make his abode here as agreeable as possible, and to comply with all his wishes. What was the consequence of my hospitality? While in Owhyhee he repaid my kindness with ingratitude, which I bore patiently. He then passed, according to his wish, from island to island, and at length settled on the fertile island of Wahu, where he proved himself my greatest enemy, since he destroyed our sanctuary, the *morai* there; and in the island of Otuwai, excited King Tamany, who had many years before submitted to my authority, to rebel against me. There Scheffer still resides at this moment, and threatens my islands."

Such was the account of the king, for the truth of which I have no other voucher than that Tameamea gives a decided preference to such of the Europeans of good conduct as settle in his dominions, and is universally known as an upright, honourable man. I am not personally acquainted with Mr. Scheffer, but have subsequently learned in what manner he came to the Sandwich Islands. He was engaged as surgeon to the Russo-American Company's ship the *Suwarof*, which sailed in 1814, under

the command of Lieutenant Lafaref, from Cronstadt for Sitka. Lafaref, for reasons with which I am not acquainted, left Dr. Scheffer at Sitka in 1815, and returned to Europe without any surgeon. Mr. Baranof, who usually resides at Sitka in quality of director of all the Russo-American colonies, and whose character is none of the best, took him under his patronage, and sent him to the Sandwich Islands, for what purpose is not known; but how he conducted himself there, the reader is informed.

I solemnly assured Tameamea that the misconduct of the Russians here was by no means to be attributed to the orders of our emperor, who never commanded his subjects to do what was wrong; but that the great extent of his empire prevented his being immediately apprised of their bad actions; which, however, did not pass unpunished when they reached his ears. My declaration that the emperor had no design to conquer his islands rejoiced the king exceedingly; the glasses were immediately emptied to the emperor's health; he became more affable than before, and I could not have wished for a more agreeable and attentive host. He led the conversation with a vivacity that was astonishing for his age, asked numberless questions concerning Russia, and made observations which Cook was not always able to translate, many of his expressions being peculiar to the language of Owwhyhee, and so witty, that his ministers frequently burst into loud laughter.

One of Tameamea's wives walked past the house, and politely

wished me good day at the door, but durst not enter, as this was the place where the king ate. With his permission we took a walk, accompanied by Cook, and five naked soldiers escorted us as a guard of honour. We visited the favourite Queen Kahumanna, who is mentioned by Vancouver, and found with her the two other wives, and were received by them all with great kindness. The house in which Kahumanna resides is neatly built, and very clean within; the floor, on which the three ladies seated themselves in the Asiatic manner, was covered with fine mats of elegant workmanship, and their persons were enveloped in the finest stuffs of the country. Kahumanna sat in the middle between the other two, and I received the flattering invitation to place myself on the floor opposite to them. They asked several inquisitive questions, which I answered, to their satisfaction, through the medium of Cook. Water-melons were brought, and Kahumanna had the politeness to cut one and hand me a slice herself. The chief employment of the royal dames consists in smoking tobacco, combing their hair, driving flies away with a fan, and eating. Tameamea is the only exception to the practice of smoking, which has within these few years become so prevalent in the Sandwich Islands, that little children smoke before they can run alone, and adults carry it to such excess that they drop down insensible, and frequently die in consequence of it.

The tobacco-plant, which was brought hither by Europeans, is cultivated with care, and has be-

come naturalized; the smell is very pleasant, but the tobacco is extremely strong. They use no tubes to their pipes, but the bowls, which, according to the custom of the country, they have constantly hanging by their sides, form part of the royal insignia: these are of the size of the largest amber bowls; they are made of a dark-coloured wood, and hooped with copper; but this the wealthy only can afford. Kahumanna took with great zest a few whiffs from the pipe, swallowed part of the smoke, and expelled the remainder through the nostrils: half stupified, she handed me the pipe, and when I declined it, she gave it, amazed at my European stupidity, to her neighbour, who soon resigned it to the third. As soon as the pipe was emptied in this manner, it was filled afresh, and passed round as before. The second occupation of these ladies is the dressing of their hair, which, according to the fashion, is cut short, except that it is suffered to grow to the length of about two inches over the forehead; they smear it with a white viscous matter, and comb it up: the snow-white rays which then encircle the dark brown face give it a romantic appearance. All three queens were very large, corpulent women, upwards of fifty, and had probably never possessed any claims to beauty. Their dress was distinguished by several silk handkerchiefs from that of the other females. The king's daughter, a tolerably handsome girl, was seated on a mat before the door; behind her stood a little negro boy, who held a silk parasol over her head, to screen her from the sun,

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while two other boys drove away the flies with bunches of red feathers: the whole formed a pleasing group. When I was about to rise, Kahumanna detained me, and inquired with great earnestness after Vancouver, who it seems, during his stay here, had reconciled her with Tameamea, with whom he had found her at variance. The intelligence of his death seemed to affect her.

On leaving the king's wives, we paid a visit to his son. Cook told me that this prince, as heir apparent to the throne, was already invested with the rights of his father, which consist in the observance of the most important *taboos**. This arrangement has been adopted by Tameamea from political motives, to prevent the occurrence of a revolution after his death; for as soon as the son has consummated the most important royal *taboo*, he is sacred, and becomes associated with the priests, and no one dares dispute with him the possession of the throne. When the prince acquired the same rights as his father, he received the name of Lio-Lio, that is, *dog of all dogs*—and such we actually found him to be. We were ushered into a neat house, in which Lio-Lio, a tall, clumsy, naked figure, lay stretched upon his belly; at our entrance, he slowly raised his head to look at his visitors. Near him were seated some naked soldiers with fire-arms to guard this Caliban. A young and handsome native of these

* The first *taboo* of the king's son consists in this, that no person is allowed to see him by daylight. Should any one be so unfortunate, his life must pay the forfeit of his guilt.

islands drove away the flies from him with a bunch of red feathers, and I should rather have taken this youth for the offspring of royalty, on account of his interesting physiognomy and dignified demeanour. 'Tameamea, whose wise government will cause his name to be handed down to posterity, and who has laid the ground-work for the civilization of his people, to have a successor, who will prosecute with zeal and industry the work which he has begun; the benefit of navigation is so desirable that the natives of the Sandwich Islands should attain a high degree of culture; and the Europeans; and the English have taken these islands under their protection, ought to encourage the elevation of so much talent to the vacant throne on the decease of Tameamea, then every revolution is obviated. At length, the *all dogs* listlessly raised their heads and gazed at us with a significant stare. He seemed to be dressed in a uniform, for he was at considerable length clothed with two naked chambers.

He could not learn his exact age, of which no account is kept here; I should estimate it at twenty-two, and am inclined to believe that his prodigious corpulence proceeds from his habitual lying position.

At noon we returned to Tameamea's habitation, where I was surprised to see, close to the shore, barges sixty or seventy feet long, built exactly in the European manner; they are employed in the conveyance of provisions from one island to another. Tameamea is solicitous to draw European ship-

builders to his country, and pays liberally for their instruction. During our walk, we were constantly surrounded by a concourse of persons of both sexes, who made a great deal of noise and fun, but without being troublesome. Tameamea again received us in a friendly manner, and, after some questions as to how I liked the place,

ought, and, a small neat house, the *morai*, ready laid out. He admitted that he eaten had been had thought, gave me of the matter that the use near commonly is, for us assigned to our entertainment of gratification with men are for a path, to be men; for y has two

houses, besides that in which it usually resides, the one for the men to eat in, and the other for the women. The dinner was provided for us alone; the king and his ministers taking nothing, though they were present, because, as he said, hog's flesh was to-day *taboo* (forbidden) for him. The hog, placed upon palm-branches in the middle of the table, was cut up with various ceremonies by one of the ministers, and accompanied with sweet potatoes, yams, and baked taro-roots. The king was

very chatty during the repast; sometimes conversing with me, and at others turning to his ministers, who could not forbear laughing at his sallies. He is fond of wine, without drinking to excess, and was very attentive to fill our glasses. When he had, after the English fashion, drunk to the health of each of his guests, he challenged us to fill a bumper to the prosperity of our emperor; and when we had done this, one of his ministers delivered to me a ruff or collar, made with great skill of variegated feathers, which the king had himself worn on solemn days; for example, in time of war. He then accosted me through the medium of Cook, though he speaks English tolerably well, and said, "I have heard that your monarch is a great warrior; I love him for it, because I am so myself, and send him this collar as a token of my affection."

After we had dined, and quitted the house, the king was extremely anxious that my boat's crew also should be well regaled. He gave directions accordingly to one of the chiefs, and the table was immediately covered afresh; the men were then made to sit down, and treated with as much attention as had been paid to ourselves. The fellows had to a certainty never been made so much of in all their lives; for a *canaka* stood behind each of them, as behind us, during dinner, with a bunch of feathers, to protect him from the flies.

Tameamea's first walk was to the *morai*: here he embraced a statue, which was hung round with a profusion of fruit, and pieces of a sacrificed hog; at the same time ob-

serving, "These are our gods, whom I adore: whether I am right or wrong in so doing, I know not; but I follow the dictates of my faith, which cannot be a bad one, since it commands me to do no wrong." This remark from a savage, who had, by innate energy, raised himself to this degree of culture, displays sound reason, and made a profound impression upon me. When the king is at the *morai*, no person is allowed to enter, and we meanwhile examined the colossal idols carved out of wood, which represent the most hideous caricatures. Tameamea presently rejoined us, and conducted us to the house in which he had first received us, where we sat down as before in chairs, while the *grandees* took their places on the floor.

The time for Tameamea's accustomed repast now arrived. He excused himself for being about to eat in our presence, saying, "I have seen how the Russians eat; I will now gratify your curiosity, and shew you how Tameamea eats." The table was not covered, but the provisions lay in a distant corner on banana leaves, which served instead of dishes. Special attendants carried them creeping towards the king, where one of his great officers received and placed them on the table. The repast consisted of boiled fish, yams, taro-roots, and a roasted bird, very little larger than a sparrow, which frequents the tops of the trees, and is very rarely eaten, and that only at the table of the king. He ate very fast, and apparently with an excellent appetite, at the same time talking incessantly. Instead of bread he uses taro-dough, diluted with water

to the consistence of a soft pap, which, though the king possesses beautiful services of table utensils, stands in a calabash at his right hand; into this he dips his forefinger when he eats fish or flesh, and pitches a good portion of it with great dexterity into his mouth.

This unsightly mode of eating is

practised by all from the sovereign down to the meanest of his people. Tameamea, who used nothing but his fingers during the whole repast, and observed that I was attentive to his motions, said to me, "Such is the custom in my country, and I will not deviate from it."

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LX.

Then, like the Sibyl's leaves,
O scatter them abroad! ——— DRYDEN.

As I have given notice that this collection of maxims, applicable as they are to every situation of female character, are on the point of being concluded, I have received various hints as to the better arrangement of them. To those who are of that opinion, I shall beg leave to recommend, if they are advanced in life, to undertake the task for the benefit of others; if they are young, to do it for their own.

F — T —.

If you should be conscious you have well acquitted yourself in the world whilst you were connected with it, your retirement will be doubly pleasant.

A degree of knowledge in gardening and farming, with due attention to economy, will save you from weariness of mind, and preserve your health of body.

Let no servile imitations of fashions in the world corrupt the modes of a country life, and subvert its end, which should be that of preparation for another.

Rather prefer some hours of solitude, to the passing them with a

set of people who would either despise your regularity, or, by forcing you out of it, destroy your happiness.

Keep up your politeness and your neatness, and contract no formality; but pursue the rules you have laid down with firmness, but without affectation.

Receive your inferior neighbours with good-humour and complacency, nor sicken at conversation which that situation must furnish.

An unpolished expression, or an unfashionable dress, should never excite your anger or contempt, provided the hearts of your society are untainted.

Put yourself as much as you can on a level with your neighbours, nor draw the younger part, whose fortunes will not admit of it, into frivolous expenses and idle imitation of changeable fashions.

Do not continually quote the magnificence of earlier days, nor those pleasures which it is impossible to share in your present situation.

Consider that your judgment of persons and their qualities may be somewhat influenced by age,

sickness, or disappointment: imperfection did, and will, exist as long as this imperfect world shall last.

Your society will respect you more for your propriety of conduct, after all the vicissitudes of fortune you may have experienced, than for the vain descriptions of beauty or of grandeur that are past.

Listen to the distresses, attend to the maladies of the poor; and *endeavour to mitigate the one, and to heal the other.

Not only administer to the health of poor people, but encourage their industry.

Superintend the instruction of the poorer sort, but intermix nothing that would encourage vanity in your support of them.

Encourage reading among the younger poor, no farther than as it shall inform them of their duty to God and man.

A very few precepts, and much good example, to persons without education, are the surest methods of encouraging virtue among them.

Let your pecuniary aids be distributed with discretion.

In the payment of labour, consider the limits of others' fortune, should your own be superior.

Let none share your bounty whose conduct and character do not merit it; but abandon them not while you can hope for their reformation.

There is a pious kind of anger that sometimes so blends itself with female charity, as to be a check to gratitude even in the acceptance of gifts.

Experience in the use of drugs may contribute much to the safety

of poor objects; above all, those who have slight indispositions; but a smattering in physic is rather a dangerous tool in female hands.

Apply to the mind, as well as to the body, of such indigent persons as shall implore your assistance; examine into the causes of their unhappy state: a small donation and a kind expression will save many a sufferer from sickness and despair.

Let each year which shall steal a charm or a grace which were the companions of your youth, add a virtue in return.

The decay of beauty is perhaps one of the most sensible trials that female temper can experience; endeavour therefore to prevent its consequences, by turning your thoughts to mental acquirements.

Substitute extreme neatness to ornament in advanced age, as well as gentleness to vivacity, and humility to vanity.

The beauties of nature, a healthful walk, a rising and setting sun, the prosperity and perfections of your descendants, will amply replace in your mind the pleasures and pursuits of your younger years, too oft checked by misfortune, and destroyed by disappointments.

Let those hands, once, perhaps, too much occupied in arranging and placing personal ornament, busy themselves in forming raiment for the poor; and the most consolatory reflections will attend your labours.

Encourage every innocent amusement among those yet capable of tasting them; exclude not music or the dance from your society, particularly in the country.

Be sparing of your reflections.

in youthful societies : they are often misinterpreted, and ascribed to regret and envy.

When ready to censure the present day, call over your own conduct in a former one, and candidly examine your title to decisive condemnation of trifling indiscretion.

Persuasion will hang on the voice of good-nature and benevolence ; and employ no other means to influence and lead young persons to prudence and virtue.

Render yourself the confidant, and not the tyrant of your acquaintance : they will fly from severity, while humanity will attract them.

If anywise entitled to counsel, or to correct, make use of some recent and forcible example, which is the production of almost every day.

Be not arbitrary on the point of dress among your female society : it suffices for you to observe a proper decorum yourself in that article.

Lament not the desertion of certain persons whose friendship and opinion you once relied on : you are better without them, if their former attentions were derived from your opulence or connections.

That too common and illiberal behaviour, among the young and unthinking, towards the old and unhappy, which, in large companies, it may be your lot to encounter, is only to be avoided by contracting the circle of your acquaintance ; and surely that cannot be deemed a hardship by good sense and experience.

Do not shun the afflicted : there are dispositions in the world, who, looking on sorrow as contagious, become inhuman through fear.

Listen to tales of woe with promptitude on your own account, and compassion for the sufferers.

Profit by others' misfortunes or mistakes as a correction to your pride, and a guard to your own conduct.

Abstain from all uncharitable comments on the reports of the misconduct of the world : be grateful to that Providence which hath conducted you into the harbour, and lament the storms your fellow-creatures are exposed to.

Endeavour to put a favourable interpretation on all uncertain rumours, when to the disadvantage of contemporaries. It appertains solely, amid the uncertainties of time, to Omniscience to discover, and Omnipotence to judge.

Use your strongest efforts to detach yourself from, and, in a certain degree, to abate in your affections towards, all perishable objects.

Vanity, in declining years, is often substituted to tenderer passions : support of family and the pride of name are shadows that will dissolve and vanish like yourself.

When real affection reigns, no mode of reasoning will be more prevailing for consolation than this : that the object of it is doomed to submit to the general laws of God and nature.

To young persons, the death of contemporaries is the most speaking lesson they can receive.

If you lose your companions late in life, if they shall have merited the esteem of the good, pursue their paths in order to rejoin them.

During such afflictions as are confined to yourself, seek not re-

lief from the dissipated and unfeeling world; nor, till you can controul your sorrows, expose them to insensibility, if not derision.

The most probable diversion to acute affliction will be your exertions in the service of your fellow-creatures.

Suffer no pceivishness to intermix itself with trouble: it is a species of revolt against the decrees of Providence.

Betray no kind of impatience at the awkward efforts of unskilful

acquaintance in the article of consolation.

You may sometimes meet among indifferent spectators of misfortunes a certain hard and prying look, which seems to seek for such causes of it as may save their compassion and authorize their censure.

The only disappointment you can inflict on impertinent curiosity, is the concealment of your sensations.

Mention death neither with horror nor contempt. F—T—.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THREE ITALIAN ARIETTS, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed, and respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Leshmere Russell, by F. Sor. 6th Set. Pr. 5s. (Chappell and Co. Bond-street.)

ONCE more, after a long interval of silence, we have the pleasure of introducing to our readers a fresh production of—their favourite we hope—Mr. Sor; a further set of his arietts, the sixth in succession. Our account of this production will demand all the space at our utmost command: we therefore proceed forthwith to our purpose.

1st ARIETT.

The first ariett is in the key of A major, $\frac{3}{4}$; we subjoin the text, to render our remarks more intelligible:

Pace, Amarille!
Torniamo in pace;
L'aspre pupille
Screna al fin.
Serena, o torbida,
Qual più ti piaccia,
Sempre sei l'arbitra
Del mio destin.

Literally and lineally about thus:

Peace, Amaryllis! to peace let us return; those chilling frowns for once dispel. Smiling or frowning, as best suits thy will, thou'lt ever be the umpire of my destiny.

The emphatic exclamation, "Pace, Amarille," would have rendered an extended, formal introduction greatly out of place; Mr. S. therefore, with his usual discrimination, confines his symphony to two bars, the peculiar and original construction of which already implies the lover's anxious entreaties (C 6, D3)*: after this short preparation, the words, "Pace, Amarille," are ushered in with E 7, A 3. The exclamation is uttered with fervour, yet in tenderness, and after repeating the short symphony, nearly the same phrase serves to express "Torniamo in pace." Thus far, however, no regular motivo appears; these two first lines are in

* The signature being A (3 sharps), it may be proper to state, once for all, that, in our mention of these and other chords, the sharps in the key are omitted; they must be understood throughout.

a kind of mezzo recitativo. Now only begins, in fact, the main subject with "L'aspre pupille," &c. This arrangement is excellent, not only as conveying forcibly the import of the words, but also because it produces a sweet contrast of recitation and arioso. With the fourth line of the text the first subject in the tonic concludes, and a new period begins, with the fifth line, in the dominant E: here we observe the adequate effect of the chord of the second at "torbida." The 5th and 6th lines are repeated (p. 2, l. 1,) by a further modulation into a new dominant, B, on which a cadence ensues (b. 4)*. This cadence on "piaccia" we deem too conclusive for the sentence "Qual più ti piaccia," which in fact is but parenthetical. But here the melody comes to a full stop, and a fresh idea, upon a change of key (E), is formally entered upon at the words "Sempre sei l'arbitra," which essentially belong to "Serena, o torbida."

The stanza concludes on the dominant (p. 2, l. 3), and its repetition from the beginning takes place. The two first lines, "Pace," &c. are again beautifully expressed, in a varied form, with a tinge of minore, and with a musical climax of pathos quite masterly. The main motivo of the 3d and 4th lines (text) reappears with tasteful amplification. To the 5th and 6th

*In this line, and on some other occasions, we observe accidental sharps omitted in the voice, when they are given in the accompaniment; and vice versa. This may lead to mistakes, particularly in *prima vista* performances. The accidentals had better be repeated in both parts.

lines (text)—p. 3, l. 2—however fancifully decorated by a most delicate instrumental interlude, we feel the same objection in regard to cadence, as in the instance above referred to; nay, more strongly, by reason of the addition of the pause, which renders the conclusion absolute. This pause indeed begins to stagger us. When we consider how every bar of Mr. S. bespeaks reflection well weighed, we must either fear we have misconceived the text, or think he has intentionally given it a bearing different from its more obvious meaning. The remainder of the page dwells upon the original motivo, and deduces from it, under various elegant figures, an animated and well-developed termination. Of this ariett it is perhaps scarcely necessary, after what has been stated, to add a general opinion; suffice it to say, that it is a highly finished piece of musical writing, replete with touches of feeling, richly coloured as to accompaniment, and, with the before-mentioned exception—founded in mistake perhaps on our part—a perfect *tableau parlant*.

2d ARIETT.

Lagrimie mie d'affanno,
Sospiri del mio cor,
All' idol' mio tiranno
Spiegate il mio dolor.
Mà che mi giova il pianto,
Che giova sospirar,
Se la crudel' intanto
Ride del mio penar?

Line for line, nearly as follows: *Ic tears of anguish, ye sighs of my heart, to my cruel idol depict my woes! But what can tears avail me? what avails sighing, if the pitiless maid laughs at my sufferings?*

These wailings of a despairing lover demanded, what they receiv-

ed in full measure at Mr. Sor's hands, a melody expressive of deep melancholy.* The key is G minor accordingly; but the ariett is much shorter than the first, perhaps for this strong reason, that our ear is fatigued with extensive minore strains, especially when unrelieved by intervening major parts, and, generally, because the mind dislikes to dwell long upon a tale of woe, more particularly when sung. The prelude is finely imagined; in the latter part we fancy we hear the lover's sobs and broken sighs. The four first lines of text proceed with measured regularity in the minor tonic, with a transient modulation across the relative major key. Lines 5 and 6 (t) are rendered with great truth and deep feeling: it is impossible to melodize declamation more correctly, and it is difficult to imagine a more classic and impressive accompaniment than what supports this phrase (p. 5, l. 2). But the sentiment augments in force with the two last lines, "*Se la crudel' intanto,*" &c.; the despairing swain reproaches his love with her wanton cruelty, and his wild distress is well depicted by chords from the diminished seventh, &c. thrown into rapid arpeggios. The concluding symphony, interesting and highly wrought in itself, harmonizes finely with the general tenor of the vocal part.

3d ARIETT.

Io mormoro in vano
De' lacci d'amor,
Sarà mio soviano
Malgrado il mio cor:
Armato di strali,
E pronto a ferir;
Ha celiati all,
Se tento a fuggir.

In vain I murmur against the snares
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of Love; he will assert his sway spite of my heart: armed with shafts, he is ready to strike; swift are his wings, if I attempt to escape.

In this couplet, eminently ana-creontic, the sentiment is not of a serious cast; the poet, it is true, complains of the irresistible power of love, but the universality of the grievance excludes all sympathy with the sufferer. It is the complaint of a Don Giovanni, an excuse for being exceedingly amorous. Not but that there are bards, and not a few, whose chilled and gloomy feelings would have held it a point of compositorial duty to handle our lines vastly *fleBILE*, and make a ballad of it of drawling sentimentality, slinking into a minore twang at the 8th bar precisely, *more majorum*; and, if the effort were transcendental, we might perhaps have had the benefit of two movements, in different times, the opportunity at the latter half being too fine to be missed; besides a quantum sufficit of *ral-lentandos*, and a dozen or so of pauses, to drag on more heavily, and a touch of the picturesque withal, expressive of the twitch of the deadly weapon, and the fluttering of wings of the arch divinity. All which being satisfactorily brought forth, nothing would remain but to get the *opus magnum* moaned off by a sympathizing vocal soul with a long face and night-cap on.

But *duo cum faciunt idem non est idem*. Mr. Sor's lover is the Don Giovanni we supposed him to be, and he takes care to let us know it long before his hero opens his mouth. The key is C major, and the symphony introduces the gen-

tleman any thing but *mal à son aise*; he comes in skippingly and frolicsome, and we know at once what to make of him. The introduction, altogether, cannot fail to ensure a good reception; it combines a peculiar selectness of thought and feeling, with gracefulness of diction and beautiful symmetry: it is fresh, blooming, chastely vigorous.

The voice sets out with a subdued but captivating motivo, interspersed with a very attractive instrumental passage. The second distich, "*Sarà mio sovrano*," &c. appears at first, perhaps, with less contrast and emphasis than might be expected; but in its repetition (p. 8, l. 2.) we have the sense in its full force, and rendered strikingly impressive by a magnificent system of accompaniment. After the first four lines of text, the key changes to G major; and here again we observe (p. 8, l. 3.) a singularly sweet instrumental introduction. The new vocal motivo is simple and melodious; a finely chequered accompaniment with crossed hands steps in opportunely; and the frequent repetition of "*Ha celeri ali, se tento a fuggir*," gives rise to an elegant variety of vocal amplifications, and to several interesting harmonic touches, until this portion is finally closed in its new tonic, G. Among these vocal passages, the semiquavers, p. 9, l. 2, might, we think, have admitted of more ease, so as to be more generally accessible to moderate attainments. Two bars of exquisite softness now reconduct us into the in key, C; and, with it, to the

assumption of the whole stanza. Here the four first lines (text) are

repetition, and, after those, the beginning is made for winding up gradually, and with constantly increasing energy. A favourite bar of instrumental episode, full of life, is thrown about in all directions between the text; the voice, too, waxes warm; all is life and fire; transient discords appear momentarily, to aid the climax, and lead to a splendid termination.

This ariett, we presume, will be the favourite of the three with the generality of amateurs; its extent afforded scope for a full display of the author's rich fancy: it is an harmonic picture, of the finest proportions, warm colouring, and elaborate finish.

A further set of Mr. Sor's ariettes (No. VII.) is intended for our critique of next month.

"*La Primavera*," *Introduction and Pastorale for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Le Geyt*, by W. H. Steil. Pr. 2s. 6d. (R. Harmonic Institution.)

The introduction and pastorale are in the key of F major, and both have a strong claim to our favour. In the pastorale we observe, in an eminent degree, that style of undulating ease, if we might be allowed the expression; that expression of unruffled tranquillity and happy innocence, which are the true characteristics of this species of movement. The main motivo is quite of this description: it floats melodiously on our ears; it becalms our spirits. It reminds us of Winter's "*Vaghi colli ameni prati*." But besides this, there are several other subordinate subjects of the same character and effect, such as (p. 4, l. 1,) where the principal theme is evidently and hap-

pily imitated; and again the fine cantilena, p. 6, l. 1.—Thus there is no where an absence of good melody, that primary requisite in all good music. Between these portions, however, we find abundance of digressive matter, either in the way of modulation (which Mr. S. has kept under a certain degree of controul, and very properly so in a piece of this kind), or in the shape of passages for digital execution. The latter will be found tasteful, and, generally speaking, free from difficulty.—Those in the 5th page are of peculiar merit and attraction, and, in some instances, quite original.

“*Oh! wear for me, my love;*”
*Poetry by Oscar; the Music composed, and dedicated to Miss Tre-
 lunney, by W. Henry Steil. Pr. 2s.*
 (Rutter and Co. New Bond-st.)

This, we think, is the first vocal composition of Mr. Steil that has come under our observation; if it should be a first essay altogether, we can only say that it is of a very promising description. His instrumental pieces have on every occasion elicited our tribute of approbation; but eminence in this line is as frequently unattended with success in the vocal department, as excellence in prose may be found in a writer of indifferent poetry. The composition before us characterizes itself by its chaste simplicity, a peculiar freshness of expression, and a great purity and efficiency of harmony. The ideas are not of a cast to which one can affix the epithet of absolute novelty, but they are quite in their place; they emanate naturally out of each other, they are in concordance with the sentiment of the text, and

their rhythmical arrangement fits well the metre of the words. The concluding line, “A gayer wreath I might have wove, but none so sweet as this,” merits special notice. It is the happiest idea in the ballad; there is something peculiarly fascinating in the turn which the harmony takes; the appearance of the extreme 6th has the best effect; and the slight variation with which the same passage is treated in the second stanza, is equally entitled to our commendation.

“*Patimodia a Nice,*” in *Thirteen vocal Duets, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte; composed, and dedicated, by permission, to H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, by J. F. Danneley. No. III. Pr. 2s. 6d.*—(R. Harmonic Institution).

This is the third of the series of duets which Mr. D. has announced under the above title. It presents several features of merit; and, upon the whole, appears to us to rise above its predecessors. This augurs well for the remainder of the collection. In the motivo (A major), we observe considerable contrapuntal contrivance between the two voices; at the same time we will own, that, as far as our individual taste goes, such tokens of skill, at the outset, appear to us to come a little too soon. It is better at first to tell the key well, in common chords, &c. to dwell upon it till it be strongly impressed, and to reserve any fugued process for the sequel, and then to use it sparingly; especially in love-songs. The second portion from “*Tu se con te m’aggio,*” proceeds in an agreeable cantilena style, and derives effective support from an ac-

tive accompaniment. In the 3d page a new idea, obviously conceived in A minor, is suddenly introduced on the chord of F 3. The thought is not amiss, but in its progress we have to go through the very strong succession of F 3, E 7, in which hard fifths are not upon paper, absolutely, but certainly in the ear. The vocal responses, on the tonic and dominant, are in good style. In the beginning of the 4th page, however, the harmony is led from A minor into C, across a very dubious path. We apprehend it would be difficult to affix to the bass A, A b, G, C, a set of figures coinciding with the functions assigned to the right hand. The same passage is treated with due variety in the sequel, a few bars recitativo intervene, the original subject is resumed, and a good conclusion winds up the duet satisfactorily.

We have on various occasions expressed a favourable opinion of Mr. D.'s talent, and these duets confirm our former assertions; but we fancy we perceive in them at times too studied a display of the compositorial *savoir faire*: the laudable aim at being select seems occasionally to have held out temptations for launching into the *recherché*, into something like what is called "fine writing" in literary productions, at the expense of simplicity and perspicuity.

We mentioned in former critiques, that the second in these duets is set in the tenor cleff. As times go, this circumstance may confine their circulation. The pitch is out of the reach of any but male voices; and of these, we are sorry to say, three fourths at

least are more or less strangers to the cleff in question.

Airs and Chorusses selected from Mozart's celebrated Opera "Il Flauto Magico," arranged as Duets for two Performers on the Piano-forte, by S. F. Rimbault. No. II. Pr. 3s.--(Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

In a former critique we called the favourable attention of our readers to the first number of these duets selected from the Magic Flute. The second, now before us, possesses equal, if not stronger, claims on our recommendation: it is distinguished by the choice of three pieces, eminently beautiful in themselves, and well calculated for duets. They are, "Hm' Hm' perche menti"—"Tre bei garzon lucenti"—and "Descendi o benefico figlio d'Amor," all which Mr. R. has arranged in so easy a style, and yet with such judgment and good taste in regard to the preservation of their intrinsic beauties and general effect, that their execution is sure to prove a fascinating task to well disposed pupils of inoderate attainments, provided they be a little steady in counting.

"Hear, hear my prayer," the favourite Anthem for two Voices sung at the Oratorios, composed by the late Mr. James Kent; newly arranged, with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-forte, by John Purkis. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

Among the various compositions of Kent, the merit of which has endeared his name with the lovers of sacred music, the above anthem maintains an eminent rank. It is so well known and appretiated, that we need not add a word in the way of further comment. Mr. Pur-

kis, as might be expected from his acknowledged talent, has done his duty by his author, in the new arrangement under which this anthem now appears. This is particularly conspicuous in the second movement, the fine solo in A minor. The typographical execution, too, as well as the moderate price of the present edition, is highly creditable to the publisher.

The Hibernian Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed, and respectfully inscribed, by permission, to Lady Louisa Cornwallis, by E. Frost. 1r. 2s.—(Metzler and Son, War-dour-street.)

A rondo in D major, $\frac{6}{8}$, in the progress of which the popular air "Fly not yet" is introduced, or rather interposed as a distinct movement. In the second half of the first bar of the rondo, the chord E, 3, 4, 6 * resolves rather awkwardly into D, 4, 6; but the whole of the rondo presents decided claims on our approbation: its style is lively and pleasing, the ideas are well varied and in good connection, and, in some instances, we observe traits of clever contrivance. Of the latter description are the fugued construction of the bass, p. 2, l. 6, and the further evolutions of the left hand in the beginning of p. 3. All this is quite as it should be, and the digressive portions, p. 4, deduced from the air "Fly not yet," are likewise satisfactory. Of the introduction in D minor, we cannot say much: it is indifferent as to conception, and at times incorrect in regard to harmony. The very first line will vouch the latter assertion: it contains, among other matters, strong fifths in the successive chords of D minor and C major.

Three favourite Waltzes for the Piano-forte, composed by F. Blackshaw. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Bates, St. John's-square.)

The name of this author appears for the first time, we believe, in our review, and although the publication is of a class from which a composer cannot form great expectations, we must do Mr. B. the justice to say, that his waltzes are satisfactory and agreeable. The third, although less fit for the ball-room than the others, has a pretty trio. The constant repetition of the parts in the octave, however frequent the practice may be, does not add to effect, in our opinion.

* * The publisher of the *Repository* has put into our hands a letter, containing a request that we would notice two errors in last month's Musical Critique. Our readers may ere this have had opportunities of seeing, that we are far from laying pretensions to any thing like infallibility of judgment, especially in musical matters, which often depend more upon taste, and even fashion, than upon fixed principles; and although we endeavour at all times to give the subject the most deliberate reflection in our power, yet the pressure of time under which our critical labours are frequently executed, might occasionally be a further cause of error on our part. Impressed with these considerations, instead of discouraging applications of the above description, we shall at all times be ready to attend to them with candour and impartiality; and if they are such as to convince us of our error, we shall deem it a solemn duty to confess frankly, that we have been in the wrong.

When this conviction does not altogether come home to us, we should not think ourselves justified in troubling our readers with the charge made against us, accompanied by our defence or explanation. This course we had at first intended to

pursue on the present occasion; but upon further consideration, we feel induced to postpone our resolution: first, because the application in question was evidently written in haste; is probably incorrect in the quotation of a page, and appears in some respects not sufficiently explicit; secondly, as the letter was probably not meant for publication, even the insertion of an extract, which we could not well have avoided, might be deemed an act of impropriety; and thirdly, as the author, in alluding to a further criticism on the same publication, intimates an intention

of reconsidering so much of his labour as is referred to by us, it might so happen, that a further application on his part would require a second explanation on ours.

If, therefore, the author of the letter in question will favour us with an explicit statement of all his objections to our criticism, we shall give it insertion, accompanied by an answer on our part. The communication ought to reach us before the 10th December, to have a place in the next Number of the *Repository*.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 34.—WALKING DRESS.

A HIGH dress composed of bright grey bombasine: the skirt is trimmed at the bottom with velvet bands to correspond in colour; they are bias; are scalloped at one edge, and plain at the other: there are four of these bands, placed at a little distance from each other; the bottom one is rather more than half a quarter in breadth; the others are each something narrower. The body is tight to the shape: the long sleeve is rather straight, and falls a good deal over the hand; it is finished by three bands of velvet to correspond with those on the skirt, but much narrower: full epaulettes, intersected with bands, which form it into bias puffs: small standing collar, composed of velvet. The pelisse worn with this dress is composed of *velours simulé*, lined with sarsnet, and wadded; the colour an Egyptian brown: the skirt is rather wide; it is finished at the bottom by a broad band of velvet to correspond, above which is placed

a trimming of the same material as the pelisse. it consists of two thick rolls, one of which is wreathed in a serpentine direction round the other, and both are ornamented with narrow folds of satin and *gros de Naples* mixed, which are fancifully twisted round them. The fronts are fastened up by full bows and ends. The waist is of a moderate length; and the body, which is plain, is almost concealed by a large pelerine trimmed with velvet to correspond. The sleeve is of moderate width; it is finished at the hand with velvet. High standing collar, fastened in front by a full bow. Head-dress, a bonnet to correspond in colour with the pelisse: it is a mixture of velvet and *gros de Naples*; the crown, low and somewhat of a melon shape, is covered with scollops of *gros de Naples*, edged with velvet, which stand up round it, and form a cluster on the summit. The front is very deep; it is rounded at the corners, and finished at the edge by

a band of bias velvet; a bias band of satin, laid on in folds, is attached to the edge of the velvet, which is next the crown; and satin bows, fastened with a knot in the middle, are placed at regular distances. A full bouquet of roses mixed with fancy flowers, ornaments one side of the crown, and Egyptian brown strings tie it under the chin. Half-boots, to correspond with the pelisse. Limeric gloves.

PLATE 33.—FULL DRESS.

A pink figured satin slip, terminated at the bottom by a full rouleau of *gris de Naples* to correspond, over which is a white lace dress of Urling's manufacture, finished at the bottom by a very full fall of imitation Valenciennes lace, headed by a narrow rouleau of pink figured satin; bouquets of mingled white and red roses and blue bells are placed at regular distances on this rouleau: a second flounce, headed in a similar manner, surmounts the one we have described. The *corsage* is tight to the waist behind, but there is a little fulness at the bottom of the front, which is confined by a narrow zone, fastened in front by a gold and pearl clasp; it is cut low round the bust, and adorned by a double fall of lace set on almost plain. The sleeves are composed of pink figured satin: they are of a moderate length; are very full, and finished at the bottom by a double fall of lace. A robe, loose from the waist, completes the dress; it is made with a short train, and is trimmed round with a mingled wreath of white and red roses. The hair is very much parted on the forehead, and is dressed in light loose ringlets; the hind hair

is brought up high in full bows at the back of the head. A pearl bandeau is placed rather low on the forehead, and a garland of mingled white and red roses encircles the crown of the head. A white lace scarf finishes the *coiffure*; it falls from the crown of the head, and forms a very graceful drapery. Necklace, gold and pearl. Earrings, pearl. White kid gloves, and white silk slippers.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON
FASHION AND DRESS.

Walking dress begins now to assume a very wintry appearance: cloth and velvet pelisses are very general for the promenade; there is nothing remarkable in their form. Waists are the usual length; the bodies are tight to the shape; sleeves are rather tight, and are still worn very long; and the half-sleeve, unless the pelisse is trimmed with fur, is made very full. We have noticed also that the skirts of pelisses are wider and less gored than they were last season. It is yet too early for us to have much to say on the subject of trimmings: fur is very general with cloth pelisses, and is worn in the same manner as last year, that is to say, a very broad band goes all round the pelisse; and the epaulettes, collar, and cuffs correspond. Velvet pelisses are mostly trimmed with satin; and silk ones, which are still in considerable request, and which we must observe are all wadded, are either trimmed

with fur, or with a mixture of satin and velvet.

The material which the French call *velours simulé* has recently been very much used both for pelisses and dresses: there is a new kind, which has lately been much worn: it is a singularly durable and beautiful stuff; it has the appearance of rich silk, but in reality is composed of one half cotton, and the other silk: it is, however, so very well made, that the materials can only be known by the touch. There is much variety in this sort of stuff: it is figured, corded, and spotted.

There is also another description of *velours simulé*, which, though it has been for some time in fashion, is still in very great estimation: we mean that very rich silk, the ground of which is thrown up so as to resemble velvet: this is also of various patterns.

Pelisses, or high dresses, which are worn with very rich shawls, now form the out-door costume. Spencers have entirely disappeared. Muffs are universally adopted: our anticipation last month was correct; they are worn large. Tip-pets have not yet become general.

Bonnets are with us, as in France, of a great variety of materials, and some of them not very seasonable. The major part, however, of those worn for the promenade, are appropriate enough; but one sees occasionally bonnets composed of lilac, or bright rose-coloured *gros de Naples*, profusely trimmed with blond, which have certainly too light an appearance for the time of year. Velvet mixed with satin or *gros de Naples* is very much in favour. Black Leghorn is also fashionable, and beaver be-

gins to be worn, though only partially so. Winter flowers and feathers are so equally in favour that we know not to which to give the preference.

Bonnets have experienced no reduction in size; on the contrary, we think they are even larger than they were worn in the summer: the crowns indeed are moderate enough, but the brims are enormously wide and deep: they are all rounded at the corners, and some are very shallow at the ears. The edges of the brims are trimmed with satin or velvet, or sometimes a mixture of both. Gauze mixed with satin or *gros de Naples* is also used, and, in a few instances, we have noticed gauze mixed with velvet.

Silk pelisses wadded, and those made in *velours simulé*, which are also wadded, though worn in promenade dress, are more general in carriage costume; fancy velvets also appear to be exclusively worn for the latter. Head-dresses are of velvet mixed with satin or *gros de Naples*; Leghorn and beaver being worn only in walking dress.

In-door costume affords little room for observation: the materials, either for morning or dinner dress, have not varied since last month. There is a more marked difference between dishabille and dinner dress than there has been for some seasons past. Silk is not at all worn in the former, but we observe that poplin is indiscriminately used in both.

Velvet begins to be a good deal worn in trimmings: many morning dresses are trimmed, like the one described in our print, with bands; others have a fulness of the same

material, or of silk, intersected with narrow rouleaus of velvet. We have observed some dinner gowns trimmed with satin puffs, with wreaths of velvet leaves between. A good many dresses are adorned with velvet bands disposed in waves: these bands are very narrow; there are generally six or eight of them, and they are put pretty close to each other: there is always a deep flounce of the same material as the dress, or else a full rouleau of velvet, put at the very bottom of gowns trimmed with bands in waves.

Figured satin seems likely to be a great deal worn in full dress: it is used both for gowns and slips; it has an uncommonly beautiful effect under white lace or transparent gauze dresses. We have little to notice in full dress trimmings: one of the prettiest that we have seen was to a white satin dress: it was composed of festoons of white gauze, which were finished at the edge with a rich trimming of damask rose-coloured moss silk, and fastened up with small bouquets

of damask rose-buds mixed with leaves: the moss silk trimming was scarcely an inch in breadth, but very full, and had an uncommonly rich and beautiful effect.

One of the most tasteful morning caps that we have seen is the *Pamela cornette*: it is composed of white lace, and is a small mob cap of a very becoming shape; the ears are very narrow, and go far back. The caul is finished *en marmotte*, that is to say, there is a small square handkerchief of white lace tacked down, and the caul being full, forms puffs between the spaces; the handkerchief is edged with narrow lace, and a double border of narrow lace is set on very full next the face; a full plaiting of white ribbon, something in the form of a tiara, is disposed in front, and the ears are fastened with a knot of white ribbon under the chin.

Fashionable colours are, Clarence blue, rose colour, claret colour, sage green, various shades of ruby and lavender colours, and Egyptian brown.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, NOV. 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR promenades at present exhibit a very gay appearance: dresses and pelisses of the lightest and most brilliant colours every where meet the eye; the only thing one sees that looks like winter dress, is here and there a solitary black spencer; but these are very few indeed in number, pelisses and high dresses being considered much more fashionable: they are made either of silk or fine Merino

cloth. Waists continue the same length as when I wrote last; but the backs of dresses, which I must observe are always made plain, are narrower, and the sleeve comes higher on the shoulder, which is certainly very disadvantageous to the figure. Sleeves are very long, and almost tight to the arm, but the epaulettes are very full; they are always made to reach about a third part of the way to the elbow, and are confined to the arm by a narrow band of the same stuff.

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Collars are universally worn; they are very deep, and stand up very high at some distance from the throat: they are rounded in front, and are a little shallower than behind.

Ruches, though so long worn, are still very fashionable for trimmings; they are made either of lutestring or *gros de Naples*. If the pelisse is of cloth, the *ruches* are of silk to correspond in colour, but if it is of silk, the trimming is of the same material. Pelisses are always trimmed with a double *ruche*, which goes all round; and there is generally a considerable space between. Gowns have in general a greater number; there is perhaps four or five: the two or three last are generally put pretty close together, but there is usually a considerable space left between the two nearest to the bottom.

When the trimming consists of *crevés*, that is to say, puffs, which are always drawn in the Spanish fashion, through slashes made in the dress, there are always two rows for a pelisse, and they go round the skirt, and up the fronts as far as the waist; the fronts of the *corsage* and the collars are finished by a single row, as is also the cuff, but the epaulette corresponds with the bottom. I forgot to say, that when the dress is trimmed with *ruches*, the epaulette is made very full, and finished at the bottom by a *ruche* attached to the band, which confines it to the arm.

When the gown is trimmed with *crevés*, they are mostly disposed in an irregular manner; and there are in general three or four rows. I should observe that this kind of trimming is always composed of satin.

Very broad bands of satin, honeycombed, are also in favour for the bottoms of dresses; but they are never worn to pelisses. The most novel style of trimming is composed of satin, disposed in what is called *wolves' teeth*; there are usually two or three rows of it to the bottom of a gown, and always two rows go round a pelisse.

Spencers, as I have said, are not much worn; the few that one sees have the name of *spencers en fichu*, because they are made with two very deep points, which fall considerably below the waist; these points are terminated by silk tassels in the shape of acorns.

Gowns, whether for the promenade or home costume, are worn with a girdle of the same material, so very broad, that it forms in itself a kind of bodice: this girdle is pointed in front in the Grecian style; the point reaches to the top of the *corsage*, and is finished with three small silk buttons, to correspond in colour with the dress.

I forgot to observe, in speaking of trimmings, that they are now in much better taste than they have ever been since my residence in France. We have no more those glaring and tawdry contrasts which were general some time ago: the trimming is always made to correspond with the dress, or else it is white if the gown be of rose-colour, or rose-colour if the dress is white: this is the case in grand costume, as well as in promenade and half-dress.

Bonnets are still worn very large, and one can perceive very little difference in their shape; but the quick changes which take place in the manner of trimming them, gives them a very novel appear-

ance. Some are composed of satin, others of satin and *pluche*; a great many are made in velvet; we also see very frequently hats composed of velvet and *gros de Naples*, or velvet and satin. Grey hats are very fashionable; they are always trimmed with chenille flowers to correspond, which are disposed in drooping bunches. Feathers are little worn in the crowns of hats; but we see frequently short marabouts used to trim the edges of the brims; they are set close together, so that the ends fall a little over: they have really an uncommonly pretty effect, and give that softness to the countenance, which, *entre nous*, French beauty is very generally deficient in.

Many hats are finished at the edge of the brim with a roulcau of the same material, beneath which is partially seen a *ruche* of tulle tacked inside the edge of the brim. Others are adorned with a double roll of the same material twisted hard together. The crown is sometimes ornamented with rich ribbons, but more generally with a full knot, which may be either of the same material or a different one, according to the taste of the wearer. You would suppose that this must have a very uniform appearance; on the contrary, it diversifies them very much; for every milliner piques herself on shewing the versatility of her taste by the various forms which she gives to her knots.

Another ornament, which is much in favour, for hats, is called the 'Troubadour's bow: it is a full bow placed in front of the hat and on each side of it is a steel ornament. The

chapeau à l' Agnes Sorel is among the fashionable novelties: it has a low round crown, covered with puffs; the brim is considerably deeper on one side than the other, and it bends a little over the left eye. Grey, rose, and white, are the most fashionable colours for hats composed of silk, satin, *gros de Naples*, or *pluche*; but velvet *chapeaux* are generally made either in black, amaranth, or that dingy hue, the dried currant.

Flowers are still partially worn, but they are now composed of velvet and chenille; those of different colours are more used to decorate white hats than those of any other hue. A bouquet à la *jardinière* is placed on the left side; it is always very large, and the flowers are in general ill assorted. Wreaths are now no longer worn.

I must now fulfil my promise of sending you some account of full dress, for which white satin and white *gros de Naples* are at present most in favour; white and coloured crape is also worn, but much less generally than the two former materials. The bodies of most full-dress gowns are cut at once decorously and becomingly: they are square across the bust, and sufficiently high to conceal the bosom; but they are cut rather lower behind. The stomacher is still worn, but it has varied its form; it is now composed either of narrow rouleaus of the same material as the dress, or else of strings of pearl, which are placed perpendicularly on the *corsage*, narrow at the waist; the spaces between are filled with tulle *bouillonné*, and broad towards the top: the shape is thus formed

in a very becoming manner. The girdle is always of the same material as the dress: it is narrow behind, but broader a good deal in front, and is clasped before with a buckle composed either of pearls or diamonds. The sleeves are always made very full, and long enough to reach almost half way to the elbow; they correspond with the trimming of the bottom of the skirt: a double row of pointed blond stands up round the bust, and finishes the bottoms of the sleeves.

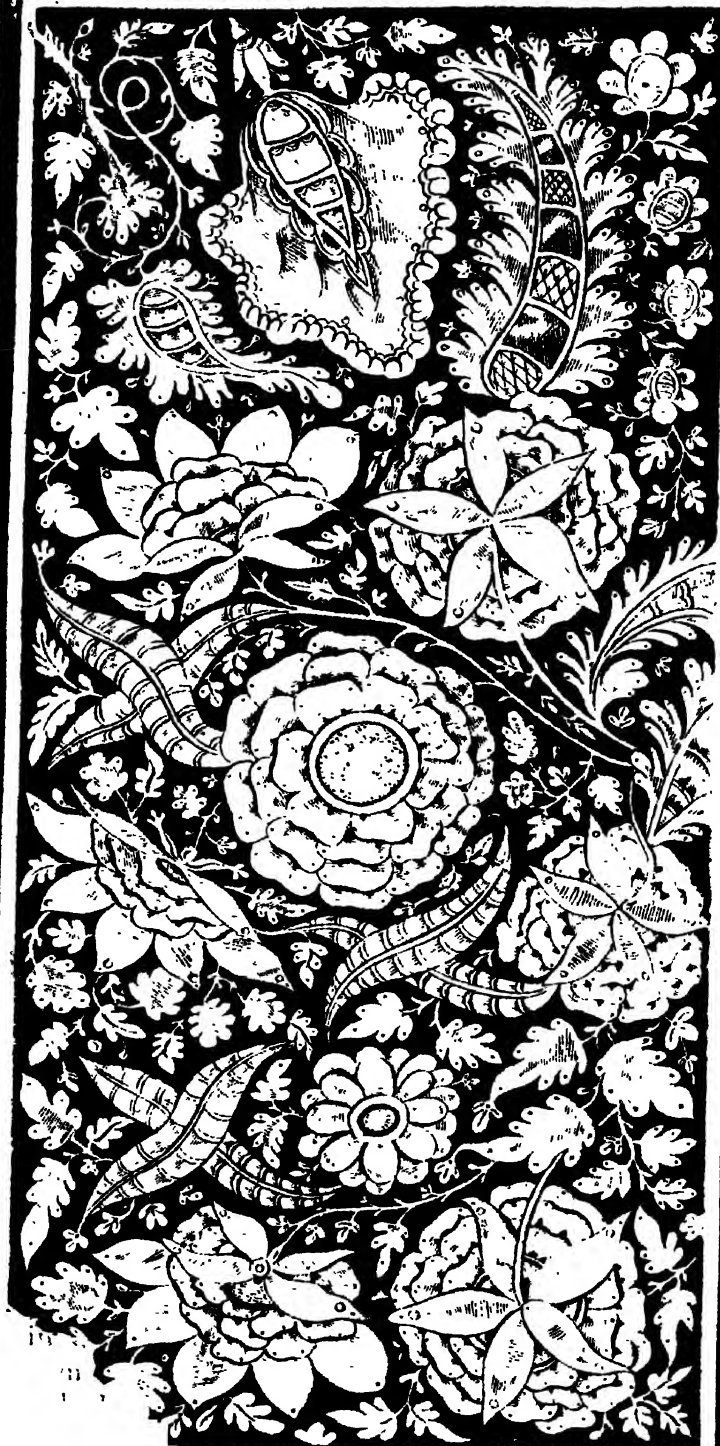
The most fashionable trimming is composed of *bouffons* of tulle, disposed between large leaves of satin; there is a full rouleau of satin at each edge of this trimming.

Another style of trimming consists of rouleaus of satin, about a quarter of a yard in length, and pretty thick, which are placed lengthwise, but in a bias direction, at the bottom of the dress; they are edged with full falls of blond or tulle. When a gown is trimmed in this manner, the front breadth is usually decorated with rouleaus edged in the same style as the bottom; but they are placed crosswise, and are progressively narrower till they reach the waist: the space left between each rouleau is always about the breadth of the ornament. This is a very showy trimming, but not so elegant as the one I last described. When the gown is made in this manner, the bust is seldom cut square in front, but generally slopes down on each side of the bosom. The bust is always finished with a rouleau, which goes all round, and is edged to correspond with the trimming.

Head-dresses of hair are very fashionable, but dress hats are still more so. In the former, the front hair is disposed in very full curls, and the hind hair, plaited in two large bands, is brought up high round the crown of the head. In some instances a lace veil, which forms a drapery at the back of the head, is the only ornament worn; in others, a profusion of feathers, either marabouts or ostrich, form the *coiffure*; and many ladies intermix the front hair with flowers, and instead of braids, have the hind hair fastened up in bows by diamond, pearl, or coral ornaments.

Dress hats are made of black velvet, plain and figured satin, and quadrille silk. The crowns are low, but the brims are deep; they reach only to the ears; are rounded, and turned up; a single scollop is cut near the left side, and very often a white satin bow appears just under the brim of the hat in the middle of the forehead. The front of the crown is entirely surrounded with feathers, which droop as low as the shoulder on the right side, or else two or three flat feathers are placed to droop from the right side to the left; and a band of the same stuff as the hat is fastened at the base of these feathers by a diamond, gold, or steel buckle: the brim is also frequently edged with steel beads, cut to resemble pearls in shape; and these beads are likewise used to ornament the crown.

Azure, grass-green, pale lavender, dove colour, and white, are the colours most in favour for pelisses and gowns. I have already told you those that are most fashionable for *chapeaux*. Farewell,



ny dear Sophia! Remember, I shall expect a long letter in return for the large cargo of fashionable intelligence now sent you by your ever attached

MURDOCH.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 32.—VIEW OF GENEVA.

So much has been written both by modern and ancient travellers regarding Geneva, that it will be necessary for us to say little on the subject of the view inserted in our present number, and which gives one of the most accurate and interesting representations of this celebrated city yet published, either broad or in Great Britain. All the public works and principal buildings are seen to advantage over the tranquil surface of the lake. The cathedral, or more properly the *façade* of the building, was constructed on the model of the Rotunda at Rome, and is considered a very beautiful specimen of architecture. It was built upon the site of a temple dedicated by the Allobroges (whose country included all Savoy, and the whole range between Lyons and Vienna,) to the Sun, and it contains several fine tombs of eminent men. One of the noblest and most extensive prospects is enjoyed from the tower of this structure: it is terminated on one side by the mountains of Switzerland, the proximity of which, united with other

minor causes, renders the climate of Geneva more severe than that of Paris, though the latter is so much north of the former.

The first author who makes mention of Geneva is Julius Cæsar, who here constructed a fortress, over the Helvetii, with a wall 9000 paces in length, and 16 in height, strengthened by a number of towers. The city was twice destroyed by Roman emperors, but various antiquities yet exist, and some fine pavements have been discovered. In 1366, William of Marcosai constructed a wall for the protection of the town, but no part of it now remains but what is called the *Tour Maitresse*.

The vicinity of Geneva is most delightful, presenting views of every description. There is also an abundance of public walks, particularly on the bastions and St. Anthony's-square, from whence the rising ground on the side of Coligny is seen, decorated with a vast number of rural residences. From hence the view extends as far as Mount Buet.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has issued proposals for publishing, in six monthly parts, *An Historical and Picturesque Tour of the Seine from Paris to the Sea*, illustrated by twenty-four highly finished and coloured engravings, from drawings made

for the purpose by Messrs. Pugin and Gendall. It will be printed in the same size and style, as his other illustrated works, and the first part will appear on the 1st of Jan. 1821.

The same publisher is also preparing *A Description of the Man-*

ness, Customs, &c of the People of Dalmatia, Illyria, and the adjacent Countries, in two pocket volumes, embellished with thirty two coloured plates. This work will form the commencement of a series, intended to embrace all the nations of the globe, and to be denominated *The World in Miniature*.

Mr Latham has announced his intention of publishing a *Complete History of Birds*. He will take his well known *Synopsis* for his groundwork, but the whole will be newly written, with numerous emendations and corrections, and the addition of considerably more than a thousand new birds, and a proportionate number of new plates. It will form nine or tenitto volumes, containing about 100 coloured plates.

Professor Robbi, of Leipzig, has lately published a German translation of Mr Curtis's *Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Larynx*. The subject appears to be entirely new in Germany, and the work is enriched by the translator with many valuable notes, highly complimentary to the author, and strongly recommending to his countrymen an institution similar to the Royal Dispensary for curing Diseases of the Throat in this country. To his translation is prefixed Mr Curtis's original plate of acoustic instruments for assisting hearing.

A prospectus of a new edition, in two of the whole *Works of the Right Rev. Jeremy Taylor, D. D.* Lord Bishop of Down, Connor, and Downmore, has been circulated. The work will be dedicated, by permission, to the Bishop of Oxford, warden of All Souls College,

&c. A life of the author, and a critical examination of his writings, by the Rev. R. Heber, A. M. will be prefixed.

The Beauties of Mozart, Handel, Playel, Haydn, Beethoven, Paganini, and other celebrated composers, adapted to the words of popular psalms and hymns, for one or two voices; with an accompaniment and occasional symphonies for the piano forte, organ, or larp, by an eminent professor, in one volume. It is newly ready.

We understand, a tragedy, by Miss Hill, called *The Poet's Child*, is in the press, and will shortly be published. The author is a young lady of great promise, and her work is expected to meet every commendation from the judicious.

The General Index to the Gentleman's Magazine, from the beginning in 1721 to 1811, inclusive, is in great forwardness at the press. It will appear in the course of the present year, and it is almost superfluous to observe, that it will be of the greatest utility to those who possess the whole set of this most ancient and best supported magazine.

Mr. Murray is about to publish a new edition of *A History of New York*, from the beginning of the world to the end of the Dutch dynasty, containing the unutterable Ponderings of Walter the Doubter, the disastrous Projects of Wutliff, the Life, and the chivalric Achievements of Peter the Headstrong, the three Dutch governors of New-Amsterdam; being the only authentic History of the time that ever hath been published by Diedrich Knickerbocker, author of "The Sketch-Book."

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